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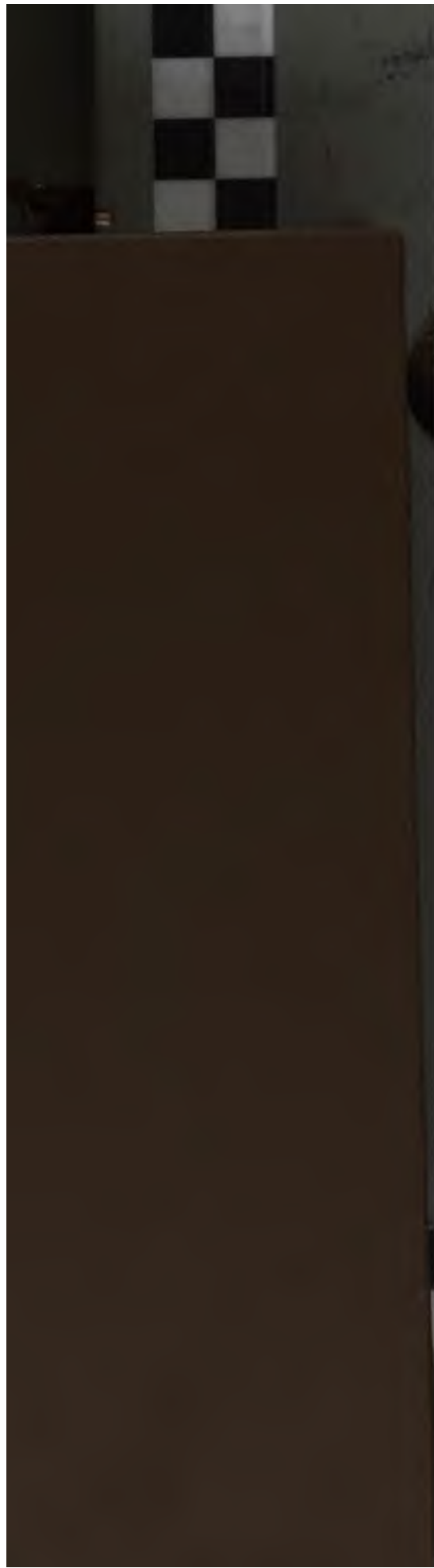
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# **MONTHLY REVIEW.**

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**1831.**

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V. J. GROTHATK

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2. *Recueil des Lettres des Evêques et des Missionnaires des Missions des deux Mondes, publié par l'Association de la Propagation de la Foi, faisant suite à toutes les Editions des Lettres edificantes.* 8vo. pp. 528. Louvain : chez Vanlinthout et Vandenzande. 1825.

THE conversion to christianity of those communities of mankind—unhappily too numerous—which are still immersed in the darkness of idolatry and paganism, must be an object of the greatest importance to every individual, whatever may be his country or his creed, who has the sense to perceive, and a heart to feel for, the greatest of all wants to which his fellow creature can be exposed—the want of that knowledge whereby his eternal welfare may be secured. Societies have been established for this great purpose upon the continent time out of mind. The conversion of infidels forms a leading, though, we believe, not the principal part of the duties of the college long since founded at Rome, under the title “de propaganda fide.” A powerful and active association exists also in Paris, having branches in most of the departments of France, under a similar appellation, whose exclusive object is to extend the Christian religion, and to assist, by every means in its power, numbers of missionaries who are dispersed in various regions of the two hemispheres, for the purpose of carrying thither the light of the gospel. Minor confraternities of a similar description are found in Portugal and Spain, the two Sicilies and Austria.

The pious desire expressed by George III., that every one of his subjects should be possessed of a Bible, and able to read it, gave



rise, directly or indirectly, to the many associations which now flourish amongst us, constituted originally for the noble end which that revered sovereign was so anxious to see accomplished, but long since enlarged upon a more comprehensive scale, embracing, it may be said, the whole of the inhabited world in their views. The institution of missions which would be the means of circulating the scriptures in different tongues, throughout all nations, the neighbouring as well as the distant, became an essential portion of their magnificent scheme. These Biblical and Missionary Associations have been now in operation, we believe, for more than twenty years. They have collected and expended princely revenues. They have agents in all parts of the globe; the remotest islands of the South, Pacific, and Indian Seas, have been visited by their officers. We have heard it more than once proclaimed that idolatry was annihilated, not merely in the small islands,—but that Tartary, Persia, and India itself, were about to acknowledge the triumphs of British exertion, and to adopt the religion of the cross.

It is not our purpose to draw any detailed comparison between the labours of the French and those of the English Associations. We may, however, we hope, without offending persons of any religion, glance slightly at what the former have done, as well as the means by which they have done it; and afterwards shew what the latter have accomplished, or rather what they have not accomplished; and point out the signal failures which they have sustained, especially in India, to which their cares have been long and earnestly directed. It becomes necessary to speak out and firmly upon this subject, which has hitherto been treated in a manner calculated only to deceive the public mind, and to keep up the influx of money, which, from year to year, is expended not merely in an unprofitable, but an absolutely mischievous course of Biblical and Missionary operations. If our views of the results of their measures be incorrect, we may be contradicted, and our arguments may be refuted. But if we be right, it will be for the leaders of those associations to repair, if they can, the errors into which they have fallen, or to abandon the delusive projects which they have in hand,—projects which seem calculated only to benefit the individuals who live by them, to impose in the grossest manner upon the benevolence of this country, and to perpetuate the ignorance of the Pagan world.

We believe that most of the travellers who have visited the less frequented parts of North and South America, agree in acknowledging the attachment which subsists between the French, Spanish, and Portuguese Missionaries, and the native Indians to whom they conveyed the truths of christianity. Even Robertson could devote time to the examination, and eloquence to the praise, of the labours of the Jesuits in Paraguay. Upon the banks of the Marañon, and in some of the wildest districts of Spanish America, the names of the missionaries who planted the cross amongst them are

still sacred in tradition. Where the succession has been uninterruptedly preserved, the missionaries are looked up to as Patriarchs, and beloved as the fathers of the people, over whose welfare they are appointed to watch.

The sphere of the French missionaries in the new world has been confined chiefly to the northern provinces. They have every where experienced the most cordial reception among what we call the savage tribes—the Osages, the Ottawas, the Delawares, the Kansas, the Sioux, and many others whose very names have been but lately made known to us. In the reports which the missionaries have given of their proceedings, they occasionally mingle traits and anecdotes of these tribes, which are worth a passing notice. In addressing the Indians, it is necessary to use allegory profusely, but at the same time with the utmost propriety of application. Their speeches are abrupt, and composed of a few sentences. They are remarkably close and subtle reasoners, and in arguing with them, he who has any hope of convincing them, must take care to be strictly consecutive and logical, for if he wander in any degree from his subject, they will mistrust him, thinking that his purpose is not to instruct, but to deceive. They have usually their chosen spokesman, and are never embarrassed for an answer, which is given with an acuteness that sometimes surprises a stranger. Indeed, when perfectly sober, they have little of the savage about them beyond the name and the costume. When a traveller is under the necessity of stopping at their encampments, he is treated with the utmost hospitality.

There are few of the Indian tribes who have not some idea, often certainly rather gross, of one only God, who is sovereign master of the whole universe. They call him the “Disposer of Life,” or the “Great Spirit.” It is said, upon good information, that several of these communities, although they have never yet seen a white man, pay the homage of their adoration to one God, to whom they offer every morning the first mouthful of smoke which they draw from their pipes, and the first morsel of their food. There are, however, some races who adore what they call the “beautiful star,” to which they occasionally, it would seem, sacrifice human victims, who are fattened some time previously for the purpose.

An instance is given in the *Recueil des Lettres* of the belief which some of the Indians entertain, as to the existence of a God.

Near St. Louis, in Kentucky, one day, a savage, taking by the hand the superior of the missionary seminary established there, addressed him in these terms:—

“I know,” said the Indian, “that you and your companions are the Ministers of the Great Spirit: that you hold in your hands the *papers* which contain his mandates, and that you are charged to point out to others by your words and your example, the path which they should pursue, if they hope to reach the presence of the Great Spirit. As for me, I know only that He exists. When I lie down to rest, I raise my hands



towards Him, and say—'Great Spirit, I thank Thee for having preserved me this day: I pray Thee to preserve me during this night,' and then I fall asleep. As soon as I awake in the morning, I again lift my hands towards Him, and say—'Great Spirit, I thank Thee for allowing me, once more, to enjoy the light. I pray Thee to preserve me during this day, as Thou hast preserved me during the night.' I then rise and set about my business; this is all that I know." Three days after, the same savage fell sick, and having a presentiment of his death, he sent for one of the *black-coats*\*. "What is it you wish for?" said the Missionary. "I have requested you to come to me," replied the Indian, "that you might do for me something without which I cannot see the Great Spirit." "What is that?" asked the Missionary. The invalid, knowing no word in his language by which he could express what he wanted, raised his hand over his head, and by his gestures signified, that he wished to be baptized. "Do you believe in the Great Spirit?" asked the Missionary. "I have believed in Him all my life," the Indian replied. "Do you believe that nevertheless there is but one Great Spirit." "Ah! I know nothing of that; but I believe it, as you tell me. I know that you are His Minister." The good ecclesiastic, after having given him some instruction, baptized him. Being asked if he felt himself very ill, he said that he would die before morning. He expired during the night. His son, who was with him at the time, was inconsolable; he often watered his grave with his tears, exclaiming—"We shall all come and settle here; we shall all die like this best, this most beloved of fathers!"—*Recueil des Lettres*.—pp. 436—438.

From the Western world let us, however, turn our eyes to the East, for it is to that point that we are particularly anxious to direct the attention of our readers. The French missionaries assure us that in Thibet the people are strongly disposed towards christianity. The inhabitants of Pegu and Corea have frequently solicited that missionaries might be sent amongst them. In Madagascar and Ceylon, religion is making a striking progress. In Persia and Bengal there is a large and daily increasing number of christians. The King of Siam continues towards them the protection and encouragement, which they have enjoyed in his dominions above a century. He is attached to the French Missionaries, and declares that he sees with the greatest pleasure the success of their exertions. He has appointed several of the converts to important employments. Many of the Siamese have abandoned idolatry. The King of Ligor, a sort of satrap under the Siamese monarchy, treats the christians with similar favour. He is a prince of considerable accomplishments, of an engaging presence, remarkably kind to strangers, a strict observer of justice, careful that the labourer shall be fairly remunerated, and that fraud shall be severely punished. He often visits the districts within his jurisdiction, and pays every attention to their improvement. He is popular with his subjects, who are thinly scattered over an extensive territory. He had the greatest regard for a missionary named Pecot, to

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\* The name familiarly given to the Missionaries.

whom the queen declared that she and her daughter would be the two first christians in the country—a promise, however, which the death of that gentleman prevented from having been realized. The whole family entertain the best dispositions towards Christianity and its ministers.

It is well known that the Emperor of China, and the King of Cochin-China and Tonquin, are by no means favourable to christianity; but they are deterred from openly persecuting it by the belief which generally prevails that persecutors are punished by Heaven. In the province of Su-tchuen alone, more than twenty-two thousand adults, and two hundred thousand children of pagans, have been baptized within the last thirty years. One of the principal obstacles which christianity encounters in China, proceeds from the systematic and interested opposition of the priests of the idols, who lose no opportunity of rooting out the sacred seed sown by the missionaries, in order to perpetuate the evil influence which they have so long possessed. Another impediment proceeds from the extreme literary pride of the Chinese; in general they dislike the idea of an European instructing a disciple of Confucius upon any subject. The humility of the gospel is a virtue which they cannot comprehend; their great happiness is to draw upon them the eyes of the multitude, by the display of their learning. The honours and privileges, which in that country are bestowed upon knowledge and talents, form the great objects of their ambition; the hope of obtaining these often supports them through many years of laborious study. It is from amongst them that the Emperor selects his mandarins, to whom he confides the government of the different provinces of his dominions. It is very natural, that when they arrive at these high dignities, they should exercise complete sway over the minds of the people, whom they easily persuade that the Chinese nation is the most enlightened in the universe. Polished and learned, no doubt, it is to a certain extent; but to compare it in these respects with the nations of Europe would be ridiculous. They had no calendar for the true division of time, until they were taught it by the French Missionaries, who rectified their astronomical instruments, and also introduced amongst them the works of the ancient writers.

All these obstacles are, of course, greatly increased, when the Emperor happens to be a man of a despotic and cruel disposition. But notwithstanding these and many other difficulties, the missionaries multiply their numbers and their exertions. Parents, home, friends, they cheerfully abandon; they remove thousands of miles from their native land, in order to carry the truths of religion to nations, often barbarous, whose complicated language they master, whose costume and manners they adopt, exposing themselves the while to hunger, to misery in all its forms, to the inclemency of seasons, sometimes to frightful tortures, and to death itself. Not unfrequently are members of the female sex, women of mature age,



irreproachable virtue, and of extraordinary piety, to be found engaged in these formidable labours. In China, the children, when indisposed, are kept in the interior apartments, to which women alone have access. In order to accomplish their religious objects, they practise as physicians, and uniformly take medicine with them. They thus find favourable opportunities for the propagation of the sacred doctrines which they profess. During times of plague, catechists and zealous christians spread themselves over the villages, and continue to baptize great numbers of children who are at the point of dissolution. In some provinces the people are furnished with translations of the Bible, sent from the English societies; but unless the diffusion of that sacred book be followed up by personal instruction in the practical parts of religion, it does more harm than good amongst them. They are apt to interpret it in disconnected passages, and when they find in it sentences forbidding the love of riches, for instance, they exclaim that this cannot be the Bible of the Christians, who are every where notorious, in India at least, for their ardent desire of worldly wealth.

Indeed it would seem that most of the missionaries, dispatched from this country to different parts of Asia, have performed the duties assigned to them in a very ineffectual manner, simply because they appear to have thought that by distributing Bibles in millions among the natives of the east, they have done all that was required of them. The Bible Society of London has been established upwards of twenty years. In England alone six hundred and twenty-nine auxiliary societies were formed, which carry on operations under its direction. Many other similar Protestant societies have been created upon the continent: they are to be found in Paris, Lyons, Toulouse, Strasbourg, Montpellier, Nantz, Montauban, and other parts of France; in the Low Countries, Switzerland, Prussia, throughout all Germany, Sweden, and Denmark. It is calculated that the income of the London Bible Society is seldom less than 80,000*l.* a-year. In the year 1821 it was nearly 90,000*l.* It has printed more than twelve million copies of the Bible in one hundred and forty-three languages. Besides the societies for the distribution of the Bible, there are several English Missionary Societies; England alone boasts of ten, Scotland of three, and America of five. They have all large yearly incomes. In the year 1819, the London Missionary Society received no less a sum than 30,000*l.* The annual receipts of the other missionary societies in this country do not, one year with another, fall short of 25,000*l.*

According to published reports, the British societies supported, in different parts of the eastern world, upwards of five hundred missionaries, without counting their wives, the peculiar efficacy of whose labours is sometimes so highly praised. The greater part of these missionaries are, however, men of very limited education. Their vocation most commonly arises from their desire of receiving

a pretty appointment of two or three hundred a-year, in return for which they are only to read and circulate the Bible among the people of India. To men who can with difficulty obtain the means of subsistence at home, what sacrifice is it to embark for a distant country, particularly when they take with them, as they uniformly do, their wives and families? What efforts do they, or can they make? Their first object is to locate themselves as comfortably as possible, but always within the range of the protection of the British guns. They make no attempt to penetrate the remote and uncivilized districts; they dread the plague and the cholera-morbus, to which it can hardly be expected that they will expose their families, or that their families will allow them to sacrifice themselves. One of these missionaries made an attempt to propagate his faith in China; but he was forthwith apprehended and brought before a Mandarin, from whose summary justice he ransomed himself for a considerable sum of money. He was forbidden to preach his religion in the empire; he gave a promise to that effect, which he scrupulously observed. His brethren have prudently abstained from encountering similar dangers. They have no fancy for being martyrs.

There is abundant evidence, that so long as the British missionaries pursue their present system, they must fail in making converts to christianity in India. The manners and prejudices of the people are such, that the mere reading the Bible, without oral instruction, or any commentary to assist their power of interpretation, with the premature knowledge which they thus obtain of the sacred mysteries, rather repels them from, than attracts them towards, the religion of the gospel. The British missionary translations of the Bible into the different Indian dialects, are so ludicrously inaccurate, that they leave upon the minds of the Pagans who read them, even when they are devoid of prejudice, impressions unfavourable to the Holy Scriptures. The success of the agents of the Biblical and Missionary Societies, notwithstanding what sometimes appears in their reports, is, in truth, well understood to be so limited, as to present but a very trifling result, compared with their immense expenditure.

The Divine Founder of Christianity never directed his disciples to go and distribute the Bible all over the world. His command to them was "to teach all nations"—to teach them the truths which He came to promulgate, and not to leave them to the mere guidance of the law interpreted by themselves. The people of India, and of other semi-barbarous portions of the world, have notions and manners altogether different from those of ancient Judea, and of ancient and modern Christendom. How, then, is it possible that they can, unless they be properly instructed, understand many of the important passages of the Bible in the same sense that we do? The powers of intellect may be granted, for the sake of argument, to be the same every where; but it would be



absurd to deny, that the application of those powers to the interpretation of a book, which, in England alone, has given apparent sanction to upwards of a hundred different sects, is influenced to a great extent by education, by national customs, and early mental associations of every description. The standard of Indian beauty differs from ours. Their literary taste is founded upon models, which we think altogether vicious. Their architecture, sculpture, style of painting and decoration, are not consistent with our ideas of gracefulness. They dislike many things to which we give a preference, and prefer many things, which, in our eyes, are abominable. How can it be expected, that in reading such a book as the Bible, the untutored Indian, and the educated Englishman, shall exactly coincide? And if they do not coincide, what is to be the new faith of the former? Is he to be a Protestant, a Catholic, a Calvinist, or Unitarian? Into what Christian church is he to be received?

What will an Indian, even supposing him to be a person of good education, think, when he finds it narrated in the sacred writings, that when Abraham was visited by the three angels, under a human form, he entertained his heavenly guests with the flesh of a calf, which he had killed for the purpose? The Indians, it is well known, adore the ox and cow, and look upon the slaughter of those animals as a deicide, and an unpardonable crime. When these objects of their worship die a natural death, the parias, the lowest caste among the Indians, are allowed to feed upon the remains. The Indian Bible reader would consequently infer, that Abraham and his guests were nothing but vile parias, and he would at once throw aside a book containing matter, in his opinion, so sacrilegious.

What would an Indian Brahmin say, when he should read without a note, or commentary, or verbal explanation, the details which are given of the bloody sacrifices prescribed by the Mosaic law, for the worship of the true God? He would forthwith conclude in his own mind, that a God who delighted in the effusion of the blood of so many victims, immolated in his honour, was indubitably, if we may say so without irreverence, of the same description as the Indian gods of evil, Cahly, Mahry, Darma-Rajah, and other infernal deities, whose anger can only be appeased by human sacrifices.

What would a Brahmin or any other well-born Indian say, when he should read in our scriptures of the immolations of victims, which he looks upon as peculiarly sacred?—when he should find that the sacrifice of bulls and oxen, forms one of the principal features of the religion of the Israelites, and that the blood of these deified animals flowed almost every day upon the altar of the God whom they adored? What would be his sentiments, when he should learn that Solomon, after building his magnificent temple, at an immense expence, consecrated it by the blood of twenty-two thousand oxen? He would, undoubtedly, shudder at details, which would be to his mind, of so impious a character, and would deem it necessary to

undergo the ceremonies of purification, in order to cleanse himself of the stain which he would conceive he had contracted, in merely perusing the book in which those details were contained.

Experience, which is often but another name for common sense, teaches, that it is absolutely necessary to prepare the minds of Pagans by a suitable course of instruction, before they should be allowed the unrestrained use of the Bible. No physician would think of curing diseased eyes by exposing them to the full blaze of the sun. No mother would give her child solid food, while its organs of digestion were unfit for any species of nourishment except her own delicate milk.

A striking instance of the necessity which exists for oral instruction, as well as the circulation of the Bible in India, is related by M. Dubois, one of the French Missionaries at Meissour.

‘While I was at Carical,’ says that respectable and able ecclesiastic, ‘I preached one Sunday to a considerable congregation, a sermon in the Tamoul language, upon the divine origin of the christian religion. Amongst other reasons which I advanced, I mentioned the intrinsic weakness of the means which were employed in the establishment of this religion, hated and persecuted as it was on all sides, wholly destitute of human assistance, and left to its own resources in the midst of all sorts of opposition. I frequently reminded my audience, that the christian religion was founded by a *poor peasant of Galilee, the son of an humble carpenter*, who chose as his assistants, twelve persons of the lowest extraction, twelve ignorant, unlettered *fishermen*. These words,—the *son of a carpenter*, and *twelve fishermen*,—which were often repeated, offended the ears of the whole congregation, composed exclusively of Indian christians; and my sermon was no sooner finished, than three or four of the principal individuals came up to me in a very bad humour, and said that every body was scandalized on hearing me speak of Christ as the son of a carpenter, and of his apostles as fishermen; that I could not have been ignorant, that the two tribes of carpenters and fishermen were, of all others, the meanest and most despised in the country; that it was not decent to attribute to the Divine Author of our religion, and to his Apostles, so abject an origin; that if the pagans, who sometimes attended their religious assemblies through motives of curiosity, had happened to have been present, the words “carpenter” and “fishermen,” would certainly have scandalized them, and confirmed them in those feelings of hatred and contempt for our religion, which they already entertained. In conclusion, they advised me, if I should ever again preach on the same subject, to be particularly careful to say, that both the Redeemer and his Apostles belonged to the tribe of kings; and by no means to allude to the degraded employments by which they earned their bread.’—*Annales de l’Association*, &c.—pp. 142, 143.

We, who have been educated in the Christian system from our infancy, easily feel all the force and beauty of truth, as it is revealed to us in the scriptures, and thus, by a palpable, though not altogether an unnatural miscalculation, our societies conclude that they will produce a similar effect upon the minds of all other men, though presented to them for the first time, and without any preparation



upon their part, equivalent to that which we ourselves had undergone. Such a proceeding as this is exceedingly absurd, and must ever be ineffectual for the accomplishment of the purpose at which it aims. Our Missionaries begin exactly at the point at which they ought to end. They raise the building before they lay the foundation. A savage might as well be required to erect a Grecian or a Gothic cathedral, before he knows the use of the hatchet or the saw, as to comprehend the Bible, without being before hand properly instructed in the doctrine which it inculcates. There are many examples of Christians, who are accustomed to read and interpret the scriptures, changing from one sect to another, but none can be found of a single pagan being converted to any christian sect, by the unassisted process of reading the sacred writings. The primitive christians were not so converted. If the Bible were chiefly intended by its Great Inspirer for such an object as this, would He have permitted more than fourteen hundred years to elapse, before copies of it could have been sufficiently multiplied, by the invention of printing? That it is the main pillar of our faith, no christian would think of disputing; that it is a book to be venerated, to be dwelt upon again and again, to be appealed to with success in adversity and sorrow, to be looked upon as our guiding star through the wilderness of this world, every person must acknowledge, who is capable of rightly understanding its sublime revelations, and its tremendous admonitions. But to commence the work of converting the pagan tribes of our fellow men, by placing in their hands translations of this book, without, at the same time, introducing those translations with an appropriate course of instruction, is the acme of human folly, and the source of infinite, though clearly unintended mischief.

The French Missionaries, when they find their catechumens capable of reading at all, which is very far from being universally the case, place in their hands small catechisms, of from ten to twelve pages each, in which the leading truths of religion are explained in language of the utmost clearness and simplicity. These truths are, moreover, frequently made the subject of lectures and of sermons, and of every species of oral instruction. Nevertheless, it is found, that in a congregation of eight or ten thousand Indian Christians, a great majority do not perfectly comprehend even these small catechisms! If this be so, of which there is no doubt whatever, we put it to any man not thoroughly blinded by prejudice, whether it is reasonable to expect, that the untutored native of Ceylon or Canara, of Guntoor or Baramahl, shall be able rightly to interpret the epistles of Paul, the Apocalypse of John, or even the Psalms of David, the moment they are offered to his attention? Even if he should perform such a prodigy, can he possibly, by the mere power of his own intellect, derive from the scriptures a series of rules, which shall form for his government a uniform, unchangeable system of christian faith? No person in his senses would venture

to answer this question in the affirmative, and yet it is upon the supposition that the question can be so answered, and truly too, that our Bible and Missionary Societies spend hundreds of thousands, in sending out Bibles and Bible circulators, to the people of India! The enterprising clergyman, whose name we have already introduced, M. Dubois, mentions an amusing anecdote, which strongly illustrates our argument.

'Being,' says this gentleman, 'in a neighbouring village, (his letter is dated from Bombay,) three or four months ago, I received a visit from some Christians who lived in a village called Yalariou, in the district of Bellary, where thirty or forty Telinga christians resided. After the usual compliments of salutation had passed between us, one of them took a book out of a little bag, and without uttering a single word, placed it at my feet. On opening it, I saw that it was a translation into the Telinga dialect of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Before saying any thing on the subject, I wished to know what impression the work itself had made upon my visitors, and after I had asked some questions with that view, the person who had given me the book, related the following curious story. Some months ago, said he, two christians belonging to our village, went upon business to Bellary, and learning that a *gourou*, or European Missionary, (he was a Protestant Minister,) was sojourning there, they paid him a visit. He received them very politely, and after a long conversation, principally on matters of religion, he presented them with the book in question, earnestly recommending them to read a chapter of it every Sunday in the church, before the assembled congregation. As there were not amongst us more than five or six persons who knew how to read, on their return from Bellary, they sought out these persons, and gave them the volume to interpret. The readers met together in order to peruse it, and to discover of what it treated, but they were unable to understand the meaning of even a single chapter. In their embarrassment they solicited assistance from some pagans who lived in the same village, and who knew how to read, but not one of them could comprehend the mysterious book. The people at length began to think that the *gourou* stranger had sent it only for the purpose of mocking them, and under this persuasion, some were for throwing it into the fire: but the majority being anxious to learn the subject of the book at least, applied to an astrologer who lived in the neighbourhood, and who, after running over one or two pages in their presence, told them that it was apparently an interesting work, but that it was written in a style so negligent, so incoherent and obscure, that it would take him some days in order to make himself master of its contents. He then sent them away, telling them the time at which they were to return. When the christians saw him again, the astrologer gave them an answer to this effect:—I have read, from the beginning to the end, the book which you put into my hands. I have read it with attention, and I can inform you, that it is neither more nor less than a treatise on *magic*! It is composed in a loose and often in an obscure style, altogether unintelligible to *soudras*, (the uninitiated), as usually is the case with writings which treat of the occult and mischievous sciences. The astrologer concluded with strenuously recommending them to destroy the book, assuring them that it was a heinous sin to keep in their possession so pernicious a work.

'Such is the account which these poor people gave me concerning the Gospel of St. Matthew. The fact is, that the astrologer could not understand the book; but as he did not like to acknowledge his ignorance before the soudras, he thought they would content themselves with this bungling explanation. The anecdote furnishes some idea of the value and utility of those versions of the Bible, which are so prodigally distributed throughout India.' *Annales*, &c.—pp. 150—152.

The Bible Society had at one time a translation made of the Scriptures, into what was called the Kun-kan, a language supposed to have been the sister of the Sanscrit, and the mother of several dialects. The work cost about 1500*l*. A Missionary of the name of Bardwell, who was charged with the proper circulation of this version, proceeded to the districts which were indicated to him, but after exploring the whole country from Bombay to Goa, he was unable to make out the slightest trace of Kun-kan. He was instructed again to examine the region with more care; accordingly, he travelled back from Goa to Bombay, and after much labour, succeeded in discovering that the Kun-kan was a kind of jargon, a patois, which is reducible to no rules, and which has never been written! Would it not have been infinitely better if those 1500*l*. had been given to an hospital?

The vulgate was the only version of the scriptures in use in this country at the time of the reformation. Our first reformers conceived that they found in it a great many errors, and, in consequence, the Bible was translated into English in the reign of Edward VI. But this version turned out to be so erroneous on essential points, that it was necessarily put aside, and a second version was made in the reign of Elizabeth. This translation soon appeared to be quite as defective as the former, and a third was undertaken in the time of James I., which is known to be the only one now used by the church of England. It was executed with great care, and in order to render it as accurate as possible, several of the most learned men in the kingdom, and elsewhere, were employed upon it during a period of sixteen years. We need hardly observe, that even this translation is far from being unobjectionable, and that enlightened critics, without any disposition to be captious, have suggested, nevertheless, alterations in the text, many of which would be decided improvements. But if, after the labour of so many able scholars, and after the experience of three successive attempts, a translation, manifestly incorrect in many respects, be the result of so much knowledge, skill, and attention, what apology can be offered for the presumption of six or seven individuals, who, unassisted by criticism, believed themselves capable of translating the same difficult book into nearly one hundred and fifty foreign languages and dialects, with which they must have been most imperfectly acquainted? The man who is competent to make a good version of any work, must be master of at least two languages; that in which he writes, and that which he translates. But who



are, or have been, the six or seven Europeans who could boast of a thorough knowledge of the languages of India? Where are the Indians to be found who could truly say, that they were familiar with the languages of Europe?

We are indebted to M. Dubois for some specimens of the manner in which the Bible has been translated for the people of India, under the superintendence of our societies. We shall confine ourselves to a few passages from the first chapter of Genesis, as it has been rendered into *Canara*, one of the dialects most prevalent in the Indian Peninsula. We shall first give the verses from the English Bible, and then a literal translation from that with which our biblical scholars have enriched the Canara idiom.

## ENGLISH.

'1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

## CANARA.

'1. In the beginning God created the earth and the air.'

The translator, instead of the word *paraloca*, which signifies *heaven*, uses the term *acassa*, which means only the air, so that the poor native Indian, when he should come to read of heaven, would be quite at a loss to know by whom it was created.

## ENGLISH.

'2. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'

## CANARA.

'2. Meanwhile the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the water, but the *soul* of God wandered (or ran) with delight over the water.'

The Canara expression, *deverathna*, literally means the soul of God, and differs from the *spirit* of Scripture. To a person unacquainted with the style of Holy Writ, such an expression must present the idea of a corporeal being composed of body and soul. It would be superfluous to observe how shockingly the awful sublimity of the original is caricatured by the Canara version.

## ENGLISH.

'3. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'

## CANARA.

'3. God then said, Let *brightness* be made; and brightness was made.'

## ENGLISH.

'4. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from darkness.'

## CANARA.

'4. God seeing that the *brightness* was good, he separated the *brightness* from the obscurity.'

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## ENGLISH.

'6. And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.'

## CANARA.

'6. Then God said, Let the *orb of space* be made in the middle of the water; and let it be separated from the water, on this side and on that.'

## ENGLISH.

'7. And God made the firmament; and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament; and it was so.'

## CANARA.

'7. In *this manner*, God having created the orb of space, he divided the water which was under the *orb of space* and the water which was above the *orb of space*, and it was so.'

## ENGLISH.

'8. And God called the firmament heaven: and the evening and the morning were the second day.'

## CANARA.

'8. He gave the name of *air* to the *orb of space*; and because *in this manner* the evening and the morning came to pass, this was the second day.'

Thus far, we apprehend, the native of the Canara district would be pretty well puzzled to understand what was the air, for he would find that it was twice created. His Bible would also give him the strange and unintelligible information that the succession of day and night was caused either by the *orb of space* receiving the name of *air*, or by the division of the said orb from the waters above and beneath it. He might take either or both interpretations, and certainly he would still be very far from a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, as well as from the meaning of the original.

## ENGLISH.

'11. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.'

## CANARA.

'11. And God said: Let the earth bring forth herbs, and plants yielding seeds; and, *besides that*, let the seeds, when produced, bring forth, according to their kind, trees producing fruits; and it was so.'

This version is, it must be admitted, a very odd and unintelligible medley, to say the least of it. We say nothing of its interpolations.

## ENGLISH.

'13. And the evening and the morning were the third day.'

## CANARA.

'13. And because, *in this manner*, the evening and the morning came to pass, this was the third day.'

## ENGLISH.

' 14. And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night: and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years.'

## CANARA.

' 14. But God said: Let there be in the *orb of space*, that is to say, in the *air*, light to divide the day from the night, and let *them be for making known* the signs, and the seasons, the *nights*, and the *days*.'

The remainder of the chapter produces such a ridiculous effect in the Canara version, that we must give the English of it at length, placing by its side the translation, accepted in this country, also at length, in order that the comparison may be more satisfactorily made.

## ENGLISH.

' 20. And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

' 21. And God created great whales, and every living thing that moveth, which the waters brought forth, abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind; and God saw that *it was good*.

' 22. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.

' 23. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

' 24. And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind: and it was so.

' 25. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that *it was good*.

## CANARA.

' 19.\* Then God said, Let there be in the water a great many animated aquatic insects, and birds which are on the earth and which fly in the *orb of space*, that is to say, in the *air*.

' 20. In *this manner* God created a great many large fish which bring forth in the water, each after its kind, and the animated aquatic insects, and the different *winged tribes*, and birds of every description, and God saw that it was good.

' 21. Then God blessed them, saying, Fish, increase and multiply, and *be ye abundant* in the waves of the sea. Ye, also, birds, multiply on the earth.

' 22. And because *in this manner* the morning and the evening *came to pass*, this was the fifth day.

' 23. Then God said, Let the earth give birth to different species of living creatures, of *cows*, of *animated insects*, and to all the tribes of the beasts of the forests: and it was so done.

' 24. In *this manner* God created the different tribes of horned beasts, and the different tribes of animated insects on the earth, and he saw that it was good.

\* By some accident the Canara translators have confounded two of the verses together, so that their nineteenth verse corresponds, or rather was intended to correspond, with our twentieth.



' 26. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

' 27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them.

' 28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

' 29. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed: to you it shall be for meat.

' 30. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein *there is* life, *I have given* every green herb for meat; and it was so.

' 31. And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, *it was* very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

' 25. Then God said, Let us create man *like to us, and having our form*; let him rule the *aquatic insects* of the sea, the birds which fly in the air, the beasts which have life, the whole earth, and the insects which move upon the earth.

' 26. In this manner God created a man, having *his form*. He created him having *the figure of God*; moreover, he created him *male and female*.

' 27. Then God blessing him, said, Increase and multiply, and filling the earth, *subjugate it*; and rule the fish, the birds of the air, and all the animals that move upon the earth.

' 28. Moreover, God said, Behold, I have given you every kind of plant, producing its seeds, *with which the whole earth is filled*, and every kind of tree, even trees producing fruits, and bearing seeds. They will serve you for nourishment.

' 29. And he said, I have given you herbs and plants as nourishment for all the animals on the earth which have life, and for all the birds which fly in the air, and for all the insects which move upon the earth: and it was so done.

' 30. Then God saw all that he created, and it was *perfect*: and *because in this manner the evening and the morning came to pass*, this was the sixth day.

Thus, we may observe, the unfortunate Indians who have received and read in the Canara language, the first chapter of Genesis, if they be disposed to believe a syllable of the information which it contains, must have formed very strange notions indeed of the true God. They must suppose, that since man bears the figure and form of his Creator, the Creator must be a man also, which is unqualified blasphemy. They must also think, that the first created man united in himself the two sexes; that he was, therefore, a monster, and that whereas he had the figure and form of the Creator, the Creator was (if we may say so without impiety) also of a nature abhorrent to their feelings. It is bad enough to give the tribes of Canara an Apocryphal Bible, which the trans-

unquestionably is; but to imbue their minds with such inane notions of the creation and the Creator, as are inculcated in their copy of the Scriptures, is nothing more nor less than aiding and abetting the most violent enemies of Christianity, whether upon the earth or beneath it.

Let it be supposed for a moment, that the translation which we have given above of the first chapter of Genesis, from the Canara Bible, was substituted for the version which is in general use in this country, and that the clergyman reading the service attempted to impose it upon his congregation as the true sense of that sublime production to the Sacred Writings, what would be the consequence? Would a single Christian member of his audience remain silent to such blasphemy? Would he not be justly dragged from the pulpit which he had dared to profane, and be degraded from the profession which he had so unworthily assumed? And yet this is the Bible which our Missionaries promulgate in Canara, containing in every page errors of the most flagrant and mischievous character! Such is the system of Scriptural forgery, for the propagation of which, numberless subscribers,—ignorant of what they are doing, though meaning certainly to do what they believe to be right, annually renew every year their abundant donations; little thinking meanwhile, that, instead of extending the boundaries of Christianity, they are actually contracting its limits, and assisting to render its revelations contemptible and ridiculous.

The annual reports of the Bible Societies never fail to exhibit a glowing and plausible account of the number of sacred volumes which are distributed in distant countries, and of the conversions which have been made. It is true that many copies of the Bible in different languages have been given to the natives of India; but it has been ascertained, that by far the greater part of them are laid aside and used as waste paper. The shoe-makers convert them into slippers; the druggists, the confectioners, the dealers in sugar, and spices, also, rejoice much in the industry of the English Missionaries, whose labours are thus described by an eye-witness:—"The India Company organizes an administration as soon as it becomes master of a new country. Magnificent houses are built for the company's officers; a church is erected, and a house for the clergyman, who repairs thither with all his family. His care is to open the chests in which the Bibles are contained, and to deal them out every where around him. The children of the neighbourhood come to school to learn the languages. You do not look for these ministers of the Gospel in the cottage of the poor, or at the bed-side of the dying, there they are not to be found; but go to the public promenades, there you will have the pleasure of seeing the Rev. Mr. — and his wife taking a drive in a carriage. Thus matters go on until the lady gets a settled notion in her head, or until her daughters think of getting married. Her carriage with their baggage is packed up, and they return home."



In some places the Missionaries have been apparently successful: so long as they were enabled to continue their weekly distribution of rice and money, their schools were well attended; but when the rice and the money were no longer given, the schools were deserted.

It is, therefore, high time for those persons who subscribe their money to Bible and Missionary Societies, to insist upon a rigid scrutiny of the facts which are annually put forth in the reports of those institutions, and to demand a clear and well authenticated account of the real progress which has been made, not in the circulation of Bibles, but in the great work of the conversion of Pagans to christianity. If a true list of the latter be produced, it will exhibit a most ludicrous disproportion with the enormous sum, exceeding two millions sterling, which has been expended upon this undertaking. Perhaps upon looking about them in their own country, in these perilous times, they will find many objects upon which their bounty might be bestowed with infinitely more advantage to charity and religion, and even to their own happiness.

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ART. II.—*The Arrow and the Rose; with other Poems.* By William Kennedy. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1830.

WE have of late, we beg to announce, surrendered, without reserve, all the old-fashioned notions in which we once so unwittingly indulged, concerning the poets and the poetry of our country. The time for such boyish admiration as we used to bestow on some of the most boasted productions of former bards, is gone by. The Popes and the Grays of our literary calendar, whom our simple forefathers were wont to venerate, have all fallen, like contemned idols, before the iniconoclast severity of a more enlightened and discerning age. The Miltons have found their level at last: neither Cowley nor Waller, nor yet Goldsmith nor Cowper, has a worshipper at this day: and as for Byron, Moore, Campbell, and the like, *these* modern eminences are abundantly honoured when they obtain permission to vary the small recreations of the present race of children. Such are the results of the progress of mind, such the mighty revolutions involved in the mysterious law of intellectual vegetation. No more than its dishes or its garments, will the poets of one age command the sympathies, or gratify the taste, of another. Spenser and Philip Sydney were meet ornaments of an epoch, when pulse and sack were the staple sources of aliment to our countrymen. But in an age when we drink over twenty million gallons of fiery gin by the twelvemonth, a Robert Montgomery and a William Kennedy are absolutely indispensable.

We stand not alone in this judgment: the gravest authorities extant strengthen our hands. Quoth the "Literary Gazette," for example, speaking of the wonderful poem, whose title we have copied above,

"Critics, and critics only, can do full justice to the spirit, the deep feeling, and the energy of this work. We consider Mr. Kennedy's love-poetry some of the finest that ever was written. He is a poet, if thought, feeling, and originality can make one."—*Literary Gazette*.

Let us not hasten over the peculiar triumphs of Mr. Kennedy's genius, which are here so worthily recorded. Love-poets of all times and places, used to deem it the crown of all their toils, if they could only rouse the interest, and engage the feelings, of the tender sex. But that system is all changed: a new power has sprung up: dark eyes, and shining ringlets, have had their reign; and we have now come to that stage in our advance to perfection, when the "finest love poetry that ever was written," can be done justice to by "critics, and critics only!" Another commentator, worthy of the enlightened epoch in which he lives, elucidates Mr. Kennedy's matchless endowments with a more liberal hand. The Longinus who presides over the destinies of the "*Edinburgh Literary Journal*," thus uttereth an oracle to posterity:—

"He is full of strong feelings and good conceptions. Manliness and sincerity are the great characteristics of his style. He writes like a man of good muscle; he strikes his idea on the head at once, and then proceeds to another. He is no admirer of ornament. He uses the good old language of England—thrilling as it is, and full of home power—and his thoughts stand in it strong and sturdy, like the bristles on the back of the fretted porcupine."—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

Here is a painting indeed! muscles and sinews, and the other living attributes of corporeal strength, seem starting from the canvas, in all the vehemence of irrepressible might. The last Christmas cattle show, we warrant, did not present such a specimen even for its most precious prize: nor did Smithfield behold, in its centuries of experience, a nobler monument of fine feeding. How grand, after all, are the victories of digestion! Sooth to say, but a plethora *may* become interesting. This whole picture, however, of the Edinburgh artist, is but an allegorical display: the strong feelings, the good muscle, the striking an idea on the head at once, and the proceeding afterwards of the muscular tyrant to another idea; the wielding of the English language, thrilling, and full of home *brewed*—we beg pardon for the slip—full of home power as it is; and the thoughts bristling up above the surface of the said language like quills—we submit more than like bristles—on the fretted porcupine, are all traits and accessories so harmonious with one another, and so suited, in their combined effect, to the character of the leading subject, that, in the intoxication of our wonder, we know not which most to praise, the artist who has done so much, or the original, who deserves it all. We must not, however, in making our determination on this point, pass over the important fact in favour of the poet, that he has, with a spirit of a churchwarden, utterly relinquished his patent privilege of trafficking in



fiction, and ventures the ascent of Parnassus with a pledge of downright sincerity.

The reader, we suspect, is by this time in a sufficiently suppliant temper, to believe very readily that a modern poet is rather a peculiar sort of a formation. If, however, any misgivings in this respect should still agitate his mind, we shall transfer the merits to Mr. Kennedy himself: and if, upon a perusal of the poem before us, a reasonable man will say, that any other poet, living or dead, ever wrote such verses as these before us, we shall no longer participate of the intellectual luxuries which the present time has unfolded, but devote ourselves, in our desperation, once more to Shakspeare, and his kindred disciples of the same age.

Mr. Kennedy no longer confines his aspiring muse to the domestic occupations, which are so faithfully described by him, under the title of "*Fitsful Fancies*:" he exalts his voice to strains of *pietate majora*, and yields us a whole poem of very respectable dimensions. The story is worthy of an ambitious minstrel, and is intended to commemorate the love and the inconstancy of Henry of Navarre, the dolorous fortune which overtook poor Fleurette, the garden daughter, who fell an early victim to the same. The work opens with a Proem, which, like the overture or symphony in music, is intended to convey some general impression of the nature and character of the forthcoming performance. We extract a few lines from this Proem, in order to shew the reader how much he is entitled to anticipate in the perusal of what is to follow.

‘Of all by reckless Fortune crowned,  
The arbiters of human kind,  
How few by gladness compassed round  
Can anxious History find!  
Perhaps in the dead waste of years,  
One *ever-verdant* name appears,  
’Mid the imperial wilderness,  
Given the despairing eye to bless—  
One *plant of nobleness* which yields  
Its poor dependants of the fields,  
Love’s honey-drops—its stem inclining  
To feeble tendrils downward pining—  
But, *on its grave*, of rampant weeds,  
A noxious multitude succeeds;  
Stealing the perfume *from the clay*,  
*Holy and redolent of May*.’—p. 3, 4.

We do not expect that the reader will derive a great deal of information, as to the future operations of the poet, from the foregoing passage; it is not intended that he should. Let him have patience, however, and all will be explained. We would venture to affirm this moment, that not one in a hundred will be able to comprehend a great deal that is in this passage. He would

ingenious scholar that could tell us the name of the plant which, possessing the quality of nobleness in the field, yields 'its honey drops' to its poor dependants, very condescendingly giving its stem to the feeble tendrils of its mendicant neighbours, yet at the same time, that could allow a multitude of rampant weeds to grow upon its grave. About all this we shall be silent for the present, nor shall we utter a word to satisfy the reader with the same noxious weeds, pining downwards, albeit, do yet rob the clay of its perfume,—'the clay that is so holy and so redolent of May.'

So much for the poem. And now for the business of the piece. The Poem opens with a description of the visit which Charles the Ninth and his Queen, with their train, paid at Nerac, the palace of the 'good lady of Navarre,' with whom was then residing her son, the Prince of Bearn, better known afterwards by the title of the illustrious Henry of France. Charles 'affected gravity,' and a trial of skill in that ancient art was appointed for royal amusement. The spectacle attracted the multitude from all parts, who came

'To see how sceptered fingers drew  
The tough string and the trusty yew.'

The Prince of Bearn, a youth of sixteen, attended this feat, and his unexpected display of his address as a marksman, attracted the exclusive applause of the spectators, to the great mortification of Charles. So disappointed was the latter, that when the young Prince braced himself for a second shot, the King desired him to desist, enforcing his command at the very same moment with rather an undignified push. The reader will be deeply interested to know the result.

'His generous cheek flushed into flame—  
Trembled from head to heel his frame;  
Again he had his weapon ready,  
His eye centred on the King,  
With manhood's mettle burning steady,  
A fearful-looking thing!  
A knight, the amplest in the field,  
Served the scared monarch for a shield,  
Until his cousin's anger slept,  
When from his portly screen he stepped,  
And idly strove the mark to hit,  
Passing a spear's length wide of it;  
Muttering a ban on bow and quiver,  
He flung them both into the river;  
And straight departed from the scene,  
His dignity disturbed by spleen.'—p. 15, 16.

The Prince concentrating his eye upon the King, is not, we apprehend, to be taken in its literal sense; it is a mere figure of speech, for the use of which there is the most undeniable autho-

city. An Irish soldier once recounting a brave exploit of his, in having taken five of the enemy by himself, was asked how he contrived to perform such an achievement. "By St. Patrick, but I surrounded them," exclaimed the veteran. To proceed. The Duke of Guise took up the bow and arrow, in order to sustain the lost honour of France, and cleft the fruit in twain. The effect upon the Prince is thus sung:—

' Harry liked little to divide  
The garland with Parisian pride,  
And failing at the time to find  
An orange suited to his mind,  
Begged from a blushing country maid,  
A red rose on her bosom laid.  
Poor girl! it was not in her power  
From such a youth to save the flower!  
The prize was his—triumphantly  
He fixed it on a neighbouring tree—  
His bonnet doffed, and cleared his brow,  
While beauty whispered "Note him now!"—  
A moment, and the sweet rose shivered,  
Beneath the shaft that in it quivered.'—p. 16.

The damsel proves to be Fleurette, and from that moment the Prince and she understand each other. The whole court begins to remark with alarm that Henry has taken to the occupation of a horticulturist—that he had

' Pitched upon a plot of ground  
Which—truth to say—*was not so good*  
*As some he might have found,*  
For fostering *plantage* home or foreign—  
Tall elm-trees shaded it, and near  
The Fountain of the Rabbit-warren  
Scattered its waters clear.'

Hereby, the shrewd reader will quickly guess, hung an interesting tale. The fountain was often resorted to by Fleurette, who, after the primitive fashion of handmaids, carried a picturesque pitcher in her lily-white hand: and the gods so ordained it, that when the damsel passed that way, the Prince was sure to pass it too. It were long, though not tedious, to follow the story of their loves; but one sweet evening, appointed for a blessed interview between the mutual adorers, cannot be passed over for the beauty of the description, and the somewhat extraordinary accidents by which it was otherwise characterized. If the reader has the command of such a luxury at this moment, let him order a stave of soft music before he begins.

' It was a peerless July even  
The moon made orison in heaven,  
And mildly won the pilgrim star  
O'er azure seas to voyage far :

The grass-hopper had sung to rest  
 The sky-lark on her lowly nest :  
 The vagrant winds had roamed their fill,  
 And couched in caverns of the hill :  
*If aspen leaves stirred drowsily,*  
*'Twas not the breeze their light forms fluttered ;*  
*Upon their bough-beds lovingly,*  
*In dreams their mutual thoughts they uttered ;*  
 The streamlet o'er the pebbles breaking,  
 Seemed the sole thing on earth then waking.'—p. 28.

Transcendant power of invention ! what originality ! what beauty of thought ! what felicity of expression ! 'Twas not the breeze their light forms fluttered !' Who then was the disturber of the aspens ? What invader of the solitude of the night broke on their innocent slumbers ? Nor surfeit, nor nightmare, nor heavy tread of burglar, interrupted the sweet oblivion of the bough-beds ; but '*in dreams their mutual thoughts they uttered.*' Spirit of Mac-nish ! come and interpret this new revelation from the continent of sleep. All this time the Prince was waiting for his beloved ; the hours passed heavily, and not without bringing a modicum of disappointment to the impatient swain.

'What sound was that ? his breathing quickened,  
 His soul with expectation sickened—  
 Pshaw ! 'twas the stag-hound Fleur-de-lis,  
 Discovering him with ill-timed glee,  
 And which, to punish the intrusion,  
 He made withdraw in much confusion.'—p. 29.

Fleurette came at last ; and since we are warned by the poet to repress our curiosity at this point, we shall consider the interview as a forbidden matter of observation. The moment, however, the parties get out of their retirement and are fairly committed to the highway, we conceive that they forthwith become legitimate objects of public discussion. The first glimpse of the lovers as they are restored to the atmosphere, presents us with a scene of Arcadian affection, the like of which even the ancient poets have never conceived, much less described.

'The blissful hour too soon had faded,  
 And parting could not be evaded.  
 The Prince, with gallantry sincere,  
 Played the obsequious cavalier.  
*The damsel's pitcher twice he spilled,*  
 And then, o'er-liberal, more than filled ;  
*Poised it upon his light-capped-head,*  
 One arm the crystal freight sustaining—  
 The other to a feebler wed,  
 Whose yoke caused no complaining.  
 Thus homeward with dusk Labour's daughter,  
*Unmindful of the trickling water,*



Slow paced he, destined to unite  
 Two kingdoms, by his mind and might :  
 O'ermatched, to marshal Freedom's field,  
 Ready to die, but not to yield—  
 To still the surge of civil broil—  
 To struggle with pacific toil—  
 Happy that fate should Sully send,  
 A patriot-minister, and friend.  
 But Harry was the Lord's anointed,  
 And not a *gilt stick*, state-appointed.'—p. 31.

With vast reason and abundant discretion has the poet noted the important circumstance that Harry was no *gilt stick*, else how could he have escaped the inconveniences to which the alluvial virtues of the 'trickling water' would have exposed him?

Soon, too soon, does it turn out that other invaders than the suspected ones, had interrupted the balmy slumbers of the delicate aspens. In the expressive words of our bard,

'A demon rose, to crush delights  
 Fast opening in love's neophytes :  
 Ill omen for the royal suitor—  
 It wore the likeness of his—*tutor!*'

La Gaucherie was the man. Long suspecting the tendencies of his charge—having reason to fear that the youth

'Had made a woful backsliding,'

the "tutor" was enabled to procure intelligence of the intended meeting ;

'When, sallying forth, he had proof clear  
 Ocular and auricular—"quere "*auriculeer*"  
 That the rath gipsey had bewitched  
 The child his hand paternal—*breeched!*'

Any Cambridge youth, who has ever made tea for his company, will supply a rhyme for "bewitched," infinitely more appropriate in sense and euphony, though scarcely more worthy of being repeated in good society than the phrase with which the author has coupled it.

The result is that the Prince is ordered by his mother to Bayonne, a journey that involves a complete separation between him and his rustic beauty. Leaving the dagger in the bosom of the youth, for a moment the poet pauses, and turning to the window, as one might say, indulges in the following most becoming and noble reflections.

'Skies to solace should mirror the mind ;  
 Winter's the time to walk with Sorrow ;  
 It mocketh him *not, who is little inclined*  
*To bid holyday suns good morrow.*  
 He who in feverishness is waking—  
 His heart still sore from last night's aching,  
 When crimson light over earth is breaking,

Rolls back his thoughts into Memory's mist,  
 Hoping the phantom's with cock-crow dismissed,  
 That cumbered his breast like a mountain of lead ;  
 But, alas ! for the watcher, it hath not fled—  
 Would he had slumbered among the dead !  
 The sun-circle over and over him dancing,  
 Scorcheth the dim brow on which it is glancing ;  
 The hum of the bee and the song of the bird  
 Are as wearisome sounds as he ever hath heard ;  
 And the scent of the woodbine adjacently growing,  
 Is a rank herb's breath on a sick man blowing.—p. 35, 36.

In commending the winter as being the most appropriate season for 'walking with sorrow,' our poet perhaps deemed it unnecessary to specify the disadvantages of choosing the latter for a *summer* companion. It is not, however, very clear to us, that the time of the year is calculated at all to take from the disagreeable qualities of such an associate—nor can we indeed discover the principle on which the poet has come to his decision respecting the superiority of Winter. For example, if we refer to the case of his own hero, we shall be led to entertain conclusions not very consistent with the same theory.

' A fairer morn hath seldom shone  
 The bounding frame of youth upon,  
 Than that which rose upon our hero—  
 As—with a spirit below zero,  
 He took the solitary road  
 To his divinity's abode,  
 That nestled where fruit-bearing trees  
 Waved their rich burdens in the breeze.'—pp. 36, 37.

We think that we are pretty well justified in concluding from the circumstance of the fruit trees waving their rich burdens in the breeze, that the *time* of the scene was in a very advanced period of summer, when the temperature must have been very considerably elevated. Now, if under such circumstances the spirit of the young prince was so wonderfully cool as to bring the thermometer down below Zero, we are impelled to believe that the same calamity occurring in winter time, would have converted the unfortunate lover into an iceberg, at least. And this is our reason for differing from our great poet upon a question, be it remembered, which, after all, compromises a very minor, and to him, a very superfluous, qualification.

Henry tapped at the window, and in a trice Fleurette was by his side. He forthwith disclosed the dread tidings of his banishment, and the effect of the news on her sensitive frame was such as to satisfy the most fastidious of lovers.

' The finger of despair she felt—  
 From his embrace she seemed to melt—



She tottered to the broad beech-tree,  
In blossoming-time, a *fragrant pea*,  
Reft of its support suddenly.'—p. 38.

It is hard to expect every sort of perfection in a poet. He may understand the philosophy of flowers, *ad infinitum*: but there is no pretence for exacting from him a familiarity with garden vegetables. Hence, to confer upon Fleurette all the maturity of a full grown marrafat pea, at the very moment that she is said to be still within the precincts of the blossoming season, is only another example of that privation of minute knowledge, which is supposed to be the source of negative bliss to those who happen to be the subjects of such a lucky abandonment.

Twelve months and three had just passed when Henry returned to Nerac, all his love, all his vows and promises utterly extinguished for poor Fleurette, whose image in his breast had been superseded by that of D'Ayelle, a newer, and therefore a more engaging beauty. The knowledge of his faithlessness weighs heavily on the deserted girl; she resolves on self-destruction, communicates her intention to her former lover, who, struck with the pangs of remorse, pursues her to the fountain, and arrives there in time to find only her breathless corpse; we give the catastrophe in the words of the author.

'The lamp upon his features playing,  
Shewed fear predominating there;  
Before him the dread billet laying,  
While something whispered 'twas conveying  
Tidings he could not bear.  
What may we not be doomed to feel  
On severing of a tiny seal!  
All that soothes and all that maddens,—  
All that elevates and saddens,—  
Whatever Henry's weird, 'tis now  
About to break upon his brow;  
For the feeble lines he traces—  
Seeming still to change their places—  
Few the words—enough for him!  
Dancing on that paper dim.  
" By the Fountain seek for me,  
There I told thee I should be,  
Let what would betide to thee.  
Pass thou may'st without perceiving  
Her thou partedst without grieving:  
Though thy love no longer burn,  
I shall wait for thy return.  
Search again, and thou shalt have me;  
All is well—O! God forgive me!"  
From Henry's prophet breast arise,  
More than woman's wildest cries,  
In her spirit's agonies!

Summoning the household band,  
 Torches blazing in each hand,  
 Over height and over hollow,  
 With a speed they strained to follow—  
 To the Fountain he led on,  
 To the basin cut in stone :  
 He hath plunged into the water,  
 In his arms he hath caught her—  
 He supports her on the bank,  
 Shading back her tresses dank ;  
 Printing fast the frenzied kiss  
 On a cheek—no longer his !  
 Offering provinces to give  
 Him whose skill would bid her live—  
 Vowing vengeance on his head,  
 Who should dare to think her dead !  
 Sure the arrow was, and keen,  
 That had pierced the garden queen !  
 Threats, or promises, were vain—  
 She would never bloom again !—pp. 61—63.

And now we ask if the reader be not satisfied, that Mr. Kennedy is the very first, or amongst the first poets of our time? Is not there good *muscle* in these lines? Does not Mr. Kennedy strike an idea on the head with a vigorous hand? and do not his thoughts rise up in his pages like bristles upon the fretful porcupine? Verily this is poetry to which critics and critics only can do justice!

But we should be very badly discharging our duty to the public, if we were to dismiss this case of Mr. Kennedy, the poet, without a few observations in a more serious strain, than that which we have thought it necessary to adopt in the few preceding pages. Let any competent person just peruse the extracts which we have made—(we shall give him the freedom of the whole work for the same purpose,) and say, honestly, if he can discover in them any thing whatever, in the shape of a thought or expression,—any intellectual contrivance of any kind, indicative of the presence of an order of mind that is not possessed by every second individual that one meets with in a day. We defy the most penetrating genius in existence to point out, from the first to the last page of this book, the faintest traces of that rare faculty which, however indescribable it may be, manifests itself in results of one kind or another, that never fail to be adequately recognized. We blame not the youthful indiscretion of a volume of verses—it is the heavy tribute, which few escape from, who visit, in their tender years, the golden regions of taste and fancy. Every child reckons upon being able to add another to the illustrious line of bards who have shed glory on their country; seldom, however, does the delusion survive the first discipline of reason. If in our day, however, the reverse of this takes place, if the fond chimeras of the boy are deliberately cherished by the



man, we owe the revolution to causes with which it is the peculiar misfortune of our time to be troubled ; into these causes we refrain, at present, from penetrating. Enough of their mischievous efficacy is manifested, in the fact that they have driven, and do continually drive, men of mediocrity into the arena, where supreme excellence alone can maintain a permanent footing.

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ART. III. - *The Life of Mrs. Jordan, including Original Private Correspondence, and numerous Anecdotes of her Contemporaries.* By James Boaden, Esq., author of the "Life of Kemble," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London : Edward Bull, 1831.

WE very much fear, that Mr. Boaden, in this work, without acting very fairly towards the public, has been betrayed into the commission of a great degree of injustice towards himself. He must have been perfectly conscious that the announcement of the life of Mrs. Jordan by a familiar of the theatrical houses, would, under the peculiar circumstances of our day, have excited the glow of curiosity in the bosom of the most indifferent subject of this realm. To take advantage of this universal state of the public mind, and to palm upon it, in the name of Mrs. Jordan, a hotch-potch from the newspapers, is neither creditable to a veteran writer, who is well acquainted with the better days of our literature, nor will it prove, we may assure him, of use to his own interests. What reader expects to find no more than about a fourth part of the contents of these volumes occupied by Mrs. Jordan and her concerns? What reader will be satisfied with such an arrangement? We are ready to admit that cotemporary history is sometimes admissible into the biographies of individuals; but this allowance is restricted to the introduction of such facts and circumstances as are naturally connected with the principal subject, either illustrating conduct or motives, or in some measure calculated to have an influence upon our opinion of the person whose life we are reading. If this principle be a just one, we can have no indulgence for Mr. Boaden, who brings us over the theatrical history of the last forty or fifty years for the thousandth time, gratifying us with a very long and elaborate version of Master Betty's first appearance, of which we never heard before; and full and complete accounts of the equally novel and inexplicable events—the burning of the two theatres. There are in these volumes, also, sundry other episodes concerning John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Colman, and the rest, with which the public is long familiar, through the magazines and the annual registers. No man certainly is more indebted to his 'Cotemporaries' than Mr. Boaden, for no one has turned them to more profitable account.

But if Mr. Boaden had really given us something worth reading of Mrs. Jordan; if he had removed even a small portion of the veil

which surrounded some of the most important transactions of her life, we would have perhaps passed by his garrulity, and compromised with his inveterate gossip. But in truth Mr. Boaden has left the melancholy story of this celebrated actress just in as much obscurity as he found it. He puts on the most important of airs; something "more than natural" is always to be sought for in his most casual observations: a dreadful hypothesis startles us here, and in the next page an ominous enigma prepares us for the worst. The ludicrous offspring of the clamorous mountain was not presaged by more preposterous throes of alarm, than this tardy effort of Mr. Boaden's old age. He speaks of letters of Mrs. Jordan's. There is nothing in them which we can discover, that alters a single fact or impression which was not already known to the world. Indeed in our opinion, the principal positive result of Mr. Boaden's work on the public mind, will be to mystify the whole affair between Mrs. Jordan and the Prince, who participated so largely in her fortunes, and to make that which was plain and straight forward before, appear doubtful and suspicious. By a most incontinent anxiety to justify every body and every action, Mr. Boaden contrives with marvellous ingenuity to leave nobody without a share of blame; so that though hitherto we could speculate, with a tolerable chance of being right, upon the actors in this extraordinary drama, the whole question is opened up, and it is to be discussed afresh, and decided on its merits. A more fitting occasion will present itself by and by to exhibit the effect of Mr. Boaden's interference in this matter. We shall now endeavour to sift from the enormous heap of chaff which lies before us, something like a substantial narrative, which, though it may not be so valuable as to recompense our pains, will go a great way towards that end, if it only save the reader some perplexity and more trouble.

The vicissitudes and contrasts of Mrs. Jordan's life are typified in the brief words that describe its principal events. She was born in *Ireland*; her parents were *Welsh*; *England* was the country of her adoption; and she died in *France*. Mr. Boaden fixes the date of her birth in the year 1762, and states that it took place in the neighbourhood of Waterford. Her parents were then engaged in an itinerant company of players. Her mother's name, Phillips, seems to have been given to the child from its birth, instead of that of its father, Bland, a circumstance that increases very much the ambiguity in her situation, which, Mr. Boaden remarks, continued to attend her during her life. However, this name she dropped, and assumed that of Francis on adopting the stage, which she appears to have done almost in her childhood. With the exception of an offer of marriage by a Lieutenant Doyne, in Ireland, nothing material appears in the history of Miss Francis until her twentieth year, when she made her first appearance, we suppose in England, at Leeds, where the renowned Tate Wilkinson was at that time stage manager. Here she astonished the operatives by her versa-



tility, drawing tears by her performance of *Calista*, and breaking their hearts with merriment by singing the *Greenwood Laddie*. At York, whither Miss Francis proceeded with her mother, she was under the necessity of changing her name again, and as this is the last *erratum*, unfortunately, which fate made in her description, the occasion of it is worth commemorating.

‘ Upon the arrival of the ladies at York, the manager received a note from Mrs. Bland, stating that, for very particular reasons, which would be explained, the name of Francis must be changed, and some other adopted. Wilkinson naturally proposed Bland, to which she had a natural title, but the actress now wrote to him “that his wish, as to the insertion of Bland, could not be complied with, as that name in the prints might probably much injure her in the opinion of her father’s relations.” I chuse to cite, on this occasion, the manager’s own words, because I believe them to be sincere, and find them marked with a propriety that will not escape admiration.—“So,” says he, “on our meeting, and the matter being explained, there appeared obvious and pressing reasons for a change of name, and that of Mrs. Jordan was adopted.

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‘ But the reader must be made acquainted with the reason which produced this new decision as to name, on the arrival at York, which had indeed, before been attended with some difficulty. The fact was, that her aunt, Miss Phillips, who had also been an actress in the York company, and was now lying dangerously ill, had that last infirmity of the Welsh mind, a high value for the families to which she claimed alliance. She had earnestly entreated to see her sister, Mrs. Bland, and to welcome her niece, whom she pronounced to be already an honour to the stock from which she derived alike her theatrical and lineal honours; and as this near relation was at the point of death, and destined a very enviable wardrobe as a legacy to her beloved niece, upon the payment of a slight equity of redemption, both prudence and affection concurred in allowing the last wish of an aunt who felt her interest so strongly. Miss Phillips is said to have considered herself the greatest actress that had ever appeared, and she had the opinion to herself. Her niece has been generally considered unrivalled in her particular walk, but it was a pretension which I believe she never uttered, if she for a moment believed it to be just. Within a week after this transaction, the aunt died, and Mrs. Jordan pursued her profession, though she did not exactly tread in her steps.’—pp. 29—31.

We understand from Mr. Boaden’s insinuations that Mrs. Jordan commenced her course of indiscretion in the first year of her theatrical career, at York; but as her good acting put the folks of that part of the world in excellent humour with her, they looked indulgently on her sins. The characters in which she was most popular were those for which we would suppose she was the least calculated, namely, the parts of *William*, in *Rosina*, and *Patrick*, in the *Poor Soldier*. In this part of the country she remained about three years, when she was invited to London on the favourable report of a Mr. Smith, one of the purveyors for

**Drury Lane Theatre.** On the 18th October, 1785, Mrs. Jordan, who was retained at a salary of four pounds a week, made her first appearance at that house in the *Country Girl*. Of this event we have the following account by Mr. Boaden.

‘Mrs. Inchbald knew her in the York company, and records of her that “she came to town with no report in her favour, to elevate her above a very moderate salary (four pounds), or to attract more than a very moderate house when she appeared. But here *moderation* stopped. She at once displayed such consummate art, with such bewitching nature—such excellent sense, and such innocent simplicity—that her auditors were boundless in their plaudits, and so warm in her praises, when they left the theatre, that their friends at home would not give credit to the extent of their eulogiums.”

‘Nothing can be more exactly true than this report. I agree also with that lady in the melody of her voice; but in the remark that “her pronunciation was *imperfect*,” I cannot concur. “Most of her words was uttered with a kind of provincial dialect.” It was not of that description at all. It was a principle of giving to certain words a *fulness* and *comic richness*, which rendered them more truly representatives of the ideas they stood for; it was expressing all the juice from the grape of the laughing vine. To instance once for all. She knew the importance attached to a *best gown*. Let the reader recollect the full *volume* of sound which she threw into those words, and he will understand me. It was not provincial dialect—it was *humorous delivery*: and, as a charm, only inferior to her laugh. Again, “but I *don’t*”—“I *won’t*”—“*Bud*”—“*Grum*,” and a hundred others, to which she communicated such blunt significance, such whimsical cadence, as showed she was the great mistress of comic utterance, and aware of all the infinite varieties which modify the effects of the human voice. Henderson had the same sort of talent without the perfect voice. It was best displayed in his reading. A reflection upon this hint will shew what a narrow, imperfect, and even delusive record printing must needs be, of what in living speech accompanied the utterance of the mere words. Such was Mrs. Jordan when she burst upon the metropolis, in the year 1785. Perhaps no actress ever excited so much laughter. The low comedian has a hundred resorts by which risibility may be produced. In addition to a ludicrous cast of features, he may resort, if he chooses, to the buffoonery of the fair; he may dress himself ridiculously; he may border even upon indecency in his action, and be at least a general hint of *double entendre*, to those whose minds are equally impure. But the actress has nothing beyond the mere words she utters, but what is drawn from her own hilarity, and the expression of features, which never submit to exaggeration. She cannot pass by the claims of her sex, and self-love will preserve her from any willing diminution of her personal beauty. How exactly had this child of nature calculated her efficacy, that no intention on her part was ever missed, and, from first to last, the audience responded uniformly in an astonishment of delight. In the third act they more clearly saw what gave the elasticity to her step. She is made to assume the male attire; and the great painter of the age pronounced her figure the neatest and most perfect in symmetry that he had ever seen. This distinction remained with her

a long time, notwithstanding the many family encroachments upon the public pleasure.

'But her fertility as an actress was at its height in the *letter scene*, perhaps the most perfect of all her efforts, and the best *jeu de théâtre* known, without mechanism. The very pen and ink were made to express the rustic petulance of the writer of the first epistle, and the eager delight that composed the second which was to be dispatched instead of it to her lover. King was her Moody upon this occasion, but I thought Wroughton afterwards gave more effect to the intimidation. He had a vast deal of *truth* in his comedy, and concealed every appearance of the actor's art.

'There was a seeming coincidence in the ages of the actress and the character she played. The play concludes with some rhymes, no great achievement, it is true—I suppose them Garrick's—in which Miss Peggy apologizes for deserting her Bud.

"I've reasons will convince you all, and strong ones;  
Except old folks, who hanker after young ones:  
But was so passionate, and grown so thrifty,  
'Twas a sad life:—and then he was near fifty!—  
*I'm but nineteen.*"

Perhaps Mrs. Jordan looked rather more, not in her action, which was juvenile to the last, but the comic maturity of her *expression* seemed to announce a longer experience of life and of the stage, than could have been attained at nineteen. She retired that night from the theatre, happy to the extent of her wishes, and satisfied that she would not long be rated on the treasurer's books at four pounds per week. Smith congratulated with her very sincerely. He had bestowed upon the theatre, which he loved, a new and a powerful magnet, able to attract on the off nights of Mrs. Siddons, and even strengthen those of tragedy; which, with no greater force than Cumberland evinced in the *Carmelite*, began to need something auxiliary.'—vol. i. pp. 69—73.

Mrs. Jordan's merits having now received the stamp of metropolitan approbation, which she drew forth by her performance of several characters in the same line with William and the Country Girl, was now literally embarrassed by provincial engagements. These she discharged in a manner that promoted her celebrity, and the following season witnessed a very considerable addition to her popularity in the metropolis. It was about this time that an epilogue was put into her mouth, one passage of which in particular is very remarkable, in association with her subsequent circumstances.

'How strange! methinks I hear a critic say;  
What *she*, the serious heroine of a play!  
The manager his want of sense evinces,  
To pitch on *Hoydens* for the love of PRINCES!  
To trick out *Chambermaids* in awkward pomp—  
Horrid! to make a Princess of a *Romp*.'—vol. i. p. 184.

In the summer following (1792), we find Mrs. Jordan making her professional tour through the north; and here, for the first time, we are rather abruptly introduced to Mr. Ford, who very



unceremoniously, but not surely without authority, talks of the lady as Mrs. Ford ! In a very few pages afterwards we, all of a sudden, pounce upon the 'declared admiration of a Royal Duke;' and how long the 'Royal Duke' had been declaring his admiration of Mrs. Jordan, or how long Mr. Ford had been calling her wife, Mr. Boaden, who has a most inexplicable contempt for chronology, does not set forth. We shall allow the historian to speak for himself.

\* But a circumstance had occurred, which was now generally known ; I mean the declared admiration of a Royal Duke for this delightful actress, and a wish for her society permanently, on such terms as his peculiar situation alone permitted. He invaded no man's absolute rights—he did not descend to corrupt or debase. Not considering himself *entirely* a creature of the state, he had presumed to avow an affection for a woman of the most fascinating description ; and his yet unsullied HONOUR was the pledge, that the fruits, if any, of such an union, should be considered most sacredly as *his*—that he took the *duties* of a father along with the natural relation. We were now in the ferment of the French revolution, and it became a crime in the eyes of no small part of the public, that Mrs. Jordan had listened to a prince. In spite of his services as a naval officer, and the frank, cordial manners, which were not more the characteristics of his profession than of his own nature, the noble seaman was neither well treated by the government, nor did his popularity at all compensate a very niggardly establishment. On a sudden, writers in the daily papers became most anxiously solicitous about Mrs. Jordan's *family* ; (as if it had not at all times been the "precious jewel of her soul"). "What in the new connexion, became of Mrs. Jordan's family?" Mr. Ford was elevated by some persons into an injured and deserted man ; they neither knew him, nor his privity to the advances made by the noble suitor. They had never seen him at the wing of the theatre, and thrown their eyes, as he must have done, to the private boxes. Mrs. Jordan was not a woman to hoodwink herself in any of her actions—she knew the sanctions of law and religion as well as any body, and their value—this implies that she did not view them with indifference. And had Mr. Ford, as she proposed to him, taken that one step *farther*, which the Duke could *not* take, the treaty with the latter would have ended at the moment.'—vol. i. pp. 207—209.

The reader will think it strange that this is the first allusion we have in the book to Mrs. Jordan's 'family,' or to the treaty, or to the Duke at all ; yet Mr. Boaden speaks of them as matters with which the reader is quite familiar. This is certainly one way of writing a biography. It appears, however, that Mrs. Jordan took those enquiries of the Press in great dudgeon, as she discovered in a letter which she directed to some of the papers.

\* Finding herself thus annoyed at her very breakfast table, she resolved not to sit unmoved, but let the public know her own feeling as a woman, while she vindicated her conduct as an actress. The following letter from her accordingly appeared in all the public prints. It was dated from the Treasury, by which must be meant the treasury of the theatre.

“ Treasury Office, November 30, 1790.

“ Sir,—I have submitted in silence to the unprovoked and unmanly abuse which, for some time past, has been directed against me; because it has related to subjects about which the public could not be interested; but to an attack upon my conduct in my profession, and the charge of want of respect and gratitude to the public, I think it my duty to reply.

“ Nothing can be more cruel and unfounded than the insinuation, that I absented myself from the theatre, on Saturday last, from any other cause than real inability, from illness, to sustain my part in the entertainment. I have ever been ready and proud to exert myself, to the utmost of my strength, to fulfil my engagements with the theatre, and to manifest my respect for the audience; and no person can be more grateful for the indulgence and applause with which I have been constantly honoured. I would not obtrude upon the public an allusion to anything that does not relate to my profession, in which *alone* I may, without presumption, say, I am accountable to them; but thus called on, in the present instance, there can be no impropriety in my answering those who have so ungenerously attacked me, ‘that, if they could drive me from that profession, they would take from me the *ONLY INCOME* I have, or mean to possess, the whole earnings of which, upon the past, and one-half for the future, I have already *settled* upon my *CHILDREN*.’ Unjustly and cruelly traduced as I have been upon this subject, I trust that this short declaration will not be deemed impertinent; and for the rest, I appeal, with confidence, to the justice and generosity of the public.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ DOR. JORDAN.”

—vol. i. pp. 209—211.

The crisis had now arrived, which gave to Mrs. Jordan's history the interest for which that history is alone worth remembering. We mean her connection with the Duke of Clarence. Having thus exhibited to our view, as it were, this land of promise, to attain which, we must say, we performed no very easy or comfortable pilgrimage, Mr. Boaden, with the most provoking indifference, invites us to accompany him into a most delightful dissertation on the ancient history of Drury-lane Theatre,—a theme which he mercilessly pursues through a whole chapter and more. Confound it! has not the man seen, if he has not written, plays,—and how can he so stupidly persevere in wearying his audience? There is only one anecdote to be found in this rubbish which we deem worthy of being gleaned from it.

“ On the 31st of January, 1795, under the management of Mr. Kemble, Miss Mellon, the *future* Mrs. Coutts, and the *present* Duchess of St. Alban's (for such fortune may well render a man's style *giddy*), acted Lydia Languish, in the *Rivals*, and obtained an engagement, as an intended double for Mrs. Jordan. Miss Farren had Mrs. Goodall in the same secondary station, and Bannister, jun. now obtained a *locum tenens* in Capt. Wathen, who had long figured in private theatricals. But Miss Mellon must not be passed over so lightly. The public do not generally know that



Coutis was not the first banker who had distinguished this young actress. While she was in Stanton's company, Mr. Wright, a banker at Stafford, shewed her great attention; and it was creditable as well as valuable, for his wife and daughters concurred in protecting her. It was there that the Member, Sheridan, saw her, and he might strengthen himself *abroad and at home*, by giving her an immediate engagement at Drury Lane. He saw her in two of Mrs. Jordan's most favourite characters, Rosalind and the Romp. She was certainly above mediocrity as an actress, though I used to think too careless to do all she *might* have done. Her figure was elegant in those days, and there was rather a comic expression in her countenance. Had Jordan never appeared, she might have reached the first rank, and been contented with her station in the theatre; few, in any kind of miscarriage, have received such ample consolation. Chance, itself, once contributed a prize of ten thousand pounds to this minion of "Fortune's Frolic." I think there seems to have been a good deal of sagacity in her conduct: she saw her object with that singleness which is necessary to all great success, and made her very disposition itself a herald to her elevation. I never thought her one of those who

"Plan secret good, and blush to find it fame."

But a little ostentation may be pardoned in our imperfect virtue.—vol. i. pp. 276—278.

Mr. Boaden can boast of the distinguished honour of being sought for as an acquaintance by Mrs. Jordan, who seems to have treated him with great confidence, as the following anecdote will prove:—

'It was about this piece, (Morris's Comedy of the Secret), I remember, we had been speaking, when she told me she had another *East Indian* offered at her shrine, which she would trouble me to read. I did so, and we talked the piece over at her town residence in Somerset-street, Portman-square. She had not told me who was the author of the play. But there was that in it which merited consideration. I gave her my opinion frankly, and pointed out the indecorum of the interest: however, though not a moral play, it was written evidently, I said, by a man of talent; and, as a benefit piece, preferable to an old one. Mrs. Jordan, here, in confidence, informed me that the Duke had taken the trouble to read it, at her desire also; and that we agreed most *decisively* in our opinions. She was in charming spirits, I remember, that morning, and occasionally ran over the strings of her guitar. Her young family were playing about us, and the present Colonel George Fitzclarence, then a child, amused me much, with his spirit and strength; he attacked me, as, his mother told me, his fine-tempered father was accustomed to permit him to do *himself*. He certainly was an infant Hercules. The reader will judge of the pleasure with which I have since viewed his career as a soldier; and I owe him my *thanks* for his instructive and amusing journey across India, through Egypt, to England, in the winter of 1817-18, which he dedicated to his late Majesty George the Fourth, when Prince Regent. I shall here merely say, that his *fourth* chapter in this work is written with great skill, and possesses that interest which arises from actual facts at critical periods; from difficulties surmounted by patience of exertion: abounding in the terrible and destructive, unexaggerated



and minutely detailed. As a moving picture, this division of his work may, with advantage, stand a comparison with the best passages of those who travel to *seek effects*.'—vol. ii. pp. 12—14.

We must pass over a great many details of little or no interest, to pursue the history of what may be called Mrs. Jordan's private life. But we beg leave to observe, that the narrative is so strangely put together, the facts of the case are set down with so unusual a disregard of time and order, that we find it extremely difficult to form any thing like a consecutive statement of the latter part of Mrs. Jordan's life. Suddenly we fall upon a series of epistles by Mrs. Jordan, written in 1806, which relate to transactions in that year, and from the perusal of these we are led on by the author to the events of nearly twenty years before! The recurrence of such perplexities as these is much too frequent to allow us to believe that they are altogether unintentional.

We approach, with the greatest reluctance, that small, wonderfully small, portion of Mr. Boaden's very large book, which treats more particularly of the connection that subsisted between the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan. As to the propriety of reviving the history of his Highness's juvenile indiscretions, more especially at a time when every good man is counselled by the law to consider him incapable of doing any wrong—it is not, unfortunately, left to us to make a selection. We can only remark that, as we never took a part in any effort to refresh the public memory upon this delicate subject, so would we never have discussed it after the manner of Mr. Boaden. We hold in the highest respect the exalted function of the kingly office—still more do we venerate it in the person of one, whose manly and unsophisticated character converts the abstract sentiment of loyalty to the throne, into a feeling of attachment to the individual who fills it. But whilst we render justice to the virtues of the Sovereign, it is not surely necessary that we should connive at the follies of the youthful Prince. We greatly doubt that the mind which would venture to justify the one, could duly appreciate the other. Mr. Boaden, however, affects to do both, but with what success will be seen hereafter. It is not until about the twelfth hour that he begins a formal narrative of that portion of Mrs. Jordan's history, for which any one would deem it, at this day, worth one moment's consideration. The fawning and prostrate spirit which he brings to this delicate task is seen at the very outset.

'Before I can possibly touch,' says the cautious man, 'upon any disagreement between the Royal Duke and Mrs. Jordan, it seems necessary to look at the position of some other members of his illustrious house, and enquire how far it was calculated to fulfil the wishes of their venerable parent, their condition in the state, or the reasonable expectations of the public.'

We beg to say that there is no necessity for any such inquiry; and we add, that the only reason why Mr. Boaden presumes to

rake up the vices of the two elder brothers in order to lessen, by comparison, the culpability of the third, is to be found in the all important accident, that the two former are in their sepulchres, whilst the last is a living King. Mr. Boaden may depend on it he will gain nothing by his ingenuity. The obsequiousness, which is visible in the following extract, will not fail to strike the reader.

\* Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, came home from very active naval service, with, I believe, no engagement of the heart, and he soon distinguished the charming actress of Drury Lane theatre by unbounded admiration. *It is to the credit of his taste that he did so.* There is, however, a bias derived from profession, which extends even to the sort of woman likely to strike our fancy. He has looked at the naval character with little discernment, who does not feel that the gay, spirited, unaffected humour of Mrs. Jordan, carried the heart of a seaman by a *coup de main*. The tones of her voice, the neatness of her figure, the exhilaration of her laugh, but reflect the images of his fancy, when, in the watch of midnight, in the dreary howling of the gale, he cheers his lonely pace with the charms of his native land.

\* Enquiry, however, would not fail to acquaint him, that Mrs. Jordan was generally supposed to be the wife of Mr. Ford, a barrister, the son of a proprietor of the theatre, though she retained as to the public still, the theatrical name she bore at York. The declared attachment of the Prince, weighed at first no more with her, than to take the opportunity of ascertaining, whether Mr. Ford was sincere in his devotion to her; in which case she thought herself every way entitled to his hand; and, in fact, even upon a mere worldly estimate of the matter, a desirable match, in possession of a positive and progressive fortune, the honourable result of superior, indeed unequalled talents. She at length required from Mr. Ford a definitive answer to the proposal of marriage; and, finding that he shrunk from the test, she told him distinctly, that her mind was made up, at least to one point, THAT, if she must choose between offers of *protection*, she would certainly choose those that promised the fairest; but that, if he could think her worthy of being his *wife*, no temptations would be strong enough to detach her from him and her duties. Mr. Ford resigned her, I believe, with legal composure—and she accepted the terms held out by the Duke, and devoted herself to his interests and his habits, his taste and domestic pleasures. Whoever has had the happiness of seeing them together at Bushy, saw them surrounded by a family rarely equalled for personal and mental grace; they saw their happy mother an honoured wife, in every thing but the legal *title*, and uniformly spoke of the establishment at Bushy, as one of the most enviable that had ever presented itself to their scrutiny.—vol. ii. pp. 268—270.

The happy mother, exclaims Boaden, was an honoured wife in every thing but the *legal* title. The contemptible little form of marriage was all that was wanted to complete the domestic character of Mrs. Jordan! Was that all indeed? How easily Mr. Boaden disposes of the matter. To such philosophers as he is, to be sure, the words of a priest can be of but little consequence—they are superfluities which are necessary, peradventure, to satisfy the



ignorant and superstitious herd of men, but they are regarded by the learned and experienced at their true value. Nevertheless, the absence of the small ceremony made all the difference in the world to the poor woman afterwards, when she was unceremoniously dismissed from the bed of her Royal paramour. Mr. Boaden has most improperly abridged the history of this connection. The narrative of a single day's association, between two such persons as the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan, would have justly demanded twice the space, which Mr. Boaden has allowed to the account of a twenty years' connection. To judge of the final treatment of this woman, it is necessary that we should understand in what light she had been allowed to be regarded by the public, as the companion of the Duke of Clarence. A more striking example of the consideration in which she was held, not merely by the Duke of Clarence, but by his illustrious brothers and the great state officers of the time, cannot be given, than that which took place on the celebration of the Duke's birth-day, in the year 1806. Mr. Boaden seems totally unconscious of these matters, but we copy from the government journals of that period.

"The Duke of Clarence's birth day was celebrated with much splendour in Bushy Park, on Thursday (August 21, 1806). The grand hall was entirely new fitted up, with bronze pilasters, and various marble imitations; the ceiling very correctly clouded, and the whole illuminated with some brilliant patent lamps, suspended from a beautiful eagle. The dining-room in the right wing was fitted up in a modern style, with new elegant lamps at the different entrances. The pleasure-ground was disposed for the occasion, and the servants had new liveries. In the morning the *Dukes of York's and Kent's bands arrived in caravans*; after dressing themselves and dining, they went into the pleasure grounds, and played alternately some charming pieces. The Duke of Kent's played some of the choruses and movements from Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation*, arranged, by command of his Royal Highness, for a band of wind instruments. About five o'clock the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York, Kent, Sussex, and Cambridge, Colonel Paget, &c. &c. arrived from reviewing the German Legion. After they had dressed for dinner, they walked in the pleasure grounds, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, Earl and Countess of Athlone and daughter, Lord Leicester, Baron Hotham and Lady, Baron Eden, the Attorney General, Colonels Paget and M'Mahon, Serjeant Marshall, and a number of other persons. At seven o'clock the second bell announced the dinner, when the Prince took Mrs. Jordan by the hand, led her into the dining-room, and seated her at the head of the table. The Prince took his seat at her right hand, and the Duke of York at her left; the Duke of Cambridge sat next to the Prince, the Duke of Kent next to the Duke of York, and the Lord Chancellor next to his Royal Highness. The Duke of Clarence sat at the foot of the table.—It is hardly necessary to say, the table was sumptuously covered with every thing the season could afford. The bands played on the lawn, close to the dining-room window. The populace were permitted to enter the pleasure-grounds to behold the Royal banquet, while the presence of Messrs. Townsend, Sayers, and Macmanus,



preserved the most correct decorum. The Duke's *numerous family* were introduced and admired by the Prince, the Royal Dukes, and the whole company; an infant in arms, with a most beautiful white head of hair, was brought into the dining-room by the nursery-maid."

From this statement, the reader will be able to entertain some notion of the estimation in which Mrs. Jordan was held by the Royal Family, and how great must have been the prospects which she indulged in, from such encouragement as she received. We find that, before her introduction to the Duke, this lady had three daughters, the whole of whom, by a singular coincidence, she was engaged in disposing of by marriage, during the years 1808 and 1809. Mr. Boaden tells us, that—

'The eldest, Frances, became Mrs. Alsop: her husband was in the Ordnance office, and I think, if I can trust to memory, clerk of the delivery of small arms. I am confirmed in this notion by knowing that the situation has been abolished. There is a respectability attached to the clerkships in government offices, which belongs to no other subordinates in life. The gentlemen who fill them rank as esquires in the red book; and, why I know not, are supposed, in their style of living, to be little bounded by the mere salaries of their respective situations. Miss Jordan was in her twenty-sixth year when she gave her hand to Mr. Thomas Alsop—his residence then was at No. 11, Park Place, and, with their married sister, Miss Dora and Miss Lucy domesticated, until, in the year following, with the approbation of their mother, Miss Dora became the wife of Frederick Edward March, Esq., as I understand, a natural son of Lord Henry Fitzgerald, who was also a clerk in the Ordnance office; and, in 1810, the youngest, Miss Lucy, was united to General, then Colonel, Hawker, of the 14th Light Dragoons.'—vol. ii. p. 233.

Mr. Boaden continues,—

'Mrs. Jordan now became the subject of a great variety of attacks, in the infamous prints of the time; probably levelled at her *purse*; and, conceiving the union of her daughters with two gentlemen in public life a happy opportunity to work upon her fears or their delicacy. Among other matters, "they understood (by which the reader always understands if he knows them, they *invented*) a violent quarrel between the Duke and herself." Royal Dukes, at this time, occupied, unfortunately, the full breath of rumour; and one unhappy business soon bared to the public eye a scene of gross and most inexcusable *folly*, on one part, and of wanton, profligate, subtle, and unblushing exposure on the other. The leveller rioted now in evidence of royal weakness; and saw in this childish prologue the opening of a scene sufficient to destroy the credit of a throne, that should exist only by its virtue.'—vol. ii. p. 236.

Now, as to this 'levelling at the purse,' &c., Mr. Boaden might have spared himself the necessity of departing from the duties of christian charity, so violently as he has done; for that there were elements of discord in play at this time, between the Duke and Mrs. Jordan, appears sufficiently evident, and we know, at all events, that, at the Duke's instance, a complete, and even eternal,

separation took place between them in a year or two afterwards. Of that separation, or the cause of it, we have no other account from Mr. Boaden, than the following one, which is quite as laconic, it must be admitted, as it is satisfactory.

\* At length, while she was acting at Cheltenham, a storm burst upon her totally unexpected, which is thus recorded by an actor, who was at the time in the theatre. She received a letter from his Royal Highness desiring her to meet him at Maidenhead, where they were to bid each other farewell. Mrs. Jordan had concluded her engagement, but remained one night over to perform Nell, for the manager, Mr. Watson's benefit. It was in the afternoon of this very day she received the fatal letter. With that steady kindness that always distinguished her, she arrived at the theatre dreadfully weakened by a succession of fainting fits. She, however, struggled on with Nell, until Jobson arrived at the passage where he has to accuse the conjuror of making her *laughing drunk*. When the actress here attempted to laugh, the afflicted woman burst into tears. Her Jobson with great presence of mind altered the text and exclaimed to her—"Why, Nell, the conjuror has not only made thee drunk; he has made thee *crying drunk*," thus covering her personal distress, and carrying her through the scene in character. After the performance, she was put into a travelling chariot in her stage dress, to keep her appointment with the Royal Duke, in a state of anguish easily to be conceived. What passed at the meeting I would not wish to detail. After allowing her due time to recover her spirits, and endeavour to do herself justice by making her statement to the Regent—submitting herself entirely to his *judgment*, and finally to the generous nature of the Duke *himself*, she thus writes upon the subject of the separation to her confidential friend. She may now be pardoned for omitting to date the communication. But her mind is still amiable in its disappointments; and she turns herself unaffectedly to apologise for the rashness by which she has suffered.—vol. ii. pp. 271—273.

Be it observed, that the duration of the connexion between the parties, was that of twenty years—that the fruit of this cohabitation was ten children, and yet the termination of that intercourse,—during which, Mr. Boaden says, the happy mother was an honored wife, in every thing but the legal title,—was the work of a few minutes, apparently;—she received a letter from the Duke, desiring her to meet him at Maidenhead, where they were to bid each other farewell! In vain do we read Mr. Boaden's pages, to find out a clue to this extraordinary, and, we have no hesitation in saying, most cruel proceeding. Mrs. Jordan herself seems to have been as much in the dark as we are at this moment; at least, so we conclude from her letter to a friend, written, as it would appear, shortly after the separation.

“ Bushy, Saturday.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I received yours and its inclosure safe this morning. My mind is beginning to feel somewhat reconciled to the *shock and surprise* it has lately received; for could *you* or the *world* believe that we never had, for twenty years, the *semblance* of a QUARREL. But this is so well known in



our domestic circle, that the astonishment is the *greater*! MONEY, money, my good friend, or the *want* of it, has, I am convinced, made HIM, at this moment, the most *wretched* of MEN; but having done *wrong*, he does not like to retract. But with all his excellent qualities, his domestic *virtues*, his love for his *lovely* children, what must he not at this moment *suffer*! His distresses should have been relieved *before*; but this is *entre nous*.

"All his letters are full of the most unqualified praise of my conduct; and it is the most heartfelt blessing to know that, to the best of my power, I have endeavoured to deserve it. I have received the greatest kindness and attention from the R\*\*\*\*t, and every branch of the Royal Family, who, in the most *unreserved terms*, deplore this melancholy business. The whole correspondence is before the R\*\*\*\*t, and I am proud to add, that my *past* and *present* conduct has secured me a friend, who *declares* he never will forsake me. 'My forbearance,' he says, 'is beyond what he could have imagined!' But what will not a woman do, who is firmly and sincerely attached? Had he left me to *starve*, I never would have uttered a word to his disadvantage. I inclose you two other letters; and in a day or two you shall *see more*, the rest being in the hands of the R\*\*\*\*t. And now, my dear friend, do not hear the D. of C. unfairly abused. He has done *wrong*, and he is *suffering* for it. But as far as he has left it in his *own power*, he is doing every thing *KIND* and *NOBLE*, even to the *distressing* HIMSELF. I thank you sincerely for the friendly *caution* at the end of your letter, though I trust there will be no occasion for it; but it was kind and friendly, and as such I shall ever esteem it.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"DORA JORDAN."

—vol. ii. pp. 273—275.

What Mrs. Jordan means by 'money, money,' we really cannot conjecture; and Mr. Boaden, upon this, as well as upon every other point of doubt and difficulty, is utterly bereft of the power of speech. Leaving that matter, however, for the present, we beg the reader's attention, for a few moments, to a passage in the above letter of Mrs. Jordan, with which we wish to compare a subsequent statement, made by Mr. Boaden. That statement, for the sake of convenience, we shall lay before the reader.

'It may be remarked on this occasion, that there were three distinct sources of calumny concurring to swell the tide of persecution which now assailed Mrs. Jordan, and the press was equally disposed to all the three, for they equally purposed mischief. The *first* was a pretty numerous set of scribblers, who, with the usually wanton ignorance of his conduct and merits, hated the Duke, her illustrious friend: the *second*, a few writers connected with the theatres, who crediting every rumour with which provincial towns supplied them, attributed to the charming actress every description of sordid or loose attachment; who converted her very virtues into pitch, and, if she exerted herself to benefit any witness of her early progress in life, stated, like Iago, in the instance of Cassio and Desdemona:

'That she repeat'd him for her body's lust.'

A *third* were perhaps set on by persons of graver consideration, but not



less doubtful morals, who do *evil* that good may come of it; and who, affecting a high sense of public virtue and regard for the family on the Throne, and its members within the probability of succession, spared no pains to excite distrust or disgust in the royal person connected with her—trusting to powerful aids in the embarrassments of his circumstances, which, with every disposition to frugality, had accumulated, to the noble Duke's serious annoyance.

'I have no slight reasons for thinking, that one plan of relief was suggested, which looked to an union with Miss Tilney Long; *a matter which it was represented, by the friendship of the Regent, might easily be carried through parliament by bill.* If this was ever a matter for deliberation in the royal mind, I am quite sure it was rejected upon *principle*; and every notion of such a thing was soon closed, by the union of that wealthy heiress, in March, 1812, to William Wellesley Pole, Esq. the son of Lord Maryborough. In fact, *TWENTY YEARS of sympathy and truth* leave always strong impressions upon the mind; and I have no doubt full justice has always been done to the *attachment* of Mrs. Jordan, by the royal personage to whom it was borne. The demands of high situation are often imperative, and they must be obeyed; but the *MAN* must be satisfied as well as the prince; and what father has ever more steadily responded to the claims of his children than the Duke of Clarence? Without too much presumption, we may, perhaps, attribute to such a conduct, that as his early day was gladdened by all that could *amuse and fascinate*, we find his latter period embellished by all the *VIRTUES* that either *lead or console* the progress through the remainder of the journey.'—vol. ii. pp. 280—282.

Mr. Boaden, it will be seen, in the latter part of this extract, undertakes to say, on his private information, that a plan of *relief*, (*relief*, it must mean, from Mrs. Jordan,) was a marriage on the part of the Duke with Miss Tilney Long, and that the Regent was not only privy to, but an active abettor of, this scheme, since he promised to use his influence to carry a measure for facilitating such a union, through parliament. Now, if that statement be true, how, in the name of all that is sincere, is it, that this very Regent, at the same moment that he was projecting the relief of his brother from Mrs. Jordan, could have justified her declaration, that she experienced the 'greatest kindness,' as she says in her letter just quoted, 'and attention from the Regent and the Royal Family, who, in the most unreserved terms, deplore this melancholy business?' 'The whole correspondence,' Mrs. Jordan adds, 'is before the Regent, and, I am proud to add, that my past and present conduct has secured me a friend, *who declares he will never forsake me.*' And this is the friend who actually is represented, at the very moment that he makes these splendid promises, to be one of the principal parties to that separation, on account of which the unhappy woman requires his assistance at all? If Boaden be not the greatest simpleton in existence, we have no choice, but to fix a character of the basest hypocrisy on the author of such a cold and gratuitous deception.

The separation, it appears from a letter written by Mr. Barton, in 1824, took place in the year 1811. To the same gentleman we are indebted for an account of the settlement which the Duke of Clarence made on Mrs. Jordan at their parting. He says:—

“ Upon the separation which took place between Mrs. Jordan and the Duke, in the year 1811, it was agreed, that she should have the care, until a certain age, of her four youngest daughters, and a settlement was made by the Duke for the payment, by him, of the following amounts:

“ For the maintenance of his four daughters. . .	£1,500
For a house and carriage for their use. . . . .	600
For Mrs. Jordan's own use. . . . .	1,500
And to enable Mrs. Jordan to make a provision for her married daughters, children of a former connexion. . . . .	800

In all 4,400

“ This settlement was carried into effect, a trustee was appointed, and the monies, under such trust, were paid *quarterly* to the respective accounts, at the banking house of Messrs. Coutts and Co. It was a stipulation in the said settlements, that in the event of Mrs. Jordan resuming her profession, the care of the Duke's four daughters, together with the 1,500*l.* per annum for their maintenance, should revert to his Royal Highness; and this event actually did take place, in the course of a few months, in consequence of Mrs. Jordan's desire to accept certain proposals made to her to perform. Mrs. Jordan did resume her profession; and, not long after, reflections were thrown out against both the Duke and herself; whereupon Mrs. Jordan, indignant at such an attack upon his Royal Highness, wrote the following letter, which was published in the papers of the day:

“ Sir,

“ Though I did not see the morning print that contained the paragraph alluded to in your liberal and respectable paper of yesterday, yet I was not long left in ignorance of the abuse it poured out against me; this I could silently have submitted to, but I was by no means aware that the writer of it had taken the opportunity of throwing out insinuations which he thought might be injurious to a no less honourable than illustrious personage.

“ In the love of truth, and in justice to his Royal Highness, I think it my duty, publicly and unequivocally to declare, that his liberality towards me has been noble and generous in the *highest degree*; but, not having it in his power to extend his bounty beyond the term of his own existence, he has, with his accustomed goodness and consideration, allowed me to endeavour to make that provision for myself, which an event, that better feelings than those of *interest*, make me hope I shall never live to see, would entirely deprive me of.

“ This, then, Sir, is my motive for returning to my profession. I am too happy in having every reason to hope and believe, that, under these circumstances, I shall not offend the public at *large* by seeking their support and *protection*: and, while I feel that I possess those, I shall patiently submit to that species of unmanly persecution, which a female so particularly situated must always be subject to. Ever ready to acknowledge my deficiencies in every respect, I trust I may add, that I shall never



be found wanting in candour and gratitude—nor forgetful of the care that every individual should feel for the good opinion of the public,

“ “ I am, Sir,

“ “ Your much obliged, humble Servant,

“ “ DORA JORDAN.”

“ “ It should have been before stated, that upon settling the annual allowance to Mrs. Jordan, every thing in the shape of a money transaction was brought to account; and that the most trifling sums even, upon recollection, were admitted; and interest being calculated upon the whole, in her favour, to the latest period, the balance was paid over by me, on the part of the Duke, and for which I hold Mrs. Jordan's receipt. It should also be understood, that up to the day of their separation, Mrs. Jordan had received a large annual allowance from his Royal Highness.

“ “ A cessation of correspondence between Mrs. Jordan and myself ensued, until September, 1815, when I most unexpectedly received a note from her, requesting to see me immediately. I found her in tears, and under much embarrassment, from a circumstance that had burst upon her, as she said, ‘like a thunder storm.’ She found herself involved to a considerable amount by securities, which all at once appeared against her, in the form of bonds and promissory notes, given incautiously by herself, to relieve, as she thought, from trifling difficulties, a near relation, in whom she had placed the greatest confidence.

“ “ Acceptances had been given by her in *blank*, upon stamped paper, which she supposed were for small amounts, but which afterwards appear to have been laid before her capable of carrying larger sums.

“ “ She was fearful of immediate arrest. She wished to treat all her claimants most fairly and honourably, and to save, if possible, the wife and children of the person who had so deceived her, from utter ruin. She could not enter into negotiations with her creditors unless at large; and, apprehending that if she remained in England, that would not long be the case, she instantly adopted the resolution before-mentioned, of going to France.

“ “ A list of creditors was made out, and an arrangement was in progress to enable her to return to this country. All she required, in order to set her mind at ease on the extent of the demands that might be out against her was, that the person who had plunged her into all these difficulties should declare, upon oath, that the list he had given to her included the whole. This the party from time to time refused to do; and disappointed thus in the hope she had so fondly cherished, of again returning to this country, and seeing those children for whom she had the most tender affection, she sunk under the weight of her afflictions, and in the month of June, 1816, died at St. Cloud.”—vol. ii. pp. 345—352.

Mr. Barton has not, however, told the whole truth, for the settlement which appears under his representation to be so munificent, was restricted by some very serious conditions. For instance, if Mrs. Jordan returned to the stage, she was to give up her four daughters and their allowance, and she was not to be permitted to see them. In point of fact, she did return to the stage—she was perhaps obliged to do so. She was yet young enough to be able to ensure a provision for her future years from her theatrical exer-



tions, seeing that her existing income was no more than sufficient to meet the current expences. After her restoration to the stage, Mrs. Jordan was threatened with the exaction of certain claims, for which she, with astonishing facility, had rendered herself responsible:—she was compelled to fly to the continent, where, with an income very much reduced, she languished for a short time, and died. There is enough to show, that Mrs. Jordan almost gave up herself and her resources to a *male relation*, whom it would have become Mr. Boaden to have openly and manfully designated. But it is quite surprising to us that no one of her former friends ever thought of seeking the unhappy fugitive, and giving her that consolation of which she stood so much in need. Mr. Boaden denies absolutely that Mrs. Jordan died in poverty, because he cannot suppose that such a catastrophe was possible with the enjoyment of such an income as was settled upon her. But he forgets what she must have contributed to defray the expences, which she had so heedlessly incurred for others. Might she not have anticipated the revenue of future years to meet the exigencies that so unexpectedly crowded upon her? How, therefore, can it be unreasonable to suppose that she felt the gripe of poverty in her last moments?

But, however the facts may be on this and some other interesting points of Mrs. Jordan's melancholy story, the biographer before us furnishes nothing that throws new light upon them. By a strange confusion of dates and documents, he raises a perplexity in the mind of his readers, in the obscurity of which the real delinquents, he appears to hope, may be able to retire unnoticed and unknown. But the facts are too powerful in themselves to be finally misunderstood.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Boaden without firmly and honestly protesting against the whole spirit of his book. We never have been amongst those who look for independence or sound ethics amongst the theatrical fraternity. Let them keep their morals to themselves, and as long as they do so, they may provoke no observation. But when one of them adventures to guide the public mind upon the interpretation of a series of events, which are calculated to have a manifest control over the domestic system of this country, it becomes necessary to examine his authority and challenge his competency in other respects. Mr. Boaden's book is an apology for the prince's conduct. The last man in England to sympathise with such an advocate is the illustrious individual himself. That the laws of the country which relate to the education and settlement of the members of the Royal family, open the doors to much temptation and irregularity, cannot be denied. But for a single privation of this nature, they have a thousand privileges. If any one shall say that wedded happiness, consistent with the peculiar laws which affect his condition, is not within the grasp of a Prince of the Blood, we shall bring the case of the royal personage himself, as an overwhelming proof of the

contrary. But at the worst, though we should extend a compassionate indulgence to the prince, who engaged himself in one of those unfortunate alliances, to which the sanction neither of religion nor the law had been extended, still the open, unblushing, and, we had almost said, obtrusive exhibition of such a state of relation, ought never to be passed over without the most marked censure. The ostentatious manner in which Mrs. Jordan was held forth in the highest quarters, as in every substantial respect the spouse of the Duke of Clarence, was calculated to create in her mind a conviction, that as nearly all the components of the married state were to be found in the peculiar alliance which she had formed, the permanency which it involves would not have been wanting. But in this confidence she was cruelly deceived; and the contrast produced in her situation, by her fall from the rank and consideration which she had so long enjoyed, to obscurity, neglect, and poverty, must have been one of the chief causes that led to her untimely and melancholy death. And yet, when we consider the uniform conduct of Mrs. Jordan, during a twenty years' ordeal, under the most trying circumstances that a female can be placed in, we must feel that she little deserved that her fate should have been so aggravated. Of all the celebrated women, from Precia and Chelidonis, to the days of Maintenon and Cayla, who were remarkable for their influence over princes and men of power, no one seems to have held such influence with less detriment to the public interest, than the lady of whom we are speaking. Even in our own day, there has been an instance of a woman adopted from the lowest depths of society, by a member of the very highest class, only to be swayed in his official conduct by her corrupt and capricious authority.\* The delicacy of such forbearance as Mrs. Jordan exercised, during her ascendancy over the Prince, ought not to have been forgotten by those who affected to do justice to her memory. Nor should we fail to bear in mind the example of meek resignation to her calamities, which she afforded after her separation. She preserved a most heroic silence even unto the grave, touching that crisis of her life in which she was undoubtedly the largest sufferer,—leaving the world entirely to conjecture as to the real party to whom blame was to be attached. She must be allowed, therefore, the exalted praise of having met her unexpected misfortunes with the dignity of virtue, and of furnishing, notwithstanding the number and force of her provocations, an eminent exception to the truth of that lamentable but just character of her sex, so well described by the Roman poet,—

“—————Mulier scævissima tunc est  
Cum stimulus odio pudor admoveat.”

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\* See a passage in Cicero in Verrem, describing the influence of the Mary Ann Clarke of his day, over the Prætor Verres.—The “*Alii nummos numerabant, alii tabulas obsignabant,*” is as true as to modern London as it was as to ancient Rome.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Keepsake for 1831*. Edited by Frederick Mansel Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 320. *Eighteen embellishments*. London: Hurst and Co., and Jennings and Co.
2. *The Landscape Annual—The Tourist in Italy*. By Thomas Roscoe *Illustrated from Drawings*, by S. Prout, Esq., F.S.A., painter in Water Colours to His Majesty. 8vo. pp. 271. *Twenty-six embellishments*. London: Jennings and Co. 1831.
3. *The Gem, a Literary Annual*. 12mo. pp. 276. *Twelve embellishments*. London: W. Marshall. 1831.
4. *The Remembrance*. Edited by Thomas Roscoe. 16mo. pp. 260. *Thirteen Embellishments*. London: Jennings and Co. 1831.
5. *Le Keepsake Français, ou Souvenir de Littérature Contemporaine orné de dix-huit gravures Anglaises*. 1831. 8vo. pp. 302. Paris: Giraldon Bovinet et Co. London: Whittaker and Co.
6. *The Talisman; or Bouquet of Literature and the Fine Arts*. 8vo. pp. 288. *Eighteen Embellishments*. London: Whittaker and Co. Paris: G. Bovinet et Co.

THIS is the third article which has been demanded of us for the *Annals* of the present season. There are still six of these candidates for public favour soliciting our votes and interest against ten others whose claims we have already noticed; and we are not sure that there may not be yet in the back ground, as many more, waiting for recommendation. They seem to be multiplying upon us as rapidly as the butterflies, when the summer comes, and with almost as little reflection, as much beauty and merriment, and quite as short a tenure of existence. They dazzle at first, and are pursued for awhile, but their highly coloured attractions soon fade, and, poor things, they become shamefully neglected.

We have, long since, thought that the business of *Annals* was overdone. We believe that most persons, including even the publishers and editors, the last, naturally, to admit such a truth, are now convinced of it. These works do not now sell as formerly; the market is glutted, the public are satiated with so many gew-gaws. The rivalry amongst them has been principally directed towards the embellishments; to captivate the eye has been the great object, although every man must know, from his own experience, that the sense of vision is one which soon wearies of indulgence. The gratification of the mind has been treated altogether as a secondary consideration. In this respect, the *Annals* have been upon the decline, since the second or third year after their first appearance; and although it would not be just, to say that they have, as yet, reached their lowest point of literary worthlessness, yet we cannot contend that they are very far from it. They are, more and more, becoming the prey of a herd of inferior writers, whose names are unknown in any other branch of letters; and if, now and then, a new author appear amongst them, he is, most probably, some dull



patrician, who thinks he can shine in print, and who has influence enough to get his lucubrations inserted between the splendid engravings, which embellish these volumes.

In no other work of the kind, is this mixture of bad literary taste with high excellence in art, so uniformly to be found, as in the 'Keepsake.' We do not recollect, in the four or five numbers of it which have been published, a single composition, in verse or prose, that would be worth preserving. It looks invidious, and, perhaps, unjust, that we never give any other than an unfavourable opinion of this publication, so far as its letter press is concerned. We cannot help it. For our own justification, we appeal to every body who has the least pretension to critical knowledge, or to common sense. We can have no motives for running down the 'Keepsake,' or any other annual, even if we were disposed, as we know that we are not, to violate the ordinary rules of fairness and good feeling. We confess that sometimes we are excited to something like indignation, when, invited, as it were, by a ruby silk binding, gilt edging, and a glorious company of engravings, to a banquet, apparently magnificent, we lift the shining covers and find nothing beneath them, except attenuated slices of cold ham, a few unsavoury stews, thin gruel for soup, tough mutton for venison, and tanned leather for pastry. It does raise our ire to see so much costly preparation thrown away; and, in a national sense, we are ashamed to see some of the finest specimens of art, of which our annual publications can boast, go forth to the world, to Germany and France particularly, where our literature is so well known and so highly respected, accompanied by such paltry tales, such miserable verses, such wretched attempts at the grand, the affecting, or the ludicrous, as those which dishonour the embellishments of this volume.

We open it, and what meets our eye at the commencement? A namby-pamby gossiping essay upon a *liaison*, which subsisted between the celebrated Lord Chesterfield and Lady Fanny Shirley! that is to say, an unlawful connexion between a profligate nobleman, 'a scoffer at religion,' a 'gambler,' 'heartless and unfeeling in his character,' as the author admits, and withal, a married man, with a vain and depraved woman, who, in consequence of that *liaison*, remained single all her life! In those memoirs of questionable utility, in which the vices of the great are painted by persons who have witnessed them; such a subject as this might, at least, be consistently treated. But to place it in the front of a volume, which is almost certain to fall into the hands of young ladies, and, indeed, to be read by them, we may say exclusively, we do think, without being very austere in our morality, was not in the best taste. Mr. Agar-Ellis, the author of this essay, would not, we presume, like to be called upon, by his daughters, for an explanation of the word *liaison*; still less for a commentary upon that passage in his character of Lord Chesterfield, in which the

hoary sinner is described as 'a seeker after the youth which he had lost.' If such facts as this essay contains, are to be gleaned with curious solicitude from various sources, and to be published at all, let them assume a shape by which their presence shall be known. But we are decidedly of opinion, that they ought not to be insinuated through vehicles which have, hitherto, been so little suspected of conveying unclean matter, and which are usually left open to the youth of both sexes, from the moment they have learned to read.

To what class of poetry do the verses of Mr. Bernal, M.P., belong?

- 'Swiftly o'er the Brenta bounding,  
Soft guitar and lute resounding,  
Through the perfumed groves surrounding,  
Gaily speeds the gondola.
- 'Youth beguil'd with dreams of pleasure,  
Hope with all its buoyant treasure,  
Love without reserve or measure,  
Lightly freight the gondola.
- 'O'er the waters still and glowing,  
Wanton zephyrs odours throwing,  
Woman's sighs more sweets bestowing,  
Gently waft the gondola.
- 'Golden rays through ether dancing,  
Nature's soul with joy entrancing,  
Brighter smiles from beauty glancing,  
Sparkle round the gondola.
- 'Doubts and vows in quick succession,  
Looks of undisguised expression,  
Whispers fraught with chaste confession,  
Pass within the gondola.
- 'Eye no more from eye retreating,  
Heart with heart in rapture beating,  
Lip with lip in rapture meeting,  
Blessed be the gondola!'

*The Keepsake*, p. 16.

When poetry was fast declining in Rome, the senators and men of rank began to court the Muses, and imagined that they succeeded when they lighted upon sweetly sounding words, abounding in liquids, which breathed, as it were, of the most balmy perfume. It is exactly in their style that Mr. Bernal has written. He seems to have composed his lines by means of a literary kaleidoscope, and a rhyming dictionary. Banks of flowers, and fragrant bowers, and sultry hours, evening skies, and vespers pealing, and moonbeams straying, meet us in the remaining verses; but we are sick of so much sweetness, which bears about as much relation to true poetry, as Malmsey does to the Nectar of the Gods.

The author of *Frankenstein*, not content with frightening people

with her monstrous creations, has here made an attempt at extending her supernatural power, by transforming one living being into another. Indeed, she has gone farther. She does not kill one of her heroes, and lend his person to the other, but she moreover exchanges them reciprocally—the ugly fiend becoming a handsome man, and the handsome man being turned into the foul fiend. The idea is, at least, audacious. A gentleman of good estate falls in love with an heiress; he indulges, however, in all sorts of vices, dissipates his fortune, becomes a gambler, loses the good opinion of his friends, and falls into despair. In this situation he forms acquaintance with the old gentleman, who appears to him in the shape of a deformed dwarf, and offers him a chest full of gold, upon the condition of his lending him his body for three days. The bargain is struck. The souls of each abandon their former habitation; the transformed dwarf seeks the dwelling of the heiress, and pleading repentance, finds so much favour in her eyes, and in those of her friends, that forthwith they are to be married. Fate, however, brings the former lover to her house; he is astounded at what is going to take place, and finding that his rival allowed the three days to pass without recollecting his promise, he kills him in a scuffle, and faints. Upon recovering from his faint, he discovers that “Richard’s himself again,” that he has resumed his own real shape, and what is more, that he has the benefit of all his rival’s eloquence, and straight he is married in church, without any body knowing a syllable of the transformation which had taken place. The imagination which has suggested such a tale as this, is removed so far from the bounds of our world, that criticism upon it would be ridiculous.

The Hon. Henry Liddell begins a panegyric on “Woman’s love,” with the following precious stanza:—

‘ I mark the shadows dense of even,  
Obscure the sinking sun;  
While slowly toward the western Heaven,  
Night spreads her mantle *dun* !’

Amidst a heap of such verses as these, it is delightful to meet with lines so full of thought and beauty, as those which Lord John Russell has consecrated to the memory of Dugald Stewart:—

‘ To distant worlds, a guide amid the night,  
To nearer orbs, the source of life and light;  
Each star, resplendent on its radiant throne,  
Gilds other systems, and supports its own.  
Thus we see Stewart, on his fame reclin’d,  
Enlighten all the universe of mind;  
To some for wonder, some for joy appear,  
Admired when distant, and beloved when near.  
’Twas he gave rules to Fancy, grace to Thought,  
Taught Virtue’s laws, and practised what he taught.’

*The Keepsake*, p. 42.



The following verses from the pen of the author of "Granby," are not without merit, though it must be admitted that they border so closely on Mr. Bayley's style, as to incur the suspicion of imitation.

- ' No—no—they shall not see me weep,  
They shall not hear my moan,  
My sorrow shall be buried deep,  
And I will grieve alone ;  
My face shall wear its wonted glee,  
Although my heart is sore,  
As verdant ivy decks the tree,  
While wither'd at its core.
- ' I will not quit this troubled scene,  
And shun the eyes of men,  
To muse o'er all that I have been,  
And ne'er can be again :  
A heavier penance shall be mine—  
To join the festive crowd,  
Nor let them see that I repine,  
Nor breathe one sigh aloud.
- ' No, never will I seem to feel  
What none shall ever know ;  
But reckless laughter shall conceal  
The fire that burns below.  
In halls of jocund revelry,  
The mask of joy I'll bear ;  
And Pleasure's self shall envy me  
The mirth of my despair.'

*The Keepsake, p. 65.*

A long tragical tale by the O'Hara family possesses the usual striking characteristics of that literary coterie, if indeed it may be so called, and consists in more than one redoubtable personage. We have three or four other pieces in a similar style of melo-dramatic horror. Among these may be reckoned the confessions of a 'Coward,' a theme not very agreeable either to author or reader ; the 'Two Brothers,' and (by Lord Morpeth) 'A Story of Modern Honour,' very properly, but, we fear, very uselessly, directed against the practice of duelling. The tone of these compositions is in some measure relieved by Lord Nugent's description of 'Mrs. Allington's Pic Nic,' a Dilletante sort of composition, which occasionally raises a smile at the author on account of the perfect *non-chalance* which he displays. Now that he has become a Lord of the Treasury, perhaps he may find time to improve the Pic Nic into a novel. It is fraught with an abundance of materials for one of those fictions which are now most in vogue. We cannot help thinking that Lady Blessington has been trying her hand in a similar way, and that her little fragment, under the title of 'Remorse,' has been excerpted from a more ample work. It is

written in an easy, yet polished and engaging manner, and the incidents are strikingly managed.

"Postilion," cried a feeble, but sweet voice, "turn to your right when you have ascended the hill, and stop, as I intend to walk up the lane."

The postilion obeyed the command, and with more gentleness than is often to be met with in his station, opened the chaise door, and, having first given his hand to her female attendant to alight, assisted a pale and languid, but still eminently beautiful woman, whose trembling limbs seemed scarcely equal to the task of supporting her attenuated frame.

"Be so good as to remain here until I return," said the lady, who, leaning on the arm of her attendant, proceeded through the leafy lane, the branches of whose verdant boundaries were animated by a thousand warbling birds, sending forth their notes of joy. But ill did those gay notes accord with the feelings of her who traced this rural walk, every turn of which recalled bitter remembrances.

On reaching the gate that opened into the pleasure grounds of Clairville, the stranger was obliged to pause and take breath, in order to regain some degree of composure before she could enter it. There are some objects and incidents which, though comparatively trifling, have a powerful effect on the feelings, and this the unknown experienced when, pressing the secret spring of the gate, which readily yielded to her touch, with a hurried but tottering pace, she entered the grounds. Here, feeling the presence of her attendant a restraint—who, though an Italian, utterly ignorant of English, as also of the early history of her mistress, was yet observant of her visible emotion, and affectionately anxious to soothe it—she desired her to remain at the gate until her return. In vain Francesca urged that the languid frame of her dear lady was unequal to support the exertion of walking, without the assistance of her arm; with a firm but kind manner, her mistress declared her intention of proceeding alone.

It was ten years since the feet of the wanderer had pressed the velvet turf over which they now slowly bent their course. She was then glowing with youth and health; happy, and dispensing happiness around; but, alas! Love, guilty Love! spread his bandage over her eyes, blinded her to the fatal realities of the abyss into which he was about to plunge her, and, in honied accents, whispered in her infatuated ear a thousand bland promises of bliss to come. How were those promises performed? and what was she now? She returned to this once cherished spot with a mind torn by remorse, and a form bowed down by disease. She returned with the internal conviction that death had laid his icy grasp on her heart, and that a few days, at most, if not a few hours, must terminate her existence. But this conviction, far from giving her pain, was regarded by her as a source of consolation; and this last earthly indulgence—that of viewing the abode of her children—she did not feel herself worthy of enjoying, until conscious that her hours were numbered.

She proceeded through the beautiful grounds, every mazy path and graceful bend of which was familiar to her, as if seen the day before. Many of the improvements suggested by her taste, and still preserved with care, brought back heart-sickening recollections of love and confidence, repaid with deception and ingratitude; and though supported by the con-

solutions of religion, which led her humbly to hope that her remorse and penitence had been accepted by *Him* who has promised mercy to the repentant sinner; yet her heart shrunk within her, as memory presented her with the review of her transgressions, and she almost feared to hope for pardon.

\* When she had reached a point of the grounds that commanded a prospect of the house, how were her feelings excited by a view of that well-known, well-remembered scene! Every thing wore the same appearance as when that mansion around her owned her for its mistress; the house had still the same aspect of substantial grandeur and repose, and the level lawn the same velvet texture, and the trees, shrubs, and flowers, the same blooming freshness, as when she daily beheld their beauties. She, she alone was changed. Time was, that those doors would have been opened wide to receive her, and that her presence would have dispensed joy and pleasure to every individual beneath that roof: while now, her very name would excite only painful emotions, and its sound must be there heard no more. Another bore the title she once was proud to bear, supplying the place she had abandoned, and worthily discharging the duties she had left unperformed.

\* She gazed on the windows of the apartment in which she first became a mother, and all the tide of tenderness that then burst on her heart now came back to her, poisoned with the bitter consciousness of how she had fulfilled a mother's part. Those children, dearer to her than the life-drops that throbbed in her veins, were now beneath that roof, receiving from another that affection and instruction that it should have been her blissful task to have given them, and never, never must she hope to clasp them to her agonized heart.

\* At this moment she saw the door of the house open, and a lady, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, crossed the lawn; he pressed the hand that reposed on his arm gently between his, and raised it to his lips, while his fair companion placed her other hand on his with all the tender confidence of affection. In this apparently happy couple, the agonized unknown recognized him who she once joyed to call husband, the father of her children, the partner whom she had betrayed and deserted; and her whom he had chosen for her successor, who now bore the name she once answered to, and who was now discharging the duties she had violated. Religion and repentance had in her so conquered the selfishness of human nature, that after the first pang, and it was a bitter one, had passed away, she returned thanks with heartfelt fervour to the Author of all good, that it was permitted her to see him, whose repose she feared she had for ever destroyed, enjoying that happiness he so well merited; and ardent was the prayer she offered up, that a long continuance of it might be his lot, and that his present partner might repay him for all the pain caused by her misconduct.

\* She now turned into a shady walk, anxious to regain the support of her attendant's arm, which she felt her exhausted frame required, when the sounds of approaching voices warned her to conceal herself. Scarcely had she retired behind the shade of a luxuriant mass of laurels, when a youthful group drew near, the very sight of whom agitated her almost to fainting, and sent the blood back to her heart with a violence that threatened instant annihilation.



'The group consisted of two lovely girls, their governess, and a blooming youth, on whom the two girls leant. Every turn of their healthful and beautiful countenances was expressive of joy and health; and their elastic and buoyant steps seemed scarcely to touch the turf, as, arm-linked in arm, they passed along. The youngest, a rosy-cheeked girl of eleven years old, begged her companions to pause while she examined a bird's nest, which she said she feared the parent-bird had forsaken; and this gave the heart-stricken mother, for those were the children of the unknown, an opportunity of regarding the treasures her soul yearned to embrace. How did her bosom throb at beholding those dear faces—faces so often presented to her in her troubled dreams!—Alas! they were now near her—she might, by extending her hand, touch them—she could almost feel their balmy breaths fan her feverish cheek, and yet it was denied her to approach them. All the pangs of maternal affection struck on her heart; her brain grew giddy, her respiration became oppressed, and, urged by all the phrenzy of a distracted mother, she was on the point of rushing from her concealment, and prostrating herself before her children.

'But this natural though selfish impulse was quickly subdued, when a moment's reflection whispered to her, will you purchase your own temporary gratification at the expence of those dear beings whom you have so deeply injured? Will you plant in their innocent breasts an impression bitter and indelible? The mother triumphed over the woman, and, trembling with emotion, she prayed that those cherished objects might pass from her view, while yet she had strength and courage to enable her to persevere in her self-denial.

'At this moment the little girl exclaimed, "Ah! my fears were too true; the cruel bird has deserted her nest, and here are the poor little ones nearly dead! What shall we do with them?"

'Let us carry them to our dear mamma," said the elder girl; "she will be sure to take care of them, as she says we should always pity the helpless and forsaken."

'The words of the children struck daggers to the heart of their wretched mother. For a moment she struggled against the blow, and, making a last effort, tried to reach the spot where she had left her attendant; but nature was exhausted, and she had only tottered a few paces, when, uttering a groan of anguish, she fell to the earth bereft of life, just as Francesca arrived to see her unhappy mistress breathe her last sigh!—pp. 150—155.—*The Keepsake*.

The editor, Mr. F. Mansel Reynolds, has favoured the readers of the 'Keepsake' this year with only one of his masterly productions; at least it is the only one that he has condescended to acknowledge. It appears in the shape of an irregular ode. The author calls it a 'Moral Song.' It is in truth a versified sermon upon the text, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity," which is prefixed to it in the Latin tongue. In the first part of the said discourse, the preacher inculcates, with great force of argument, and singular beauty of diction, that we are not to consider ourselves *very* good, simply because we do not commit murder.

'Though from certain crime exempt,  
Don't indulge in those that tempt;

True, no doubt, you spill no blood—  
 You're not, therefore, *very good*.  
 Those who bless'd with fortune, can't  
 Feel the cruel power of want,  
 Cannot either in *this* day  
 Even wish to rob or slay :  
 Vaunt not, then, that you're exempt  
 From the crimes that *do not* tempt !

*The Keepsake*, p. 213.

Having made this excellent exordium, the sweet moralist next proceeds to shew, that a lady or a gentleman who happens to scold a servant, or any kind of dependent, without just cause, is *now*, that is to say in these enlightened times, infinitely more criminal than a baron bold of the chivalrous ages, who slew his neighbour without remorse of conscience ! The soundness of this doctrine is indisputable. In the feudal days, killing was really no murder. A man might then knock another man down, and draw out all the blood that was in him, without being answerable to human or divine law. Nay, such deeds were then very natural ; they were but an indulgence in crimes that *did* tempt 'a yielding to temptation strong,' as our author happily puts it, which is nothing compared to the wickedness of 'yielding to temptation slight !'

' They that with but *slight temptation*,  
 Give the rein to inclination,  
 And destroy dependents' peace,  
 To indulge their own caprice,  
 Now, are greatly worse than they  
 Who, in times of feudal sway,  
 Yielding to temptation strong,  
 Wrought a fell and mortal wrong.'

*The Keepsake*, p. 213.

If, therefore, dependents should annoy us, or any other person, friend or foe, we ought to bear with them, for we must all die.

' Let it pass ;  
 For, alas !

We are transient as the grass,  
 Fragile as the frailest glass ;  
 And we must  
 Turn to dust,

Whether we are corrupt or just.'

Or, as the author, in a subsequent stanza, more elegantly expresses it,—

' In an instant be as *not* ;  
 Lie beneath the earth and rot !'

It would injure the chain of the argument, if we were to break in further upon this sublime composition, and follow the author in his demonstration of the great truth, that—

'Life is much too short for wrangling,  
Death will come and catch us jangling!'

We shall only cite one passage more, just to let the reader see the moral editor of the 'Keepsake' roused to what may be called a holy anger. Mark the flash of withering lightning which breaks forth in this fine exclamation:—

'Tell me not of *love and beauty,*  
*Gold and wine, and lack of duty!*  
*Temper, in domestic life,*  
*Has engender'd more of strife,*  
*More of error and compunction,*  
*Than the others in conjunction!*

*The Keepsake, p. 214.*

Who can deny that the 'Keepsake,' for the new year, possesses the charm of variety? Lest the essay upon Chesterfield and his Fanny should produce a bad effect upon the minds of youthful readers, the editor gives an antidote to it, in a moral song!

Upon the engravings, we can only make a general remark, that they are, for the most part, pearls—pearls thrown amongst swine! for it cannot be said, that the few pieces which we have selected for praise, including even the moral song, can redeem from obscurity and worthlessness, more than three hundred pages of matter, with which the volume is oppressed.

Mr. Thomas Roscoe styles himself, not the editor, but the *author*, of the 'Landscape Annual.' He writes a tour of Italy, where we believe he has never been, by the assistance of several writers who have visited that country; he quotes many passages from Rogers and Byron, and whole pages from books which are in the hands of every body; and this, he thinks, is being the author of the mass of letter-press which explains the embellishments! Had he acknowledged, what is really the fact, that he was simply a collector on this occasion, we should have given him the credit of having well arranged a very respectable compilation; the chief attraction of which, however, consists of the number and beauty of its engravings. There are no fewer than twenty-six in the volume, all admirably executed, but not equally well designed. We defy the most imaginative mind to form an idea of Venice, from the sketch which Mr. Prout has given of it. A crowd of people, a canal, a boat and part of its sails, a fragment of a portico, with a lamp suspended therein, a church, two pillars, and two or three palaces; these are called Venice! Truly, it required the name to be written beneath, to inform us what the painter *intended* to produce. The partial glimpses of the grand canal, the Rialto, and St. Mark's Place, are much more intelligible. We cannot but consider the view of Rome as very imperfect; it is too small and trifling for an object which awakens in the mind such a long train of glorious associations. Several of the Roman temples and palaces are exhibited, with great effect. But, in turning over the volume, we feel



wearied of the sameness of the subjects, and of the style in which they are represented. It is refreshing to repair from so many gorgeous scenes, to the quiet seclusions of Rimini and Terni, and Civita and Castellana.

There are four prints in the 'Gem' for the new year, which would stand a comparison with any that have appeared in the other annuals. We allude to 'Victoria Colonna,' the 'Portrait of a Boy,' the 'Young Crab catchers,' and the landscape composition called 'Evening.' Upon each of these we could pore for hours, without being satiated; they give a value to the 'Gem' that must raise it to the highest rank of these publications. We have never seen the spirit of a painting more completely infused into verse, than that of the portrait of which we have just spoken.

'Thou thing that speakst without a tongue,  
That seest with those unseeing eyes:  
That still, thro' ages, shalt be young;  
Unliving, yet that never dies!  
Thou lovely offspring of the mind,  
Bright infant of the dark—to be,  
Tell me, what fates of human kind  
Shall Heaven's high verdict stamp on thee?

'Tell me, if that mysterious gaze  
Shall kindle with the poet's fire;  
That lip the song immortal raise;  
That hand strike rapture from the lyre;  
Till on thy brow the wreath is bound,  
Of all Earth's bards, the mightiest bard;  
And still, tho' honours throng thee round,  
Thyself thine own sublime reward?

'Beware! nor tread the Muses' hill,  
Tho' lovely visions lead the way;  
There's poison in its laurell'd rill,  
There's madness in its golden ray.  
Tho' Music spoke in every string,  
Thou, too, shalt feel fame's ebbing tide;  
Fortune afar shall wave her wing;  
Boy! thou shalt perish in thy pride.

'Or wouldst thou draw the soldier's sword,  
To smite the nations, or to save;  
To see thy haughty flag adored,  
The terror of the land and wave;  
To see the thousand trumps of fame  
Upraised for thee, and thee alone;  
The fear of empires in thy name,  
The strength of empires in thy throne?

'Boy! look within the conqueror's heart,  
And see the brood that nestle there:  
The blood, the agony, the art,  
The wild suspense, the fierce despair;

The thoughts that, like a lava-stream,  
 Consume the mighty to the grave :—  
 Boy ! rouse thee from the dreadful dream,  
 Nor die Ambition's worn-out slave.

‘ Or wouldst thou give thy soul to gold,  
 And making earth and sea thy mine,  
 See wealth on all their breezes roll'd ;  
 The Indian and his treasures thine ?  
 Boy ! there are miseries of heart,  
 That turn the wealth of worlds to gall :  
 Be wiser, choose the better part ;  
 And love but one, the KING of all ! ”

*The Gem*, pp. 37, 38.

The ‘ Gem ’ has also a very good engraving of Lady Russell in the act of writing. A fragment of that distinguished woman's story is interestingly told. The literature of the volume is varied and unpretending. We can only find further room for some very laudable and good-humoured verses, in deprecation of war, of which, heaven knows, we have seen quite enough for one generation.

‘ Aye, bear it hence, thou blessed child,  
 Though dire the burden be,  
 And hide it in the pathless wild,  
 Or drown it in the sea :  
 The ruthless murderer prays and swears ;  
 So let him swear and pray ;  
 Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,  
 And take the sword away.

‘ We've had enough of fleets and camps,  
 Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,  
 Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,  
 Huzzas, and epaulettes ;  
 We could not bear upon our head  
 Another leaf of bay ;  
 That horrid Buonaparte's dead ;—  
 Yes, take the sword away.

‘ We're weary of the noisy boasts  
 That pleased our patriot throngs ;  
 We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,  
 And tame to Dibdin's songs ;  
 We're quite content to rule the wave,  
 Without a great display ;  
 We're known to be extremely brave ;  
 But take the sword away.

‘ We give a shrug, when fife and drum  
 Play up a favorite air ;  
 We think our barracks are become  
 More ugly than they were ;

- We laugh to see the banners float ;  
We loathe the charger's bray ;  
We don't admire a scarlet coat ;  
Do take the sword away.
- ' Let Portugal have rulers twain ;  
Let Greece go on with none ;  
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,  
While we enjoy the fun ;  
Let Turkey tremble at the knout ;  
Let Algiers lose her Dey ;  
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out ;—  
Bah ! take the sword away.
- ' Our honest friends in Parliament  
Are looking vastly sad,  
Our farmers say with one consent,  
It's all immensely bad ;  
There was a time for borrowing,  
And now it's time to pay ;  
A Budget is a serious thing,  
So take the sword away.
- ' And oh, the bitter tears we wept,  
In those our days of fame,—  
The dread, that o'er our heart-strings crept  
With every post that came,—  
The home-affections, waged and lost  
In every far-off fray,  
The price that British glory cost !  
Ah ! take the sword away.
- ' We've plenty left to hoist the sail,  
Or mount the dangerous breach !  
And freedom breathes in every gale,  
That wanders round our beach.  
When duty bids us dare or die,  
We'll fight another day :  
But till we know a reason why,  
Take, take the sword away.'—*The Gem*, pp. 193—195.

The 'Remembrance' is an old friend under a new face. It has succeeded to the 'Juvenile Keepsake,' from which it differs little in the scale of its embellishments, and the merit of its compositions—that is to say, in either respect it is not very dazzling. The Roscoe family lend to it all the popularity of a name distinguished in our literature, but little more. It would be unfair to judge of the 'Remembrance,' by a standard applicable to the first-rate annuals. It is not intended to aspire much above the minor rank of these publications, amongst which it deserves a reputable station. The engravings are pretty, particularly that of the 'Orphans,' which we have already favourably noticed. The frontispiece, however, is but a poor affair. It reminds us much more of Mrs. Orger



than of our gracious Queen, whom it in no manner resembles. As a specimen of the poetry, we are tempted, in compliment to the venerable Mr. Roscoe, to extract some passages from his 'Precepts of Friendship,' which smack of the GAY and PARNELL school.

' When Friendship's truth by time is told  
(As fire declares the worth of gold),  
Be every dark suspicion o'er,  
And, once believing, doubt no more;  
For happier he whose open soul  
In conscious truth disdains control,  
Who scorns a coward doubt to know,  
Nor till he feels it fears the blow,—  
Than he whose spirit pictures still  
Each possibility of ill,  
In every path beholds a snare,  
In every smile sees daggers glare,  
Each hour some lurking danger bring,  
And every flower conceal a sting.

' If highly favour'd thou shouldst find  
The treasure of a kindred mind,  
Confess its value, and refrain  
From ought that gives thy friend a pain;  
Small sparks awake the spreading flame,  
And drops successive form the stream,  
And trivial slights if thou repeat,  
May change affection into hate.  
Ungenerous! who, their wit to prove,  
Presume upon a long tried love;  
The venom'd shaft of satire bend,  
To point its keenness at a friend,  
Secure that, though it touch his heart,  
He never shall resent the smart.  
Ah! think, from thee he hopes to find  
Affection warm, and candour kind;  
Hopes thou with partial eyes may'st see  
Each weakness, known alone by thee;  
And canst thou urge the ungenerous jest  
That wrings his uncomplaining breast,  
Yet hope in future hours to share  
With him thy fated weight of care,  
Breathe the warm sentiment, and prove  
The sweets of unabated love?

' Freed from those scenes of mix'd resort  
Where heedless Folly holds her court,  
Where giddy Mirth for Wit takes place,  
And for sincerity Grimace;  
Freed too from Flattery's nauseous strain,  
That charms the weak, and wins the vain;

How sweet in Friendship's arms to rest,  
And fearless open all the breast!  
Ah! lovelier far the vernal dawn  
When dew-drops sparkle o'er the lawn,  
The splendour of meridian skies  
When hush'd in sleep the landscape lies,  
And not a breath, and not a sound,  
Disturbs the deep repose around;  
More pleasing far the hour of night,  
When Cynthia pours her silver light,  
Whose soften'd radiance, broad and still,  
Rests motionless upon the hill;  
If on the roving steps attend—  
In fond society—a friend.'

*The Remembrance*, pp. 138—140.

We know not how our neighbours like 'Le Keepsake Français.' They certainly have as good a right to use such a medley of a title as we have to that of the 'Literary Souvenir,' or the 'Bouquet of Literature.' There is seldom much harm in a name, provided that it be the herald of real attractions, of which this volume contains its just proportion. Several of the best modern French writers, Beranger, Nodier, V. Hugo, B. Constant, C. Delavigne, De Stendhall, De Chateaubriand, Pichot, A. de Lamartine, and others, are among its contributors. We have thus a tolerably correct sample of the character of French contemporaneous literature, which, however, all the world knows not to be of the very first order of excellence. From the compositions inserted in the present volume, it is however not difficult to perceive, that the French have a talent for those sketchy effusions, which are peculiarly adapted to publications of this description. The embellishments are, with two or three exceptions, designed by French artists. They have been all engraved in England,—a fact that decides our superiority in this respect, although it is not very long since the reverse was the case. We can hardly say to which nation belongs the principal merit of the 'Young Widow.' The countenance and bust are perfectly seducing—that look of destitution, so much in want of protection—those eloquent eyes, sparkling with a ray or two of coquetry, beneath an appearance of the most heartfelt innocence—that mourning garb, calculated at the same time to make every one say "what a very interesting widow!" are all French. The form and the beauty are English. Our painters are not often successful in their Queens: neither are those of France, if we may judge from the milliner-like portrait of her present majesty, Marie Amelie. The vignette title page is in bad taste. The figures are too primly dressed; their curls are too carefully arranged. With these exceptions, the other embellishments do great credit to the artists of both countries. The distinguished excellence of one of the prints,—that of Miss Croker, altogether



belongs to England. It seems to be the very expression given to the subject by Sir Thomas Lawrence, transferred through the magical burin of Thompson, from the canvass to the paper. The 'Ass and the relics,' 'Don Quixote' in his study, 'Cromwell,' the 'Young Shepherd and his Dog,' the 'Young Savoyard and his Monkey,' and 'Castle Bernard,' are all so many brilliant gems, which set off this joint production of English and French genius to the greatest advantage.

By an arrangement made between the publishers, the plates of the work which we have just noticed form also the embellishments of the 'Talisman,' the letter-press of which has been "got up," to use a trade phrase, in a very cheap and easy way by Mrs. Watts. The prints having been laid before her, and the season being pretty near its conclusion, that good lady, who, in her personal character, is entitled to every possible respect, retired to her lumber-room, and, from old magazines and other periodical or fugitive publications, she gleaned nearly all the matter which occupies the volume. We cannot deny her the merit of having made a tolerably good selection; though, considering the variety and abundance of her materials, we think that she ought to have formed a better. But the principle upon which the compilation has been framed is one, we apprehend, which cannot possibly succeed. It is, undoubtedly, openly avowed in the preface, and that being the case, no attempt at imposition can be charged upon the editor or the respectable publishers. But, considering the active competition which prevails among the 'Annals,' and the number of them now in the field, we cannot be convinced, except by experience to the contrary, that tales, and poems, and essays, cut out of old periodicals, and placed by the side of new embellishments, can find very many admirers. We attach no blame—indeed, why should we?—to Mrs. Watts, who, doubtless, did the best she could under the circumstances. But we are sure that neither Mrs. Watts nor the public would like to see the next "Literary Souvenir" composed of the shreds and patches of pieces which have already had their day. This is a fair test by which to try the prospects of the 'Talisman,' whose engravings deserved a better fate.

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ART. V.—*The Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq., now first printed from the Originals in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., M.A. F.R.S.* In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn, & Co., 1830.

WE suspect that few of our readers know much of the character of Pinkerton, at least not so much as would induce them to examine with any degree of curiosity the publication now before us. Born at Edinburgh of obscure parents, in the year 1758, he received but a very limited education, and was articled at an early age to a Scottish attorney. The death of his father leaving him his own master



at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he took it into his head to follow literature as a profession, and in order to accomplish his object, he fixed his residence in London. Here he laboured with various success in different departments of composition; poetry, tragedy, comedy, history, geography, and geology, by turns employed his mind. His earliest attention was paid to the historical and poetical antiquities of Scotland, which appear to have been always with him favourite subjects of inquiry. Perhaps, however, he is now best remembered, where he is remembered at all, by his *Modern Geography*, originally published in two volumes, subsequently extended to three, and abridged to a convenient size for the use of schools.

From being what is called a scholar of nature, that is to say, having been indebted but little to professors, and very much to himself for the cultivation of his talents, which were very considerable, he easily became intoxicated with the success which cheered the commencement, as well as some part of the progress of his career. His character thus acquired a degree of arrogance, which led him to believe that he was one of the first men of his age. He was flattered even by Gibbon, who wished to engage him in the publication of the chronicles and memoirs which form the materials of British history; and who spoke of him publicly as a person peculiarly qualified for the execution of such an enterprize. Pinkerton scarcely wanted this compliment to turn his brain. His writings every where betray a spirit of the most repulsive insolence. In one of his most sober works, the "*Inquiry into the History of Scotland, preceding the Reign of Malcolm III.*," he speaks of the authors who had previously ventured upon that subject, with the rudest and most unqualified contempt, pouring upon them abusive epithets, which they could hardly have deserved so much as himself. So little did he think of the duties of an historian, that he gave free scope to his prejudices upon every subject. The Celts, for instance, happened for some reason or other to excite his anger while he was engaged upon this work, and he ransacked the language for terms in which he could express his rage against their whole nation. He says that savages they were from the beginning of the world, and savages they would remain to the end of it; that they were always ready to invent lies; that they were, in point of understanding, the negroes of Europe; that they were so stupid as to make no progress in ideas or society; and that no portion of mankind owes them the slightest gratitude. All this vituperation, be it observed, depends upon assertion, and appears to have been prompted by the author's predilection for the Goths, who were upon all occasions the great objects of his idolatry.

Pinkerton's prejudices do not appear to so great an extent in his "*History of Scotland, from the Accession of the House of Stuart to that of Mary*," which he considered the great labour of his life, the work that would bear his name to the most remote posterity.

Though it is now very little known, yet it is certainly a valuable and entertaining performance, and serves as a connecting link between Sir David Dalrymple and Dr. Robertson. The style in which it is written wants energy, perspicuity, and elegance, and the narrative is too often interrupted by controversial digressions.

The reader has doubtless met with Pinkerton's collections of ancient Scottish Poems, which exhibit great research and considerable taste, though they are little thought of now, except as books of reference. His notes and illustrations show that he was eminently conversant with the antiquities of his country; that he was enthusiastic in his patriotism is sufficiently proved by his preference of Barbour's history of Robert Bruce, to the "melancholy sublimity of Dante, and the amorous quaintness of Petrarca." His praises, however, were not unjustly bestowed upon Barbour, the first poet and historian of Scotland who entered with any detail into its condition and manners.

The "Scottish Gallery" was another of Pinkerton's collections, upon which he laboured with perseverance and ardour for many years. It contains the portraits of several persons of distinction; and no country can boast of a greater number of individuals renowned in literature, arts, and arms, than Scotland; together with brief descriptions of the persons represented. If we remember rightly, most of the pictures from which the prints were taken, were painted by Jamieson, the companion of Vandyke, and the pupil of Rubens. The work had, we believe, but limited success.

Whatever Pinkerton attempted in the dramatic line, encountered the most ignoble fate. His geological labours were respectable, considering how very confined was the pursuit of that subject in this country, at the period when he published his volumes. The most popular of all his works was his *Modern Geography*, which has preserved its reputation down to our own day, although in its original form it was disfigured by numerous blunders. The original maps might be produced as striking specimens of the barbarous state of the arts in this country, little more than twenty years ago. Pinkerton's idea of dividing the globe into *six quarters* was eminently absurd and foppish. The style of his topographical descriptions is equally affected. This was in keeping with the whole of his character: in history he held himself a Gibbon; in geography he did not hesitate to believe that he was a Strabo.

But one of the earliest, the most conceited, as well as the most able of all Pinkerton's works, was that which he published under the name of "*Heron's Letterson Literature*." He absolutely flattered himself into the notion that his talents would enable him to bring about a sweeping alteration in the very form and genius of the English language. One of his proposed objects was to give vowel terminations to all words which end in consonants, after the manner of the Italians. Thus book would be *booko*; man, *mano*; hat, *hato*; mother, *mothera*; and so on through our whole vocabulary.



It will be seen that one of Pinkerton's correspondents and disciples goes even farther, though it was not necessary to do so in order to expose the scheme in its most ludicrous colours. We allude to the Rev. W. Tremayne, who thus writes to Mr. Pinkerton in September, 1785.

' Though a perfect stranger to Mr. Heron's person, I have some acquaintance with his *Letters of Literature*, which have given me much satisfaction, especially where you propose a plan for refining and improving the English tongue; in this scheme my thoughts are so fondly interested, that I cannot forbear addressing you, and begging your indulgence to accept my cordial acknowledgments. I have turned a considerable share of my attention to the English tongue, for these five or six years past, but chiefly to the grammatical part, which I have found loose and imperfect in several points. I often, by the way, regretted that our nervous language should be so crowded and set a-jar with harsh superfluous consonants; but never hoped to see a scheme advanced to the public, effectually to refine and harmonise our northern tongue, by substituting, throughout, for those grating and hissing finals, melodious vowel terminations. This Mr. Heron has done; and every person who hath an ear in the least attuned to harmony, and hath mastered habit and prejudice, must be delighted with the improvements illustrated in the subjoined specimen. But the blessing of a good ear is rare; insomuch that, if all the learned in the kingdom should, according to Mr. Heron's plan, "associate themselves under the name of 'The Academy for improving the Language,'" it were, I think, to be feared, that the majority, having no ear for musical harmony, would have none for plans to that effect. However, if a good number of men of extensive classical knowledge, possessed of a good ear, and of a taste for polite literature, could be brought to meet together for this purpose, these might probably mature such a design, and establish a scientific language among themselves. It will be expedient that the select Academy not only publish a grammar and dictionary of the new orthography, &c., but also compose and publish, from time to time, books of all kinds in the same reformed tongue. This cannot fail of speeding its celebrity. The spirit of vanity, then, I verily believe, would work all the excellent effects of a good ear. The learned fops, and literary smatterers, would seize with avidity the scientific language, as the distinguishing ensign of the polite literati. Many would adopt the improvements from true taste; infinitely more from mere affectation and love of novelty. It would now become 'quite the thing,' 'the ton;' and by and by, descending even to the lower ranks, in half a century it would prevail throughout the kingdom. In these improvements etymology must not be lost sight of, but be paid the utmost respect to, in all material points; and, in the grammatical construction, the parts of speech must be carefully discriminated, and kept as distinct from one another as possible. These are truths whereof Mr. Heron must be fully sensible.

\* I now beg leave to trouble Mr. Heron with some remarks, which his very enterprising and ingenious scheme has suggested to me. In the first place, the frequency of open vowels is certainly an imperfection, and I the rather mention it, because it may easily be amended. In this case I would make constant elisions, save in two or three instances of harsh double con-



sonants, agreeably to the most perfect Greek model, as 'the star appear-eth,' not 'the stars,' &c. With the ancient Romans, I would regard the 'H,' every where in the beginning of a word, as it really is, a mere aspirate, and no letter; and would always say, *an house, an hat,* &c. &c. The better to distinguish some substantives from adjectives like them, I would, for example, say, 'the soun filled mia eara,' the sound of the 'drumo,' (I see 'soun' in Chaucer,) to distinguish it from 'soundo,' 'sleepo,' &c. &c. I would say, 'the resto,' the remainder; 'rest,' (ease,) which, if no vowel or 'H,' immediately follow, be restored 'quiet,' to distinguish it from 'quieto nyto,' &c. In like manner should be managed the accented final E, to discriminate nouns and verbs the better from one another. After these precautions, there will be yet plenty of open vowels in the plural final 'A,' which evil must be tolerated, to prevent the greater, of hissing consonants. I find Tully, in his fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, reproaches the '*crebras vocalium concursiones,*' &c.; and Quintilian, book ix. 4th chapter, remarks the same, as a great imperfection. The mode peculiar to the ancient Greeks and Latins, of sundering their substantives from the adjectives, obviated, in a main degree, this defect. This defect, so strikingly prevalent in the modern Italian, is the true cause of the excessive and effeminate softness of that language, even to insipidity. All nouns denoting the human kind, I would distinguish from such as only denote the brute and inanimate creation, in this manner: Plur. *Kindi fateri, kind fathers, a kind mother, a kindu mothera; kind mothers, kindai motherai; honesti sheperdi, honest shepherds; an honest shepherdess, an honesta shepherdda, and shepherddeza: plur. honestai shepherdai and shepherddezai, &c. &c., honest shepherdesses, &c.* I deem this form far more elegant than *kindo mothero, kinda fathera, &c.* I have some more notices to make, which, if Mr. Heron approve these, I will do myself the pleasure to send him at a future time.—vol. i. pp. 83—86.

It is difficult to conceive any thing more ridiculous than Pinkerton's plan, improved by Mr. Tremayne. There is a letter from Horace Walpole on the same subject, in which he treats this wild proposition with his usual good taste and elegance of manner. If it has been printed, we do not remember to have met with it elsewhere. After shewing the folly of Heron's proposition, the writer touches upon other topics, which are not without interest in such hands as his.

'Since I received your book, Sir, I scarce ceased from reading till I had finished it, so admirable I found it, and so full of good sense brightly delivered; nay, I am pleased with myself too for having formed the same opinions with you on several points, in which we do not agree with the generality of men. On some topics, I confess frankly, I do not concur with you. Considering how many you have touched, it would be wonderful if we agreed on all, and I should not be sincere if I said I did. There are others on which I formed no opinion, for I should give myself an impertinent air, with no truth, if I pretended to have any knowledge of many subjects of which, young as you are, you seem to have made yourself master. Indeed, I have gone deeply into nothing, and therefore shall not discuss those heads on which we differ most, as probably I should not defend my own opinions well. There is but one part of your work to

which I will venture any objection, though you have considered it much; and little, very little indeed, with regard to your proposal, which to me is but two days old:—I mean your plan for the improvement of our language, which I allow has some defects, and which wants correction in several particulars. The specific amendment which you propose, and to which I object, is the addition of *a*'s and *s* to our terminations. To change *s* for *a* in the plural number of our substantives and adjectives, would be so violent an alteration, that I believe neither the power of power, nor the power of genius would be able to effect it. In most cases I am convinced that very strong innovations are more likely to make impression than small and almost imperceptible differences, as in religion, medicine, politics, &c.; but I do not think that language can be treated in the same manner, especially in a refined age: when a nation first emerges from barbarism, two or three masterly writers may operate wonders; and the fewer the number of writers, as the number is small at such a period, the more absolute is their authority. But when a country has been polishing itself for two or three centuries, and when, consequently, authors are innumerable, the most supereminent genius (or whoever is esteemed so, though without foundation) possesses very limited empire, and is far from meeting implicit obedience; every petty writer will contest very novel institutions, every inch of change in any language will be disputed, and the language will remain as it was, longer than the tribunal which should dictate very heterogeneous alterations. With regard to adding *a* or *o* to final consonants, consider, Sir, should the usage be adopted, what havoc would it make! All our poetry would be defective in metre, or would become at once as obsolete as Chaucer; and could we promise ourselves that, though we should acquire better harmony and more rhymes, we should have a new crop of poets to replace Milton, Dryden, Gray, and I am sorry you will not allow me to add, Pope! You might enjoin our prose to be reformed as you have done by the Spectator, in your Letter XXXIV., but try Dryden's Ode by your new instruction.

I beg your pardon for these trivial observations: I assure you I could write a letter ten times as long, if I were to specify all I like in your work. I more than like most of it; and I am charmed with your glorious love of liberty, and your other humane and noble sentiments. Your book I shall, with great pleasure, send to Mr. Colman: may I tell him, without naming you, that it is written by the author of the comedy I offered to him? He must be struck with your very handsome and generous conduct in printing your encomiums on him, after his rejecting your piece. It is as great as uncommon, and gives me as good an opinion of your heart, Sir, as your book does of your great sense. Both assure me that you will not take ill the liberty I have used in expressing my doubts on your plan for amending our language, or for any I may use in dissenting from a few other sentiments in your work—as I shall in, what I think, your too low opinion of some of the French writers; of your preferring Lady Mary Wortley to Madame de Sevigné, and of your esteeming Mr. Hume a man of a deeper and more solid understanding than Mr. Gray. In the two last articles it is impossible to think more differently than we do. In Lady Mary's Letters, which I never could read but once, I discovered no merit of any sort; yet I have seen others by her (unpublished) that have a good deal of wit; and for Mr. Hume, give me leave to say that I think

your opinion, *that he might have ruled a state*, ought to be qualified a little; as in the very next page you say, *his history is a mere apology for prerogative*, and a very weak one. If he could have ruled a state, one must presume, at least, that he would have been an able tyrant; and yet I should suspect that a man, who, sitting coolly in his chamber, could forge but a weak apology for the prerogative, would not have exercised it very wisely. I knew personally, and well, both Mr. Hume and Mr. Gray, and thought there was no degree of comparison between their understandings; and, in fact, Mr. Hume's writings were so superior to his conversation, that I frequently said he understood nothing till he had written upon it. What you say, Sir, of the discord in his history, from his love of prerogative and hatred of churchmen, flatters me much; as I have taken notice of that very unnatural discord, in a piece I printed some years ago, but did not publish, and which I will shew to you when I have the pleasure of seeing you here; a satisfaction I shall be glad to taste, whenever you will let me know you are at leisure after the beginning of next week.—vol. i. pp. 67—70.

There are several letters from Horace Walpole in this collection, which the editor assures us have not been published before. We gather from one of them, that soon after he set up his press at Strawberry Hill, he was teased with numberless applications from “noble authors,” to have their works printed at his establishment. The Countess of Aldborough begged hard to have her father's poems thus ushered into the world—they would make but a small, a very small volume! Lady Mary Forbes solicited a similar favour for the letters of her ancestor, Lord Essex. Lord Hardwick entreated the same distinction, for a work of his own. Other petitions, of a like nature, poured in upon him every day, but to all, the Caxton of Strawberry Hill returned inexorable refusals! There is so much of engaging egotism in the following epistle from this remarkable person, that before quitting him we shall present it to our readers.

‘As soon, Sir, as I can see the lady, my friend, who is much acquainted with the Archbishop, I will try if she will ask his leave for you to see the books you mention in his library, of which I will give her the list. I did ask Mr. Cambridge where Dr. Lort is: he told me, with the Bishop of Chester, and on an intended tour to the Lakes.

‘I do not possess nor ever looked into one of the books you speak of; nor Mabillon's *Acta Sanctorum*, nor O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*. My reading has been very idle, and trifling, and desultory; not that perhaps it has not been employed on authors as respectable as those you want to consult, nor that I had not rather read the Deeds of Sinners than *Acta Sanctorum*. I have no reverence but for sensible books, and consequently not for a great number; and had rather have read fewer than I have, than more. The rest may be useful on certain points, as they happen now to be to you; who, I am sure, would not read them for general use and pleasure, and are a very different kind of author. I shall like, I dare to say, any thing you do like; but I am not overjoyed at your wading into the history of dark ages, unless you use it as a canvass to be embroidered with your own opinions, and episodes, and comparisons with more recent times.



That is a most entertaining kind of writing. In general I have seldom wasted time on the origin of nations; unless for an opportunity of smiling at the gravity of the author, or of the absurdity of the manners of those ages; for absurdity and bravery compose almost all the anecdotes we have of them, except the accounts of what they never did, nor thought of doing.

\* I have a real affection for Bishop Hoadley: He stands with me in lieu of what are called the Fathers; and I am much obliged to you for offering to lend me a book of his; but, as my faith in him and his doctrines has long been settled, I shall not return to such grave studies, when I have so little time left, and desire only to pass it tranquilly, and without thinking of what I can neither propagate nor correct. When youth made me sanguine, I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim—that, unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly; as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate? Do not thousands sacrifice even their lives for single men? Is not it an established rule in France, that every person in that kingdom should love every King they have, in his turn? What government is found for general happiness? Where is not it thought heresy by the majority, to insinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions? Had not I better, at sixty-eight, leave men to these preposterous notions, than return to Bishop Hoadley, and sigh? Not but I have a heartfelt satisfaction, when I hear that a mind as liberal as his, and who has dared to utter sacred truths, meets with approbation and purchasers of his work. You must not however flatter yourself, Sir, that all your purchasers are admirers. Some will buy your book, because they have heard of opinions in it that offend them, and because they want to find matter in it for abusing you. Let them: the more it is discussed, the more strongly will your fame be established! I commend you for scorning any artifice to puff your book; but you must allow me to hope it will be attacked.

\* I have another satisfaction in the sale of your book: it will occasion a second edition. What if, as you do not approve of confuting misquoters, you simply printed a list of their false quotations, referring to the identical sentences at the end of your second edition? That will be preserving their infamy, which else would perish where it was born, and perhaps would deter others from similar forgeries. If any rational opponent staggers you on any opinion of yours, I would retract it; and that would be a second triumph. I am perhaps too impertinent and forward with advice: it is at best a proof of zeal; and you are under no obligation to follow my counsel. It is the weakness of old age to be apt to give advice; but I will fairly arm you against myself, by confessing that when I was young I was not apt to take any.—vol. i. pp. 90—92.

Soon after the publication of "*Heron's Letters*," Pinkerton took it into his head to look out for materials for a work, which he intended to call "*The Lives of the Saints*." His fancy was probably attracted to this subject, more on account of its connection with the antiquities of Scotland, than for any edification which it

would yield in a religious point of view. He was an imitator of Gibbon, not only in his diction, but in his infidelity. In more than one of his works, he presumes to speak of the sacred Scriptures in a very unworthy tone. The idea of this work seems to have clung to him for several years. It is mentioned in one of his earliest letters to the Earl of Buchan, the well-known patron of every undertaking connected with Scottish antiquities. That nobleman had given the kindest encouragement to Pinkerton at the commencement of his career—an encouragement which was not in the slightest degree diminished by the petulance of an author who, in the year 1786, had the audacity to address him in the following terms:—

‘I was afraid of being troublesome with my correspondence, else I should have answered the letter your Lordship did me the honour to write me immediately. I do not know how to thank your Lordship for the kind offer of lodging me at your house till I copied the manuscripts, but I shall always be as grateful for the offer, as if I had actually accepted it, which it was impossible for me to do; for, alas! my Lord, I have quite other matters to mind than to copy Scotch manuscripts, and since my countrymen seem so cold in the business, I shall allow them to go on in their old way. I learn from your Lordship’s letter, that you have misunderstood me as to the design. The *Vitæ Sanctorum* are by subscription. Winton I have a copy of. Barbour I want no subscribers for, but only the manuscript to copy. I was also surprised at your Lordship’s mention of *haste* and *inaccuracy* in speaking of my ancient Scottish Poems, for the short essay prefixed, cost me half a year’s toil, and the toil and pains bestowed on the whole publication, have struck those most versed in such matters here, as greater than have ever been exerted on a like occasion. Indeed every page shows *primâ facie*, the pains taken. Your Lordship also mentions *several mistakes*, but points out none. This is unusual with literary people, for it is a favour to point out a mistake, but to mention them without showing them, is unallowable. I can see your Lordship differs in opinion about the camps of Agricola, &c., and I know it is a common plan with my countrymen to call all people *mistaken* who differ from them in opinion, but this idea is not found in any other country save Ireland, and the sooner we abandon such strange prejudices the better; as to antiquarian matters, my Lord, I am glad to see from your speech to our antiquarians, and your letters on Agricola’s Camps, that your Lordship is very little versed in them, and I may say to you as the harper did to Philip of Macedon, “*Heaven forbid you should know these matters as well as we!*”’—vol. i. pp. 124—126.

Seven years after this period, we find Mr. Charles Butler, one of the most learned of modern lawyers, and perhaps the most amiable of modern scholars, after Erasmus, communicating with Pinkerton upon the same subject. We quite agree in the opinion which that gentleman has so well expressed.

‘It will certainly give me the greatest pleasure to be useful to you in the prosecution of the great work in question. Since I had the honour of meeting you at Mr. Dilly’s, I have heard it frequently mentioned in conversation; and the manner in which it is mentioned makes me very much doubt, whether the literary curiosity of the public is sufficient to support so great

an undertaking. There were many circumstances attending the publication of such works in France, which almost insured their success. In any case where such a performance was the work of a member of any religious order, every religious house of his order was expected to purchase it; and, if it acquired any considerable share of reputation, it was purchased by the religious houses of the same order in other countries. Besides this, the number of public libraries was inconceivable; and the individuals who possessed extensive collections, were much more numerous there than they are in England. Most gentlemen who are addicted to the study of the antiquities of their own country, are already in possession of most of the writers, of which the collection in question will be composed; and they will hardly be induced to pay the large sum required, merely to have those which are wanting to complete their sets. I state these difficulties, to call your attention to two circumstances:—the first, that government should be solicited to advance a sum of money towards the expence of the publication; of this there are many precedents. The second, that, if the publication should be found too hazardous for an individual to engage in, it might deserve consideration, whether a collection of a different kind would not be more favourably received; I mean, a collection of such writers as are out of print, or not easily obtained, preceded by a catalogue *raisonné* of them all, and a publication of extracts taken from foreign authors, of such passages in their works as relate to our history. It has often occurred to me that a work of this nature is greatly wanted, and would, in all probability, be much favoured by the public.

‘The only copy I believe to exist in England, of the collection of Balandus and his continuators, belongs to Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. I incline to think he would not lend it out of his hands for any time; but, if you think proper, I will apply for it. In that case, you must write me a letter, signifying the use you have for it, and the time you wish to keep it. I applied to a friend of mine to purchase it at Brussels, if it came within a certain price. He informs me it is to be purchased for about 10*l.* and that it formerly sold for double that sum. There are two other works you will find useful—the *Gallia Christiana* of St. Marthe, and the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, by Mabillon. I need not mention to you Prynne’s famous collection, which, with regard to the ecclesiastical history of this country, is invaluable. The last copy on sale was sold to the Duke of Grafton, for thirty-five guineas. The only copy I have seen belongs to the Lansdowne library; and the Marquis permitted me to keep it above a twelvemonth.

‘I am ashamed to trouble you with so long a letter. I have only to add, that I hope you will command my services on all occasions.’—vol. i. pp. 341, 343.

We have already seen how Pinkerton was capable of addressing his superiors. To those who were at least his equals, he was sometimes still more rude in his language. A letter of his to Mr. George Paton, a clerk in the Custom House at Edinburgh, “a well-meaning and inoffensive man,” is preserved in this collection, which so strongly marks his character, that we are induced to transcribe it. It has already been inserted in the *Reliquiæ Scotiæ*, a small volume, of which only a few copies were printed for private circulation.



\* Your last to me is of so singular and uncommon a kind, that I must humbly beg leave to decline your correspondence in future. When I take the trouble to read or write letters, it is in hopes of amusement and instruction. That even this may contribute a little to yours, I must tell you, that the *insolence of office*, though perhaps used in Custom-house correspondence, can never be admitted into literary. I blame you for your informing, at random, various people here, of I know not what nameless errors in my works, which struck you and nobody else. Do not go to deny this; for I have seen the letters to *three* various persons here, one of them a bookseller. Are you so much a stranger to literature and common propriety, as not to know, that to speak of errors without condescending on any, and to third persons, is to be a declared enemy; while to *point out* facts to an author is to be his best friend? Are you so much a stranger to the character of your own Topographical Catalogue of Title Pages, so noted for dullness and inaccuracy, as to set up for a judge of literature, in which your name is unknown? Can even the dotage of age excuse arrogance, joined with ignorance?—But I spare you.

\* Your conduct in surreptitiously getting from me a copy of Lindsay's portrait for the Morison edition of our poets, I pass; as I do your gentlemanlike behaviour, in getting Mr. Gough to require Lindsay's Satire from me, while my receipt stands to Mr. M'Kenzie; so that I am still liable for the book.

\* I was willing to pass over all these improprieties, as I hate to quarrel with people; but, as your last convinces me that you have too much self-importance to be a literary correspondent of mine, and I have more of such correspondence, even with real literati, than I care for; I must, for the last time, subscribe myself,

\* Your most obedient servant,

vol. i.—pp. 187, 188.

In a letter from Dr. John Anderson to Pinkerton, we have three or four anecdotes of Cromwell, which bear about them strong evidence of their authenticity. They are in such complete harmony with Cromwell's character, that even if they were not attested by respectable authorities, they might be safely taken as worthy of credit. One of these anecdotes shews the Protector in his religious garb.

\* Next Sunday, said Danziel, Cromwell went to the inner church in Glasgow, St. Mungo's, and placed himself, with his attendants, in the king's seat, which was always unoccupied, except by strangers. The minister of the church was Mr. Durham, the author of some religious books, which are still very popular. He was a great presbyterian, and as great an enemy to Cromwell, because he thought, and early said, that Cromwell and his friends would be forced, by the convulsion of parties, to erect an absolute government; the very evil they meant to remedy. The text was taken from Jeremiah, and the commentary upon it, by allusions, was an invective against Cromwell and his friends, under Scriptural language and history. During this satire they saw a young man, one of Cromwell's attendants, step to the back of his chair, and, with an angry face, whisper something to him, which, after some words, was answered by a frown; and the young man retired behind the chair, seemingly much

disconcerted. The cause of this was unknown to the congregation. It was supposed to be owing to some intelligence of importance which had been just then received; but it was afterwards known, and generally known, that the following words had passed between them:—"Shall I shoot the fellow?" "What fellow?" "The parson." "What parson?" "That parson." "Begone, Sir, he is one fool, and you are another!" Danziel added, that Cromwell sent for Mr. Durham the very next morning, and asked him why he was such an enemy to him and his friends—declared that they were not enemies to Dr. Durham—drank his health in a glass of wine, and afterwards, it was said, prayed with him for the guidance of the Lord in all their doings.—vol. i.—pp. 190, 191.

We cannot conceive in what manner the publication of several of the letters in these volumes is calculated to reflect honour upon Pinkerton's memory. The vanity of appearing to posterity, in connection with some great names, was, probably, the principal motive which induced him to arrange a large portion of this correspondence for the press. He was no doubt highly praised by many of his contemporaries, who, perhaps, at bottom, rather feared than liked him. He conceived himself so fully entitled to the homage which he received, that he became impatient of contradiction, or even of candid remark upon the slightest occasions. He met with his match, however, in Mr. Godwin, who was too independent in his mind to endure the petty tyranny which Pinkerton sought to establish. The second volume contains a letter from that gentleman, which strongly marks the difference between his own proud philosophical character, and the selfish intemperate disposition of his friend. It is worthy of preservation, as an example of the superiority in argument, which coolness and good sense can always maintain over arrogance.

‘*Somers Town, Oct. 10th, 1799.*

‘It is both with regret and astonishment that I have read the note you have thought proper to address to me. With what “good-humoured carelessness” our acquaintance commenced, I am unable to say; but sure I am that expressions of mutual esteem marked the progress of it, and that these, if they were equally sincere on both sides, ought to have given it a very different character.

‘What were the offences you include under the general term of the “singularities” of Friday, I am unable to guess; and, as my heart was free from all thought of offence, it is very possible, that, in attempting, I may guess wrong. I acknowledge, that, in asking you whether you wrote the review of Heron's History, I was guilty of a breach of etiquette; and it may perhaps be a greater fault in me than I am aware of, that I have never regularly subjected my feelings to the law of etiquette. When you denied it to be yours, with my whole heart I yielded ample credit to your assertion: when you said you had before told me that for the last five years you had not written in the Critical Review, though I had no recollection of the circumstance, I did not harbour the shadow of a doubt of either your veracity or your accuracy. In assigning a reason for this conjecture of a moment, I confess I thought it not impossible that you might suffer your conduct to be influenced by personal feelings; but I saw that this idea gave you what



I then thought an instant of displeasure. That I was right in this supposition, the note now before me affords me the most ample testimony: nor did I apprehend that I should be guilty of personal affront to you when I spoke of a failing, from which in my soul I believe no human being is free. When I saw, however, that I had given you pain, I instantly added that I had found veins of candour in your writings more pure than I recollected in the writings of any other man; and this concession I thought would have sufficiently atoned with any man of temper and moderation.

'I deemed it more suitable to the sentiments of respect with which our acquaintance has impressed me for you, to say thus much, than to pass over your note in silence and neglect. I am extremely grieved that a man of your uncommon merit should be liable to a caprice so violent and undeserved. If it were true, indeed, that "in scarcely one principle of religion, morals, politics, or literature, is there a shadow of agreement between us," this would strip our acquaintance of many charms. But this is the coloring of your passion, not the decision of your tranquil reason. I find too few men in the world of your extensive information, your industrious research, your power of investigation, your principles of honour, and your general candour of mind, not to cherish their intimacy when I find them, by every act of kindness and friendship it occurs to me as possible to exert. My predilections of this sort are soberly formed, and almost impossible to be shaken. A moment's reflection will teach you that this is honest commendation. I can have no earthly temptation to flatter you; and, if I had, I should disdain it. May you meet with many friends more competent than I to appreciate your merit; and more fortunate in not giving you inadvertent offence! In the temper that now directs you, the acknowledgment will probably be fruitless; but I have not the smallest difficulty in saying, that I am extremely sorry that any act of mine, however innocent of an intention unjust or unkind, should have given you occasion of displeasure.'—vol. ii. pp. 105—107.

Pinkerton received a still more severe and manly castigation from Mr. Allen, whom he appears to have accused of writing an unpalatable review of his *Modern Geography*. The principles by which a literary judge should be guided, are well explained in Mr. Allen's answer on this subject. Friendship has, or, at least, ought to have, nothing to do with criticism. To be useful, it must be impartial. Friendly eulogy is easily detected, and it generally injures the work it is meant to serve. Animosity should equally be absent from the critical chair. Nothing can be more odious than the introduction of personal feelings of hostility, under the masque of a review. Mr. Allen must, however, speak for himself.

*'Howick, October 24, 1807.*

'Your very angry, and, as it appears to me, very unjust complaints against the Edinburgh reviewers, reached me at Hamilton, as I was setting out on a tour through the Highlands; and since that time I have been so much occupied with travelling and other avocations, that I have not had leisure to answer them. For this delay I beg you to accept my apology; and, without further preface, I shall now proceed to make such comments on your letter, as its contents seem to me to demand.



' I must in the first place, observe, that having re-perused the review of your Geography, which I guess to be the one of which you complain, I do not find it to be of such a nature as to justify, in any degree, the language you hold respecting it. The reviewer alleges that your book falls greatly short of its pretensions and of his expectations; and he accuses you of having compiled it with unpardonable carelessness and inattention, as well as with a culpable disregard of the interests of the purchasers of the former edition of your book. Of the justice of these charges I wish to give no opinion; but I must observe, that the reviewer brings, or attempts to bring, evidence of their truth; and that, however severe his strictures are against your book, there is nothing in the tone or language of his criticism which indicates personal hostility towards you, or betrays any secret malignity or unfair prejudice in his mind.

' But, in the second place, I cannot admit that the slight and casual intercourse which has subsisted betwixt us, has been such as to disqualify me from being the reviewer of any book which you have published, or may hereafter choose to publish; or as may afford you any reasonable ground of complaint against me for being so. I have had twice, I think, the pleasure of meeting you at dinner; and I have had a good deal of correspondence with you, partly in answer to your enquiries about Spanish America, and partly on the subject of some charts of the Cape of Good Hope, which you were desirous to dispose of to the late government to the best advantage; and, in both cases, I did my utmost to serve you, though unsuccessfully. But I never conceived, nor can I now conceive, that so slight a connexion as this ought to prevent me from reviewing any of your books, or from saying of them, in decent and becoming language, what in my opinion ought to be said.

' These general discussions, however, are unnecessary at present; for I have no hesitation to inform you that I am not the author of the review which appears to have given you so much uneasiness; nor have I ever reviewed any of your books; nor did I ever see the review in question, till it was published in the Edinburgh Review. But it is at the same time perfectly true, that having been disappointed in your book on Geography, from which, it seems, I had expected too much, I made no secret of my sentiments with regard to it; and, when I understood that the Edinburgh reviewers meant to review it, I furnished them with a long catalogue of errors in your translations from the Spanish, which I had noted down as I read your book. Of this catalogue, I perceive they have made considerable use in their review; and it flatters me, I confess, to observe that, with regard to that part of the review in which alone I have any concern, you attempt not, in your letter, to vindicate yourself from those criticisms, but endeavour to throw the blame on your amanuensis. That your book has suffered from the faults of your amanuensis I am ready to believe, and I sincerely regret that your bad health should have compelled you to trust so much to so inadequate an assistant; but that the accuracy or sense of your translations should have been affected by his infirmities, is what I cannot understand. You must not accuse me of being deficient in candour, when I say that your vindication reminds me of the defence of a noted Highland chieftain, against a charge of bad orthography. "How can you spell so ill?" said a friend to the laird of ——. "Who could spell better with such a pen?" was the laird's reply.

'I cannot conclude without expressing my regret that, before writing so angry a letter, you had not first inquired what share I had in the review of which you complained.'—vol. ii. pp. 360—364.

No reproach, we believe, has been cast upon the moral conduct of Gibbon, however hostile he may have been to Christianity. Pinkerton was no imitator of his in this respect. He has unfortunately left behind him abundant evidence of principles seriously shaken, and of a heart not a little corrupted. He married a respectable woman, whom he soon abandoned. He then fell into irregularities, which, in due course, helped to degrade him from the rank in society to which his talents and his labours had entitled him. His disputes with his publishers, Messrs. Cadell & Co., and Messrs. Longman & Co., which are here most unnecessarily given at much length, are far from being creditable, either to his good faith in fulfilling his contracts, or to his veracity in representing them. We cannot understand what excuse can be given for the allegations contained in his letter upon the subject of Colonel Gordon's travels in Africa.

'Rue des Moulins, No. 42, à Paris.

'April 20th, 1804.

'If you wish to publish one of the most important of modern voyages, I can safely recommend the work to you. It will present the four journeys of Colonel Gordon, Commandant of the Dutch troops at the Cape of Good Hope, into the interior of Africa, in one of which he discovered the great Orange River, which remains undescribed, and almost unknown, in maps. The original views, &c., are about four hundred, of which a selection may be made for the publication; but all must remain the property of the widow.

'The work may form one or two volumes, in 4to., as you feel inclined to more or less expense. The manuscripts are in the Dutch language; but, if the work be published in London, I should arrange and digest the whole in English; and it might be printed here under my eye, or the manuscript and drawings sent to London by a safe conveyance.

'If you do not choose to purchase the absolute property, perhaps you may wish to have the preference in an English translation; in which case Madame Gordon will stipulate with the French bookseller to send you the sheets, on your paying her the usual perquisite. But, in case you purchase the work, you may arrange matters with her for the French translation. In all respects, she is a religious and most respectable character, and too wealthy to stoop to any duplicity; so you may rest assured, that if you purchase this work, no other edition will be thought of, and even the French translation left to your own discretion.

'I suppose 600*l.* for one, or 1200*l.* for two volumes, would be a fair price. Less than 600*l.* for one, would not be accepted, as the booksellers here offer a correspondent value, and with less trouble.

'I beg your answer as soon as possible.'—vol. ii. pp. 306—308.

The name of the bookseller, to whom this letter was addressed, is not mentioned. The work was declined by the respectable publishers already mentioned, as Mr. Barrow's excellent production had then just made its appearance. But it appears, from the sub-

sequent correspondence, that Pinkerton, for the sake of making a good bargain, in which, no doubt, he was to have participated, ventured upon two assertions which were entirely devoid of truth; first, that Madame Gordon was opulent, and secondly, that the booksellers in Paris had made the offer which he mentions. But the more we read of Pinkerton's letters, particularly those which were written towards the close of his career, the less we are surprised at his disregard for every thing like dignity of character. The following letter, addressed by him, to Mr. Nichols, points out a mode of obtaining compensation for a libel, which, assuredly, no literary man would now think of.

*Hampstead, March 31st, 1810.*

'I have no correspondence with \* \* \*; but I let him know months ago, that he certainly owed your father for \* \* \*. Mr. Barlow, the engraver, can confirm it from the number of maps sent. Your father can certainly see himself righted.

'It is odd enough that just about the time I was thus attending to your father's interest, there was, as I am told, a scurrilous libel printed in your Magazine. Its malignity is the more strange, as it proceeds on a mere omission of three words by one Griffith, who then carelessly printed the Monthly Magazine. I wonder your father's personal knowledge of me did not prevent this. I am sure such a thing against him should not appear in any journal under my management. I hope that in his own vindication he will give up the author.

'This is the more unjust, as I sent, for many years, several curious articles (particularly twelve letters on English history), for which I was never paid one farthing; whilst I have eight guineas per sheet for all I send to other magazines. As your father admits libels against me, I hope he will shew his impartiality by paying me for my labours in that very work which now abuses me.'—vol. ii. p. 392.

We shall only add two letters more. In the first of these, Pinkerton receives the agreeable intelligence, from Mr. Henry Siddons, that his tragedy, 'The Heiress of Strathern,' was unsuccessful. The reader will smile at the efforts of the writer to sweeten the pill which he has to administer, as much as he possibly can.

*Edinburgh, March 24th, 1813.*

'I was in hopes that I should have seen you when the play was over last night. I can assure you no possible exertion was spared on the part of the performers. Several poetical passages were most highly applauded; but, when the audience discovered the circumstance of the brother and sister, they grew outrageous, and would hardly suffer Mr. Jerry to conclude the play.

'I stood on the stage several minutes to obtain a hearing for it a second night, which I could not effect. I still was in hopes of carrying the point; but, when the farce began, the storm was renewed; and nothing would pacify the audience but the giving out another play. The repetition would have only been wounding your feelings, which, I can assure you, I consulted at least as much as I did my own; for my interests were concerned in its being acted on this night. That the piece should not have answered our wishes I most truly regret upon every account.'—vol. ii. pp. 404—406.



The last letter which we shall give (it is the last also in the collection) is a real curiosity ; it is from the pen of the late Mr. Coutts, the banker, and reminds us forcibly of his tall, straight, thin, shrivelled form, and his inflexible habits of business.

‘ MR. COUTTS TO MR. PINKERTON.

‘ *Strand, January 31st, 1815.*

‘ I have received the favor of your letter, asking me to withdraw the claim for interest on the sum I lent on the security of a house ; but the footing upon which you have put the request is one I have uniformly at all times thought to be such as I ought to reject, and have rejected accordingly. The bankers in Scotland, and the country banks in England, are on a different plan from those of London. They circulate their own notes, and make payments in them ; we give out no notes of our own, and, if we were to give interest at even one per cent. per annum, we should be losers by our business.

‘ We do not consider ourselves as being obliged to any person who place money in our hands, however considerable : it is to the aggregate and general mass of society that we owe our situation, and to the credit our prudence and attention has obtained for us ; and people deposit their money in our hands for their own advantage and conveniency, not from favor to us ; nor do we desire to have it on any other terms.

‘ Probably you may not understand the explanation I have spent time in making, which I can very ill spare, and it may therefore answer no purpose ; but it satisfies myself ; and I wish to show equal attention to all my employers, whether they have large or small sums in my hands, which indeed hardly ever occupies my attention.

‘ My attention is fully engrossed in doing business with honor and regularity, leaving the rest to the common chance and course of things. It surprises me, that, though it every day appears that there is very little truth published in the newspapers, yet people will still believe what they read, especially abuse, or what they think is against the character or prudence of the person treated of. I saw some paragraphs, and heard of more, of what I had done for Mr. Kean, in all which there is not a word of truth ; though I see no reason why I might not, without offence to any one, have given Mr. Kean any thing I pleased. In doing any little matter in my power for any individual, I must add I never had any view to celebrity with the present age or with posterity.

‘ If I should know of any gentleman wanting a travelling companion abroad, I shall mention you to him ; but it seldom happens that I am applied to in such matters.’—vol. ii. pp. 459, 460.

Although several of the letters presented to the world in these volumes, are little creditable to the character of Pinkerton, yet we agree with the editor, in thinking that the collection is calculated to read us an instructive lesson. Independently of the chit-chat and anecdotes which they contain, and which, to literary men, are more or less interesting, even when apparently trifling, these communications afford a warning which may be useful to persons just embarking upon the sea of life. Pinkerton having raised himself to fame, such as it was, from the lowest obscurity, by the force of his

talents and industry, might have secured for himself friends, and, at least, a competence for his age, if his temper and his conduct had been subject to proper regulation. He died, at Paris, in May, 1826, being then nearly seventy years old. Before that period, he contrived to disgust almost every body who had been in any way connected with him. Thus a man, who made the first steps of his career under very flattering circumstances, and continued, for many years, most industrious and enthusiastic in every thing he undertook, found himself, in the evening of his days, without friends, without character, and, we fear, without the common necessities of life ;—a miserable fate, for which his letters clearly shew that he had chiefly himself to blame.

There is but one letter in these volumes from the pen of Gibbon, and that has been already published. Dr. Percy, the collector of the “*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*,” was, at one time, one of Pinkerton’s most constant correspondents. His letters are not, however, very interesting. Had the “*Reliques*” not preserved his name, which they are likely to do as long as our language shall endure, very few of the present generation would have known that he had ever existed. Yet it appears, that when he was elevated to the see of Dromore, he became ashamed of his poetical enthusiasm, and bore, with an ill-disguised impatience, the slightest allusion to the work in question. Whenever it was mentioned, he desired it to be understood, that the thing was the occupation of his idle, juvenile days. He stipulates with Pinkerton, to say as little as possible about it in his collections of Scottish poetry, to omit the *Rev.* before Dr. as often as he cannot avoid referring to the work, and to speak of its compiler, simply as Dr. Percy, as if he wished the world to believe, that the Doctor and the Bishop were two very different persons. It is well known that he had materials for a fourth volume, which he never published, solely, we believe, on account of this ridiculous feeling. The editor has also preserved a few letters from Dr. Beattie, which, although they are of no great value, shew that, at least, that most amiable man, and exemplary Christian, arrived at an honoured old age, without ever thinking that he ought to be ashamed of his “*Minstrel*.”

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ART. VI. — *A new Voyage round the World, in the Years 1823, 24, 25, and 26.* By Otto Von Kotzebue, Post Captain in the Russian Imperial Navy. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.

In these days, when voyages of discovery to various parts of the globe, and round it, are by no means rare, we cannot look for much novelty in the journals that describe them. Greater exactness in fixing the latitudes of islands already known, more ample exposures of the state of society among the communities which inhabit

them, and what is of considerable importance, the continuation of their history, down to the latest period, when they were visited by Europeans, constitute nearly all the new information which we can fairly expect from successive enterprises of this description. If there be a pleasure in retracing scenes with which we have been before acquainted, and in observing the changes to which they have been subjected,—changes which mark the progress of civilization all over the globe,—that pleasure is not a little increased, when we are indebted for it to an officer so distinguished in the service of his country, and to an author, who, upon all occasions, shews himself to be so much the friend of mankind, as Captain Kotzebue. He is a true sailor, whose heart is in the right place. We are rather surprised at some of his religious prejudices, considering that Russians are, in general, eminently liberal on that subject. But this does not prevent us from applauding the sentiments of humanity and kindness, with which every page of his work is animated. He is as pleasant a companion as we could desire for a voyage to the Pacific. He does not fatigue us with dissertations upon places with which all the world is sufficiently conversant. His attention is chiefly bestowed upon those of the islands that lay in his route, which are less known than they ought to be, considering the many points of interest which they present to the philosopher and the Christian. The value of his communications is in no degree diminished by the style of a narrative, often gay, and always good humoured.

The Captain, after parting with an affectionate wife, weighed anchor towards the end of July, 1823, in the roads of Cronstadt. The vessel which he commanded was called the *Predpriatie*, a frigate of a middling rank, the first that was built in Russia under a roof. Having escaped from the perils of the English Channel, which all foreigners, not without reason, dread so much, the Captain pursued the usual course by Rio to Cape Horn, which he doubled, with little difficulty, by keeping near the land, whereas, most navigators run sixty degrees south for that purpose, under the impression, that they will thus experience fewer impediments to their passage into the South Sea. In the summer months good east winds will often blow close to the land, when westerly winds prevail at a distance of forty miles to sea-ward! After a short stay in Chili, Captain Kotzebue proceeded to the Archipelago, lying between the parallels of 15 and 16 degrees south latitude, which he calls “the dangerous Archipelago,” for the purpose of ascertaining, with exactness, the position of the islands which he had discovered on his former voyage. This track was the more interesting, as it has not been much frequented; its dangers arise from the multiplicity of the islands which compose the Archipelago, and which, being for the most part the work of those ever active artificers, the coral insects, are so low, that they can hardly be seen, even at a short distance. The Captain’s observations upon these islands are



useful in a geographical point of view. He sailed round some of them, and not finding the natives disposed to be friendly, he shaped his course for the Palliser Islands, discovered by Captain Cook, and was contented with seeing, from the mast-head, the group discovered by Bellingshausen. Most of the islands in this Archipelago are in the possession of inhabitants who seem hostile to strangers. They resemble their neighbours, the people of Otaheite, in language and dress. They must be civilized before the condition of the other South-Sea Islanders can be ameliorated.

At Otaheite, Captain Kotzebue had occasion to remark, that, under the superintendence of the Missionaries sent out by the London Society, the natives have become apparently attentive to religious duties. They celebrate the Sunday, by staying the greater part of the day in their houses, 'where they lay on their bellies reading the Bible and howling aloud; laying aside every occupation, they devoted, as they said, the whole day to prayer.' Their Sunday, by the way, was the Russian's Saturday, a difference arising from the first Missionaries having arrived at the island from the west, whilst he reached it from the east. When he completed the circle of the globe, he found that, in the course of his voyage, he had lost a day in his reckoning. The chief Missionary at Otaheite is a Mr. Nott, who has translated the Bible into the native language. He also first instructed the inhabitants in reading and writing,—acquirements which, at present, are not uncommon amongst them. Wilson, the next in rank of the Missionaries, was originally a common sailor. Although now a zealous theologian, he is an honest, good-natured man. There are six other Missionaries in the island; some of the natives, after receiving a suitable education, as it is called, are sent upon the more difficult department of the service, to spread Christianity among the islands of the dangerous Archipelago. Upon this, Kotzebue, with naiveté, remarks: 'In Russia, a careful education, and diligent study at schools and universities is necessary to qualify any one to be a teacher of religion. The London Missionary Society is more easily satisfied; a half savage, confused by the dogmas of an uneducated sailor, is, according to them, perfectly fitted for the sacred office.' Our author's account of the appearance of an Otaheitan congregation is amusing:—

'Notwithstanding the seriousness and devotion apparent among the Tahitians, it is almost impossible for an European, seeing them for the first time, in their Sunday attire, to refrain from laughter. The high value which they set on clothes of our manufacture, has already been remarked; they are more proud of possessing them, than are our ladies of diamonds and Persian shawls, or our gentlemen of stars and orders. As they know nothing of our fashions, they pay no sort of attention to the cut, and even age and wear do not much diminish their estimation of their attire; a ripped-out seam, or a hole, is no drawback in the elegance of the article. These clothes, which are brought to Tahiti by merchant-

ships, are purchased at a rag-market, and sold there at an enormous profit. The Tahitian, therefore, finding a complete suit of clothes very expensive, contents himself with a single garment: whoever can obtain an English military coat, or even a plain one, goes about with the rest of his body naked, except the universally worn girdle; the happy owner of a waistcoat, or a pair of trowsers, thinks his wardrobe amply furnished. Some have nothing more than a shirt; and others, as much oppressed by the heat, under a heavy cloth mantle, as they would be in a Russian bath, are far too vain of their finery to lay it aside. Shoes, boots, or stockings are rarely met with, and the coats, mostly too tight and too short, make the oddest appearance imaginable: many of their wearers can scarcely move their arms, and are forced to stretch them out like the sails of a windmill, while their elbows, curious to see the world, peep through slits in the seams. Let any one imagine such an assembly, perfectly satisfied of the propriety of their costume, and wearing, to complete the comic effect, a most ultra-serious expression of countenance, and he will easily believe that it was impossible for me to be very devout in their presence. The attire of the females, though not quite so absurd, was by no means picturesque; some wore white or striped men's shirts, which did not conceal their knees, and others were wrapped in sheets. Their hair was cut quite close to the roots, according to a fashion introduced by the missionaries; and their heads covered by little European chip caps, of a most tasteless form, and decorated with ribbons and flowers made in Tahiti: but the most valuable article of dress was a coloured gown, an indubitable sign of the possessor's opulence, and the object of her unbounded vanity.

\* When Wilson first mounted the pulpit, he bent his head forward, and concealing his face with an open Bible, prayed in silence; the whole congregation immediately imitated him, using their Psalm-books instead of Bibles. After this, the appointed Psalm was sung, to a most incongruous tune, every voice being exerted to its utmost pitch, in absolute defiance of harmony.

\* Wilson then read some chapters from the Bible, the congregation kneeling twice during the intervals; the greater part of them appeared very attentive, and the most decorous silence reigned; which was, however, occasionally interrupted by the chattering and tittering of some young girls seated behind me. I observed that some threatening looks directed towards them by Messrs. Bennet and Tyrman, seemed to silence them for a moment; but their youthful spirits soon overcoming their fears, the whispering and giggling recommenced; and glances were cast at the white stranger, which seemed to intimate no unwillingness to commence a closer acquaintance. After the conclusion of the sermon, another psalm was sung, and the service concluded. The display of costume, as the congregation strolled homeward in groups, with the greatest self-complacency, through the beautiful broad avenues, their Psalm-books under their arms, was still more strikingly ludicrous than in church. I had by this time, however, lost all inclination to laugh.—vol. i. pp. 155—158.

The author's inclination to laugh was checked by a train of reflections into which he fell, upon the history of the establishment in the islands of what the Missionaries called *Christianity*. He describes it as having been forced upon the people by the first king,

Tago, who was converted by the Missionaries. Whoever would not adopt it was put to death. With the zeal for making proselytes, the rage of tigers took possession of a people once so gentle. Streams of blood flowed—whole races were exterminated. We are willing to believe that there is some exaggeration in this statement. We must remember that it is made by a member of the Greek church, which is not particularly distinguished by a spirit of toleration. The Missionaries are now the real civil governors, as well as the spiritual directors of the Otaheitans. They have given them a constitution like that of England ! We fear that there is too much truth in the following observations :—

‘ True, genuine Christianity, and a liberal government, might have soon given to this people, endowed by nature with the seeds of every social virtue, a rank among civilized nations. Under such a blessed influence, the arts and sciences would soon have taken root; the intellect of the people would have expanded, and a just estimation of all that is good, beautiful, and eternally true, would have refined their manners, and ennobled their hearts. Europe would soon have admired, perhaps have envied, Tahaiti: but the religion taught by the Missionaries is not true Christianity, though it may possibly comprehend some of its doctrines, but half understood even by the teachers themselves. That it was established by force, is of itself an evidence against its Christian principle. A religion which consists in the eternal repetition of prescribed prayers, which forbids every innocent pleasure, and cramps or annihilates every mental power, is a libel on the Divine Founder of Christianity, the benign Friend of mankind. It is true, that the religion of the Missionaries has, with a great deal of evil, effected some good. It has abolished heathen superstitions and an irrational worship, but it has introduced new errors in their stead. It has restrained the vices of theft and incontinence, but it has given birth to bigotry, hypocrisy, and a hatred and contempt of all other modes of faith, which was once foreign to the open and benevolent character of the Tahaitian. It has put an end to avowed human sacrifices, but many more human beings have been actually sacrificed to it, than ever were to their heathen gods.

‘ The elder Foster estimated, as we have already seen, the population of Tahaiti at one hundred and thirty thousand souls. Allowing that he over-calculated it, by even as much as fifty thousand, still eighty thousand remained :—the present population amounts to only eight thousand ; so that nine-tenths must have disappeared. The diseases introduced by ardent spirits, the manufacture of Europe and America, may, indeed, have much increased the mortality, but they are also known in many islands in the South Seas, without having caused any perceptible diminution in the population. It is not known, that plague of any kind has ever raged here: it was, therefore, the bloody persecution instigated by the Missionaries, which performed the office of a desolating infection. I really believe that these pious people were themselves shocked at the consequences of their zeal; but they soon consoled themselves; and have ever since continued to watch with the most vigilant severity over the maintenance of every article of their faith. Hence, among the remains of these murdered people, their former admirable industry, and



their joyous buoyancy of spirits, have been changed for continual praying and meditating upon things which the teachers understand as little as the taught.

‘The Tahitians of the present day, hardly know how to plait their mats, make their paper stuffs, or cultivate a few roots. They content themselves with the bread-fruit, which the soil yields spontaneously, in quantities more than sufficient for their reduced population. Their navy, which excited the astonishment of Europeans, has entirely disappeared. They build no vessels but a few little paltry canoes, with which they fish off the neighbouring coral islands, and make their longest voyages in American and European boats which they have purchased. With the method of producing those commodities of civilized nations which they prize so highly, they are still as much as ever unacquainted. They possess sheep, and excellent cotton; but no spinning-wheel, no loom, has yet been set in motion among them; they choose rather to buy their cloth and cotton of foreigners for real gold and pearls; one of our sailors sold an old shirt for five piastres. Horses and cattle have been brought to them, but the few that remain, have fallen into the possession of strangers, and have become so scarce, that one hundred piastres was asked for an ox, that we wanted in provisioning the ship. The Queen alone possesses a pair of horses, but she never uses them. The island contains but one smith, though the assistance of the forge and bellows would be so useful in repairing the iron tools which have superseded those of stone formerly in use. It is extraordinary, that even the foreigners established here, carry on no mechanical trade. Can it be that the Missionaries object to it? It is certain that they possess great influence even over the settlers. An American, however, was planning the introduction of a sugar manufactory, and promised himself great profit from it.

‘By order of the Missionaries, the flute, which once awakened innocent pleasure, is heard no more. No music but that of the psalms is suffered in Tahiti: dancing, mock-fights, and dramatic representations are no longer permitted. Every pleasure is punished as a sin, among a people whom Nature destined to the most cheerful enjoyment. One of our friends having begun to sing for joy over a present he had received, was immediately asked by his comrades, with great terror, what he thought would be the consequence, should the Missionaries hear of it.’—vol. i. pp. 167—172.

The reader will perceive that these remarks, as far as they go, even allowing reasonably for the religious prejudices of the writer, forcibly confirm the view which we have taken, in a preceding article, of this important subject.

Captain Kotzebue next visited Pitcairn’s Island, and those called the Navigator’s, one of which is Maoua, where several of La Perouse’s companions were murdered. Its shores are particularly inviting, being bordered with cocoa-trees. Kotzebue considers its inhabitants as atrocious as ever. Some of them who approached his vessel in canoes, invited him and his officers, by pantomimic gestures, to land, signifying that they would there be abundantly supplied with every thing they could require; an invitation, however, which the prudent Russian declined. He has no doubt that the inhabitants

of Maouna, as well as those of many of the South Sea islands, are still cannibals; and he advises that foreigners should not venture amongst them without the greatest precaution. They are not all equally wicked. We find an agreeable contrast to the people of Maouna, from whom Kotzebue escaped with some difficulty, in those of a little island which he sets down as a new discovery.

\* In the evening the island of Olajava appeared in sight; and about seven miles from a little island lying in its neighbourhood, several canoes, carrying two or three men each, rowed towards us, deterred neither by the distance nor the increasing darkness. Our visitors proved to be merry fishermen, for their carefully constructed little canoes, adorned with inlaid muscle-shells, were amply provided with large angling hooks made of mother-of-pearl, attached to long fine lines, and various kinds of implements for fishing, and contained an abundance of fine live fish of the mackerel kind.

\* An expression of openness and confidence sat on the countenances of this people. Our purchases were carried on with much gaiety and laughter on both sides. They gave us their fish, waited quietly for what we gave them in return, and were perfectly satisfied with their barter.

\* Their attention was strongly attracted to the ship. They examined her closely from the hold to the mast-head, and made many animated remarks to each other on what they saw. If they observed any manoeuvres with the sails or tackle, they pointed with their fingers towards the spot, and appeared to watch with the most eager curiosity the effect produced.

\* It was evident that this people, sailors by birth, took a lively interest in whatever related to navigation. Their modest behaviour, contrasted so strikingly with the impudent importunity of the inhabitants of Maouna, that we should have been inclined to consider them of a different race, but for their exact resemblance in every other particular, even in the dressing of their hair, though this was even more elaborately performed—an attention to appearance which is curious enough, when compared with the dirty uncombed locks of European fishermen; but among the South Sea Islanders fishing is no miserable drudgery of the lowest classes, but the pride and pleasure of the most distinguished, as hunting is with us. Tameamea, the mighty King of the Sandwich Islands, was a very clever fisherman, and as great an enthusiast in the sport as any of our European princes in the stag chase. As soon as the increasing darkness veiled the land from our sight, our visitors departed, and we could hear their regular measured song, long after they were lost from view.

\* The little island they inhabit not being marked on any map, it is probably a new discovery. By what name the natives called it I could not learn; and therefore, to distinguish it from three other small islands lying to the north, mentioned by La Pérouse, I gave it the name of Fisher's Island. It rises almost perpendicularly from the sea to a considerable height, and is overgrown with thick wood.—vol. i. pp. 268—270.

The Navigator's islands are known to be the most beautiful in the Southern Ocean. Captain Kotzebue was, however, contented with seeing them from his vessel, being not at all disposed to form any acquaintance with their inhabitants, of whom he was extremely, though perhaps not unjustly, suspicious. He next shaped



his course for the North, with a view to reach the Radack chain of islands, where, on account of their proximity to the equator, he purposed to stop and make some observations on the pendulum. It was a remarkable circumstance that, at the ninth degree of south latitude, the frigate was carried daily from twenty to thirty miles westward, but when under three degrees of south latitude and one hundred and eighty degrees of longitude, the current suddenly changed, and she was driven with equal velocity in the contrary direction. The Radack islands have been already described in Captain Kotzebue's former work. He considers the inhabitants as 'among the best of Nature's children.' They live wholly on fish and vegetables, are tall and well made, and many of the women, who decorate their black hair with flowers and strings of muscle-shells, are entitled to be called handsome. The meeting of the Captain and his Radack friends, whom he had visited eight years before, is described as extremely interesting. The vessel being a very different one from that which they had already seen, they fled universally into the interior of the island upon its appearance. They called upon their gods for help in a sort of shrieking song, accompanied by a drum, which signified the utmost alarm. The sound of the invocation continued through the whole night. In the morning, having resolved to yield to their destiny, and to endeavour to sue for the favour of the strangers, they appeared upon the shore in a long procession, bearing branches of palm as symbols of peace. When at length they discovered their friend, their terror was changed into the wildest joy, which they exhibited in frolic gestures, dances, and songs. The powerful tones of the muscle horn resounded through the woods, and the delight and warm feelings of these primitive islanders were expressed in every possible way. 'I was deeply affected,' says the Captain, 'by the ardour of their reception; their unsophisticated hearts beat with sincere affection towards me, and how seldom have I felt this happy consciousness among the civilized nations of the world!' It is like going to the early ages of the world, to dwell for a moment on the scene which awaited the Captain upon his landing at Otdia.

'Even the women and children now made their appearance; and, among them, Rarik's loquacious mother, who, with much gesticulation, made me a long speech, of which I understood very little. When she had concluded, Rarik and Lagediak, each offering me an arm, led me to the house of the former.

'Upon a verdant spot before it, surrounded and shaded by bread-fruit trees, young girls were busily spreading mats for Dr. Eschoholz and myself to sit on. Rarik and Lagediak seated themselves facing us, and the mother (eighty years of age) by my side, at a little distance. The other islanders formed a compact circle; the nearest line seating themselves, and those behind standing, to secure a better view of us. Some climbed; and fathers raised their children in their arms, that they might see over the heads of the people. The women brought baskets of flowers, and decorated



us with garlands ; and Rarik's mother, drawing from her ears the beautiful white flower of the lily kind, so carefully cultivated here as an indispensable ornament of the female sex, did her best to fasten it into mine, with strings of grass, while the people expressed their sympathy by continual cries of "*Aidarah*."\* In the mean time the young girls were employed in pressing into muscle-shells the juice of the Pandanus, which they presented to us with a sort of sweetmeat called Mogan, prepared from the same fruit ; the flavour of both is very agreeable.—vol. i. pp. 304, 305.

Rarik and Lagediak were old friends of the Captain. The former, after the first burst of joy, fell into tears, and was reduced to such a state of melancholy that the Russians thought he must have been guilty of some horrible crime, of murder at the least, during the interval that had elapsed. The whole amount of his iniquity seemed at first to be no more than an unintentional violation of a promise upon his part, respecting the care of some plants and animals with which Kotzebue had enriched the island, and of which a neighbouring chieftain had deprived it. His guilt, however, was a great deal less even than this. A plate fastened to a tree, with the name of the Captain and his former crew inscribed upon it, was entrusted to the special guardianship of Rarik and the islanders. It had been stolen, nobody knew by whom, and for this circumstance alone was the remorse of Rarik excited. The human heart is surely not altogether so corrupt in its original state as some philosophers have asserted. Even the battles of this people appear to be conducted upon a peculiar principle, differing widely from the savage warfare of the more southern islanders.

‘ I expressed to Rarik my wish to know more of their method of warfare ; he and Lagediak in consequence assembled two troops, which they opposed to each other at a short distance, as hostile armies ; the first rank, in both, consisting of men, and the second of women. The former were armed with sticks instead of lances, the latter had their baskets filled with pandana seeds for stones, and their hair, instead of being, as usual, tastefully bound up, hung dishevelled and wild about their heads, giving them the appearance of maniacs. Rarik placed himself at the head of one troop, and Lagediak of the other : both gave the signal for attack, by blowing their muscle-horns. The adverse forces approached ; but instead of the battle, began a comic dance, in which the two armies emulated each other in grimaces, furious gesticulations, and a distortion of the eyes, which left only the whites visible, while the women shrieked a war-song, which, if their opponents had been lovers of harmony, would assuredly have put them to flight. The leaders on each side took no share in these violent exertions, but stood still animating their troops by the tones of the muscle-horn. When exhausted by these efforts, the horns were silent, and the armies separated by mutual consent, looking on while some of the most valiant from each side, came forward to challenge with threats and abuse a champion of the enemy to single

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\* Meaning *friend*.

combat. This was represented by dancing and songs, and occasional movements with the hand, as if to throw the lance, which the antagonist sought to avoid, by dexterously springing aside. The respective armies and their leaders animated the courage of their warriors by battle-songs, till the horns were blown again : the armies once more slowly approached each other; the champions retired into their ranks, and the battle was renewed with a prodigious noise; spears waved in the air; pandana seed flew from the delicate hands of the female warriors, over the heads of their husbands, upon the enemy, but the armies never came near enough to be really engaged. The leaders remained in front loudly blowing their horns, and sometimes giving commands. At length, by accident or design, one of Lagediak's men fell; the battle was now over, the victory decided, and the signal given for drawing off the forces. Both armies were so exhausted, that they threw themselves on the grass, and amidst laughter and merriment, gave themselves up to repose.'—vol. i. pp. 321—323.

The people of Radack have also their dramatic representations, one of which was witnessed by Captain Kotzebue, whose description of it cannot fail to prove interesting to the reader.

'The number of *dramatis personæ* was twenty-six, thirteen men and thirteen women, who seated themselves in the following order, on a spot of smooth turf. Ten men sat in a semicircle, and opposite to them ten women, in a semicircle also; so that by uniting the points, an entire circle would have been formed; but a space of about six feet was left at both ends, in each of which sat an old woman provided with a drum. This drum, made of the hollow trunk of a tree, is about three feet long, six inches in diameter at each end, narrowed like an hour-glass, to half that thickness in the middle. Both ends are covered with the skin of the shark: it is held under the arm, and struck with the palm of the hand. In the middle of the circle old Langedieu took his station, with a handsome young woman, sitting back to back. The whole party were elegantly adorned about the head, and the females about the body also, with garlands of flowers. Outside the circle sat two men with muscle-horns. The hollow tones of these horns are the signal for a chorus performed by the whole company, with violent movements of the arms, and gesticulations, meant to be in consonance with the words. When this ceased, a duet from the pair in the middle was accompanied by the drums and horns only; Langedieu fully equalling his young companion in animation. The chorus then began again, and this alternation was repeated several times, till the young songstress, whose motions had been growing more and more vehement, suddenly fell down as dead. Langedieu's song then became lower and more plaintive; he bent over the body, and seemed to express the deepest sorrow; the whole circle joined in his lamentations, and the play concluded.

'Deficient as was my knowledge of the language, I was still able clearly to understand the subject of this tragedy, which represented a marriage ceremony. The young girl was forced to accept of a husband whom she did not love, and preferred death to such an union. Perhaps, the reason of old Langedieu's playing the part of the lover might be, to give more probability to the young bride's objections and resolution.'—vol. i. pp. 328—330.

This dramatic exhibition would be imperfect without the dinner by which it was followed.

The young females assembled here, among whom the deceased bride of Langedieu soon re-appeared, fresh and lively as ever, reminded me of Kadu's assertion, that the women of Ormed, were the handsomest in Radack. Some of them were really very attractive, and their flowery adornments extremely becoming. These people have more taste than any other of the South Sea islanders; and the manner in which the women dress their hair, and decorate it with flowers, would have a beautiful effect even in the European ball-room. When the actors had recovered from the fatigue of their performance, dinner, which some of the females had been long preparing in the hut, was served to us. Only a few of the persons assembled, enjoyed the honour of partaking our meal. Some of these were females. The ground of Langedieu's hut was covered with matting, on which we sat, and the provisions were placed on clean cocoa-leaves in the middle. Every one had a cocoa-leaf for a plate. Upon the dishes were laid wooden spoons, with which the guests helped themselves,—an improvement since my former visit to Radack, when their mode was to help themselves from the dish with their hands. Langedieu remarked, that the order of his table pleased me, and said, *Mamnaam Russia magari* (the Russians eat so). I rejoiced in the increased civilisation denoted by this more becoming mode of eating; probably introduced by Kadu, who had seen it during his stay among us. I enjoyed a still greater pleasure, when, after the first course of baked and bread-fruits, came one of yams, which I had brought hither from the Sandwich Islands. At Otdia, I had been told that Lanvari had carried away to Aur, all the plants I had left behind. I was therefore much surprised at the sight of the yams. They perfectly supply the place of our potatoes, are wholesome and pleasant, and, if cultivated with moderate industry, are a certain resource against famine. Langedieu told me, that Kadu had planted the yams on Ormed, and after dinner showed me a pretty large field very well stocked with them.

The delightful feelings with which I surveyed the new plantation may be imagined, when it is recollected, that these poor islanders, from want of means of subsistence, are compelled, assuredly with heavy hearts, to murder their own offspring, and that this yam alone is sufficient to remove so horrible a necessity. I might joyfully affirm, that through my instrumentality the distressed mother need no longer look to the birth of her third or fourth child with the dreadful consciousness that she endured all her pain only to deliver a sacrifice to the hand of the murderer. When she should clasp her child to her breast, and see her husband look on it with a father's tenderness, they might both remember "Tatalin," with the beneficent plants which he had given them. I beg pardon for this digression, and return to our dinner.

After the yams, a number of dishes were produced, prepared from the powdered cocoa-wood, which is made with water into a thick paste, and then baked in small cakes: it has no taste at all, and cannot be very nutritious. A dessert of Mogan and Pandana juice concluded the repast. The drink was cocoa-milk sucked from a small hole made in the nut. The conversation, in which the females, who are treated



extremely well, took part, was very lively, but perfectly decorous. I wished to understand more of it: from single words, I inferred that they were speaking of the ship, and of the dramatic entertainment, and should have been glad to have contributed my share to the general amusement. After I had delighted the host and the amiable company by presents of hatchets, knives, scissors, and necklaces, which latter were by no means in as great estimation here as on the Navigator's Islands, I took my leave, and returned early in the evening to the ship.'—vol. i. pp. 330—333.

We can easily conceive the regret with which Captain Kotzebue departed from the Radack islands, for the discovery of which we are indebted to his former voyage. They are situated so far out of the course usually pursued by the South Sea navigators, that it is to be hoped they may escape the corruption of *civilized* vices. The captain is of opinion that they have not been very long peopled. They have no tradition on the subject of their origin. Their language differs from all the Polynesian (*many-island*) dialects, and is considered to be of a more recent formation. Kotzebue gallantly, and we hope truly, attributes the superiority of their manners to the great influence which is exercised by the females. 'Experience teaches us,' adds the author, 'that wherever that sex is held in due estimation, morals are proportionably refined.'

From these charming islands, the captain proceeded to Kamtschatka, and to New Archangel, the principal settlement of the Russian-American company, on the island of Sitka. The natives of Sitka are called Kalushes, by the Russians, and are described as the most worthless and disgusting people on the face of the earth. Their black straight hair hangs dishevelled over their broad faces, which are daily smeared over with a composition of ochre and earth, in broad black, white, and red stripes, crossed in all directions. Their cheek-bones stand out, their noses are wide and flat, their mouths large, their lips thick, their eyes small, black, and fiery, and their teeth strikingly white. The moment the beard appears, it is torn out by the roots. In the severest cold of winter, they walk about naked, and plunge into the water as the best method of warming themselves. The women mix their long tangled hair with the feathers of the white eagle. When nearly marriageable they add to their native ugliness by an incision in the under lip, which is rendered continually larger until it assumes the most hideous aspect. The customs of such a race as this we willingly pass over.

The winter of 1824 was spent in the Californias and the Sandwich Islands. Upon the former rich and beautiful country, Russia, it is well known, has long had her eye. It is not yet, we believe, brought under any settled system of government. Kotzebue confesses that he could not help speculating upon the benefit this country would derive from becoming a province of his powerful empire, and how useful it would prove to Russia,—an inexhausti-

ble granary for Kamtschatka, Ochotsk, and all the settlements of the American Company. These regions, so often afflicted with a scarcity of corn, would derive new life from a close connection with California. A thousand ships might lie at anchor in the bay of St. Francisco, and about the north-western coast are numerous creeks particularly advantageous for repairs. A few of the author's observations upon this unfrequented country are worth attention.

'The whole of the northern part of the bay, which does not properly belong to California, but is assigned by geographers to New Albion, has hitherto remained unvisited by voyagers, and little known even to the Spaniards residing in the country. Two large navigable rivers, which I afterwards surveyed, empty themselves into it; one from the east. The land is extremely fruitful, and the climate is perhaps the finest and most healthy in the world. It has hitherto been the fate of these regions, like that of modest merit or humble virtue, to remain unnoticed; but posterity will do them justice; towns and cities will hereafter flourish, where all is now a desert; the waters, over which scarcely a solitary boat is yet seen to glide, will reflect the flags of all nations; and a happy, prosperous people, receiving with thankfulness what prodigal nature bestows for their use, will disperse her treasures over every part of the world.'—vol. i. pp. 112, 113.

The reader may possibly remember the formidable inundation which occurred at Petersburg in the winter of 1824. Captain Kotzebue mentions a very extraordinary fact, that a similar phenomenon occurred in California on the very same day, and at the very same hour.

'The Californian winter being now fairly set in, we had much rain and frequent storms. On the 9th of October the south-west wind blew with the violence of the West-Indian tornado, rooted up the strongest trees, tore off the roofs of the houses, and occasioned great devastation in the cultivated lands. One of our thickest cables broke, and if the second had given way, we should have been driven on the rocky shore of the channel which unites the bay with the sea, where a powerful current, struggling with the tempest, produced a frightful surf. Fortunately the extreme violence of the storm lasted only a few hours, but in that short time it caused a destructive inundation; the water spread so rapidly over the low lands that our people had scarcely time to secure the tent, with the astronomical apparatus. On comparing the time of day at St. Petersburg and St. Francisco, by means of the difference of longitude, it appears that the tremendous inundation at the former city took place at the same hour as that in California. Several hundred miles westward, on the Sandwich Islands, the wind raged with similar fury at the same time, as it did also still farther off, upon the Phillipine Islands, where it was accompanied by an earthquake. So violent was the storm in the bay of Manilla (usually so safe a harbour) that a French corvette at anchor there, under the command of Captain Bouganville, a son of the celebrated navigator, was entirely dismantled, as we afterwards heard, on the Sandwich Islands, and at Manilla itself. This hurricane, therefore, raged at the same time over the greatest part of the northern hemisphere; the

cause which produced it may possibly have originated beyond our atmosphere.'—vol. i. pp. 134—136.

After visiting the Sandwich Islands, Captain Kotzebue steered southward, touched at the Pescadores, the Ladrões, the Philippines, and several small islands, and returning by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, once more dropped his anchor, on the 10th of July, 1827, in the Roads of Cronstadt.

ART. VII.—1. *Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece: containing an Account of the Military and Political Events which occurred in 1823 and following Years, with various Anecdotes relating to Lord Byron, and an Account of his last Illness and Death.* By Julius Millingen, Surgeon to the Byron Brigade, at Missolonghi, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 338. London: Rodwell, 1831.

2. *Narrative of a Journey through Greece in 1830, with Remarks upon the actual State of the Naval and Military Power of the Ottoman Empire.* By Captain T. Abercromby Trant, Author of Two Years in Ava. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 435. London: Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

THERE is a remarkable agreement in the impressions respecting the Greek character, which are entertained by the two gentlemen whose works we have now before us, although they visited the Morea at different times, and under still more dissimilar circumstances; and, although they possessed very unequal opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the habits and dispositions of the inhabitants. These productions may be said, indeed, to illustrate one another, and carrying, as they do, the history of Greek affairs, from one of the most striking stages of the insurrection, to a very recent period, we hope to be able, with this aid, to give the reader some authentic, if not interesting materials, to enable him to form a proper judgment on the condition, and the prospects of Greece.

We should premise, however, that Mr. Millingen appears in the character of an undeceived philhellenist, whose devotion to the cause of freedom in general, and to that of Greece in particular, he himself appears to be persuaded, were but indifferently requited by those to whom he devoted his best services. Although it is possible that a very natural degree of disappointment may have given an unfavourable hue, not their own, to the objects which Mr. Millingen had contemplated in the Morea, yet, truth to say, he uniformly writes like a man who would scorn to sacrifice the truth to any purpose of resentment or ill-will. His situation in Greece was a very peculiar one—affording uncommon facilities for viewing the character and manners of the Greeks. He has employed his advantages very ably and skilfully, and considering the limited period of his sojourn amongst them, and the narrow extent of territory to which his personal observations were confined, we must award to Mr. Millingen the praise of having produced by far the



most graphic and instructive account of the modern Greeks, of which our literature can boast.

It appears that Mr. Millingen having just received his diploma as a surgeon, and filled with a laudable enthusiasm in favour of the Greeks, tendered himself as a medical officer to the London Committee. Having been accepted by this body, he was sent under their protection, to Cephalonia, where he arrived in November, 1823, and where he had the satisfaction of being introduced to his commanding officer, Lord Byron. Of his Lordship, Mr. Millingen, who seems to have been admitted to a great degree of familiarity with him, tells some very curious anecdotes, which, though some portion of them may not be altogether new, deserve to be remembered for their undoubted authenticity alone. Being invited by Lord Byron to Metaxata, his Lordship's residence in Cephalonia, the surgeon had various opportunities of hearing his opinions upon sundry important matters. Among other interesting revelations, his Lordship mentioned the secret motives which impelled him to espouse the cause of the Greeks, of whom he seems to have entertained the most unfavourable opinion. Indeed, so desperate were his Lordship's notions of the degraded and incorrigible character of that people, that Mr. Millingen was prompted to ask how he reconciled the hearty interest he took in their behalf with the utter contempt for them which he now appeared to entertain. Lord Byron replied,

\* Heartily weary of the monotonous life I had led in Italy for several years; sickened with pleasure; more tired of scribbling than the public, perhaps, is of reading my lucubrations; I felt the urgent necessity of giving a completely new direction to the course of my ideas; and the active, dangerous, yet glorious scenes of the military career struck my fancy, and became congenial to my taste. I came to Genoa: but far from meditating to join the Greeks, I was on the eve of sailing for Spain, when, informed of the overthrow of the Liberals, and the desperate state of things in that country, I perceived it was too late to join Sir R. Wilson;—and then it was, in the unmanageable delirium of my military fever, that I altered my intention, and resolved on steering for Greece. After all, should this new mode of existence fail to afford me the satisfaction I anticipate, it will at least present me with the means of making a dashing exit from the scene of this world, where the part I was acting had grown excessively dull.'—pp. 6, 7.

Nothing is more likely than this to be true. With how few words the unpretending recorder of facts overturns the pompous speculations of biographers! Of Lord Byron's domestic conduct, Mr. Millingen gives us the following particulars:—

\* On dinner being served up, although several dishes of meat were upon the table, Lord Byron did not partake of any, his custom being to eat meat only once a month. Soup, a few vegetables, a considerable portion of English cheese, with some fried crusts of bread, and fruit, constituted his daily fare. He eat with great rapidity, and drank freely. There hap-

pened to be on the table a roasted capon, the good looks of which so powerfully tempted him, that, after wistfully eyeing it, he was on the point of taking a leg ; but suddenly recollecting the rule he had imposed on himself, he left it in the dish, desiring his servant to let the capon be kept till the next day, when his month would be out.

‘ Lord Byron pretended, that the reason of his abstaining from meat, and of his taking nourishment only once in the course of twenty-four hours, was his having experienced, that his mental powers became thereby more alive and powerful ; for nothing blunted or rendered them more torpid than substantial food or frequent eating. Though it is an incontrovertible fact, as indeed every one must, more or less, have experienced, that the stomach and digestive organs materially operate on the functions of the mind, this was not the cause of Lord Byron’s abstemiousness : the real motive being the fear of becoming corpulent, which haunted him continually, and induced him to adopt measures very injurious to his health. I frequently heard him say, “ I especially dread, in this world, two things, to which I have reason to believe I am equally predisposed—growing fat and growing mad ; and it would be difficult for me to decide, were I forced to make a choice, which of these conditions I would choose in preference.” To avoid corpulence, not satisfied with eating so sparingly, and renouncing the use of every kind of food that he deemed nourishing, he had recourse almost daily to strong drastic pills, of which extract of colocynth, gamboge, scammony, &c. were the chief ingredients ; and if he observed the slightest increase in the size of his wrists or waist, which he measured with scrupulous exactness every morning, he immediately sought to reduce it by taking a large dose of Epsom salts, besides the usual pills. No *petit-maitre* could pay more sedulous attention than he did to external appearance, or consult with more complacency the looking-glass. Even when *en negligé*, he studied the nature of the postures he assumed as attentively as if he had been sitting for his picture ; and so much value did he attach to the whiteness of his hands, that in order not to suffer “ the winds of heaven to visit them too roughly,” he constantly, and even within doors, wore gloves. The lameness, which he had from his birth, was a source of actual misery to him ; and it was curious to notice with how much coquetry he endeavoured, by a thousand petty tricks, to conceal from strangers this unfortunate malconformation. If any one fixed a look of curiosity on his foot, he considered it as paramount to a personal insult, and he could not easily forgive it. Sooner than confess, that nature had been guilty of this original defect, he preferred attributing his lameness to the improper treatment of a sprained ankle while he was yet a child ; and he even vented himself bitterly against his mother for having neglected to place him under the care of a competent surgeon.

Besides the medicines, I have mentioned he had daily recourse to soda powders or calcined magnesia, in order to neutralize the troublesome acidities, which the immoderate use of Rhenish wines and ardent spirits continually generated in his debilitated stomach. Nothing could be more strange, and at the same time more injurious to health, than the regimen which he had been induced to adopt, and to which, during several years, he unalterably adhered. He rose at half-past ten o’clock, when, by way of breakfast, he took a large basinful of a strong infusion

of green tea, without either sugar or milk ; a drink, that could not but prove exceedingly prejudicial to a constitution so essentially nervous. At half-past eleven he would set out on a two hours' ride ; and on his return his singular and only meal was served up. Having dined, he immediately withdrew to his study, where he remained till dark ; when, more willingly than at any other time, he would indulge in conversation : and afterwards he would play at draughts for a while, or take up some volume on light subjects—such as novels, memoirs, or travels. He had unfortunately contracted the habit of drinking immoderately every evening ; and almost at every page he would take a glass of wine, and often of undiluted Hollands, till he felt himself under the full influence of liquor. He would then pace up and down the room till three or four o'clock in the morning ; and these hours, he often confessed, were most propitious to the inspirations of his muse.

‘ This mode of life could not but prove ruinous to his constitution, which, however robust it might originally have been, must necessarily sink under shocks so powerful and so often repeated. The disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia obliged him to have recourse to the daily use of pharmacy, which, instead of annoying him, seemed to be a business of pleasure, persuaded as he was, that there was no other way of obviating the misfortune of corpulency : but after the evanescent stimulation of alcohol had subsided, hypochondriasis, the inseparable companion of intemperance, plunged him in a condition often bordering on despair.

‘ From the moment Lord Byron embarked in the Greek cause, his mind seemed so completely absorbed by the subject, that it rendered him deaf to the calls of the muse ; at least, he repeatedly assured us, that, since his departure from Genoa, he had not written a single line : and though it appeared from his conversation, that he was arranging in his head the materials of a future canto of *Don Juan*, he did not feel his poetical vein sufficiently strong to induce him to venture on the undertaking. It was an invariable habit with him to write by fits and starts, when the impetuosity of his Pegasus could no longer be restrained ; and he often observed, that the productions of his pen, to which he was most partial, were those which he had composed with the greatest rapidity. If he ever wrote anything worth perusing, he had done it, he said, spontaneously and at once ; and the value of his poems might, according to him, be rated by the facility he had experienced in composing them, his worst productions (his dramatic pieces) being those that had given him most trouble. The *Bride of Abydos* was composed in less than a week ; the *Corsair* in the same space of time ; and the *Lamentation of Tasso*, which he wrote at the request of Teresa of Ravenna, was the business only of two nights.

‘ During his stay at Metaxata, the portion of his time, which was not employed in correspondence with the different chiefs in Greece, and his friends in England, was devoted to reading. Novels, from his earliest youth, were the works in which he delighted most, and they formed almost his sole occupation. So prodigious was the number which he had perused, and so strong was the impression they had left on his memory, that he frequently defied us to mention one, however indifferent, that he had not read, and of which he could not give some account. Sir Walter Scott's were his favourites ; and so great was the pleasure he derived from them, so often



had they banished from his mind the sad train of thoughts attendant on despondency, that he professed himself bound to their author by ties of the liveliest gratitude; and though habitually frugal of praise, he constantly spoke of this distinguished writer in terms of the most lavish admiration. The conversation happening once to fall on modern poets, on being asked his opinion of Sir Walter, he observed: "I have received so many benefits from him as a novelist, that I cannot find it in my heart to criticise him as a poet." Passing in review the rest of the poets, he gave to each, without exception, a few lashes of that playful, but often caustic satire, which invariably enlivened his conversation, and rendered it so piquant. Southey and Wordsworth served him as targets, against which to vent his bitterest sarcasms. We were not a little surprised to find that he did not spare even \* \* \* \*. It was some time before he would let out what had indisposed him so much against a man, whom he had publicly called his friend; but he spoke at last of a letter, in which this friend had taken the liberty of censuring him rather freely on the immorality of certain passages of *Don Juan*: a liberty which was deemed highly misplaced, and by a person so excessively touchy as Lord Byron, and whose vanity, vulnerable on all sides, never overlooked the slightest offence, was not to be forgiven. Small reliance, it would appear, is to be placed on the friendship of poets for each other: like coquettes, they look with an evil eye at any one of their craft, who has pretensions to beauty: and the slightest incident of displeasure is sufficient to cause them to throw off the mask that concealed their enmity.

'Among Lord Byron's books there were very few poetical works; and, what may appear strange, he did not possess a copy of his own. Next to the British poets, those which he read in preference were the Italian—Ariosto and Dante more especially. With respect to the ancient classics, he was too indifferent a scholar to be able to peruse the originals with any degree of pleasure. He was as partial to the French prose writers as he was averse to their poets. He entertained a singular prejudice against every thing that bore the name of this nation; and it may be cited as a proof of the sway, which preconceived opinions exercised over his mind, that not only he would never visit any part of France, but purposely avoided even entering its confines; and absolute necessity alone could induce him to express himself in the French tongue. Italian was the language he used in conversing with foreigners, and he spoke and wrote it with peculiar purity and elegance. It has been supposed by many, that Lord Byron was familiarly acquainted with German literature; and critics in Europe have often laid imitation and even plagiarism to his charge; yet he certainly understood scarcely one word of that language; and the only knowledge he possessed of the productions of the most celebrated German authors, was derived from the very limited translations of their works that have appeared in England.'—pp. 7—13.

Mr. Millingen, so far from finding Lord Byron to be that proud, reserved man, he had been led to expect, discovered in him the merriest and most open of companions. Indeed, he was unguarded to a fault, for our author refuses to repeat many of the anecdotes which his noble friend had disclosed, so injurious would they prove to living persons. We pass over an account of Lord Byron's arrival

at Missolonghi, and his proceedings there, for the purpose of organizing his brigade, and for establishing concord amongst the Suliots. Mr. Millingen blames, with apparent justice, the improvident conduct of the Greek Committee in London, and particularly for having sent out Parry, of whose character our author does not speak in terms of any great respect. We quote the following anecdotes respecting this person:—

‘ Sometimes, when his vein of humour flowed more copiously than usual, he would play tricks on individuals. Fletcher’s boundless credulity afforded him an ever ready fund of amusement, and he one evening planned a farce, which was as well executed and as laughable as any ever exhibited on the stage. Having observed how nervous Parry had been, a few days before, during an earthquake, he felt desirous of renewing the ludicrous sight which the fat horror-struck figure of the major had exhibited on that occasion. He placed therefore fifty of his Suliots in the room above that where Parry slept, and towards midnight ordered them to shake the house, so as to imitate that phenomenon; he himself at the same time banged the doors, and rushed down stairs, delighted to see the almost distracted engineer imploring, tremblingly, the mercy of heaven. Parry was altogether a “curious fish,” an excellent mimic; and possessed a fund of quaint expressions, that made up for his deficiency of real wit. He could tell, in his coarse language, a good story, could perform the clown’s or Falstaff’s part very naturally, rant Richard the Third’s or Hamlet’s soliloquies in a mock-tragic manner, unrivalled by any of the players of Bartholomew fair, and could always engender laughter enough to beguile the length of our rainy evenings. His description of the visit he paid to Bentham; their walk; Bentham’s pursuit by a lady, named City-Barge, was highly humorous, and pleased Lord Byron so much, that he purposed putting it in verse, like that of Gilpin’s trip to Edmonton.

‘ It was soon perceived that the brandy-bottle was Parry’s Castalian spring, and that unless he drank deep, his stories became dull. Lord Byron, in consequence, took constant care to keep him in good spirits; but unfortunately, partly from inclination, and partly to keep him company, he drank himself to the same excess. One evening, by way of driving away the vexation he had experienced during the day, from an altercation with some one, whose name I do not now remember, Parry prescribed some punch of his own composition, so agreeable to Lord Byron’s palate, that he drank immoderate quantities of it. To remove the burning sensation his lordship, soon after, began to experience, he ordered a bottle of cider; and having drank a glass of it, he said it was “excessively cold and pleasant.” Scarcely had he said these words when he fell upon the floor, agitated by violent spasmodic movements of all his limbs. He foamed at the mouth, gnashed his teeth, and rolled his eyes like one in an epilepsy. After remaining about two minutes in this state his senses returned, and the first words he uttered were: “Is not this Sunday?” On being answered in the affirmative, he said; “I should have thought it most strange if it were not.”

‘ Doctor Bruno, his private physician, proposed opening a vein; but finding it impossible to obtain his consent, he applied leeches to the temples, which bled so copiously as almost to bring on syncope. Alarmed to



see the difficulty Dr. Bruno experienced in endeavouring to stop the hemorrhage, Lord Byron sent for me, and I succeeded in stopping the bleeding by the application of lunar caustic. The acute pain, produced by this slight operation, rendered him more than ever impatient, and made him say, "In this world there is nothing but pain."—pp. 116—118.

Having quoted thus much from the work before us respecting Lord Byron, we shall make no apology for concluding our notice of the illustrious poet, with an account by Mr. Millingen, of his last illness and death,—an account which, it will be seen, embraces some very remarkable particulars.

'Riding was the only occupation that procured him any relief; and even this was but momentary. On the 9th of April, prolonging his ride further than usual, he was on his return caught in a shower, and remaining exposed to it for more than an hour, he complained in the evening of shooting pains in his hips and loins; but he found himself, the next morning, sufficiently well to ride out for a short time. On his return, however, he scolded his groom severely, for having placed on the horse the same wet saddle he had used on the preceding day.

'Mr. Finlay (then a staunch Odyssean), had been deputed to engage Lord Byron to assist at the congress at Salona. This gentleman and myself called upon him in the evening; when we found him lying on a sofa, complaining of a slight fever and of pains in the articulation. He was at first more gay than usual; but, on a sudden, he became pensive, and after remaining some few minutes in silence, he said that during the whole day he had reflected a great deal on a prediction, which had been made to him, when a boy, by a famed fortune-teller in Scotland. His mother, who firmly believed in cheromancy and astrology, had sent for this person, and desired him to inform her what would be the future destiny of her son. Having examined attentively the palm of his hand, the man looked at him for a while stedfastly, and then with a solemn voice, exclaimed: "Beware of your thirty-seventh year, my young lord; beware!"

'He had entered on his thirty-seventh year on the 22d of January: and it was evident from the emotion with which he related this circumstance, that the caution of the palmist had produced a deep impression on his mind, which in many respects was so superstitious, that we thought proper to accuse him of superstition:—"To say the truth," answered his lordship, "I find it equally difficult to know what to believe in this world, and what not to believe. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been to make me hitherto live a freethinker. You will, I know, ridicule my belief in lucky and unlucky days; but no consideration can now induce me to undertake any thing either on a Friday or a Sunday. I am positive it would terminate unfortunately. Every one of my misfortunes, and, God knows, I have had my share, have happened to me on one of those days. You will ridicule, also, a belief in incorporeal beings. Without instancing to you the men of profound genius, who have acknowledged their existence, I could give you the details of my friend Shelley's conversations with his familiar. Did he not apprise me, that he had been informed by that familiar that he would end his life by drowning; and did I not, a short time after, perform, on the sea beach, his funeral rites?"—pp. 128—130.



We must be excused, if we refrain from entering with Mr. Millingen into the medical treatment of Lord Byron shortly before his death, since it involves some points of personal difference between himself and Dr. Bruno, which we think do not require that the public should be called to witness their adjustment or discussion. Whatever may have been the therapeutic blunders of Bruno, Mr. Millingen is convinced that the fate of Lord Byron was already fixed—fixed by that impression of the certainty of his death, to which his Lordship's mind always clung.

“The prediction of the Scotch fortune-teller was ever present to Lord Byron; and, like an insidious poison, destroyed that moral energy, which is so useful to keep up the patient in dangerous complaints. “Did I not tell you,” said he repeatedly to me, “that I should die at thirty-seven?”—p. 138.

During the last days of his malady, Lord Byron appeared thoughtful, and occasionally agitated, but the superstition which was engrafted on his infancy, retained its empire over him to the last moment.

“I was not a little surprised to hear him ask me on the 15th, whether I could not do him the favour of inquiring in the town for any very old and ugly witch? As I turned his question in derision, he repeated to me with a serious air; “Never mind whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell.”

“Knowing the necessity of indulging a patient in his harmless caprices, I soon procured one, who answered exactly to his description. But the following day, seeing that he did not mention the subject, I avoided recalling it to his memory. It is in the Levant an almost universal practice, as soon as a person falls ill, to have recourse, in the first instance, to one of these professed exorcisers. If their art does not succeed in restoring the patient to health by destroying the power of fascination, then the medical man is called in. But without this previous preparation, none of his medicines are supposed to be capable of curing the complaint.

“Two thoughts constantly occupied his mind. Ada and Greece were the names he hourly repeated. The broken complaints he uttered, lamenting to die a stranger, to the sole daughter of his affection, not only far from her embrace, but perhaps the object of the hatred, which he thought had been carefully instilled into her from her tenderest infancy, showed how exquisitely his parental feelings were excited by these sad considerations. The glory of dying in Greece, and for Greece, was the only theme he could fly to for relief, and which would dry up the tears, he abundantly shed, when pronouncing Ada's name. In the agony of death,—that dreadful hour when, leaving the confines of life, the soul is launched into eternity—his parting look, his last adieu, was to Greece and Ada. I was present when, after taking the first antispasmodic mixture, he spoke to Fletcher for the last time, recommending him to call on his sister, on Lady Byron and his daughter, and deliver to each the messages, which he had repeated to him before. His feelings, and the clouds of death, which were fast ob-

scuring his intellect, did not allow him to continue: "You know what you must say to Ada:—I have already told it you; you know it, do you not?" On hearing Fletcher's affirmative, he replied, "that's right."

'On the 18th, he addressed me, saying: "Your efforts to preserve my life will be vain. Die I must: I feel it. Its loss I do not lament; for to terminate my wearisome existence I came to Greece.—My wealth, my abilities, I devoted to her cause.—Well: there is my life to her. One request let me make to you. Let not my body be hacked, or be sent to England. Here let my bones moulder.—Lay me in the first corner without pomp or nonsense."

'After his death I informed Count Gamba of Lord Byron's dying request; and at the same time urged the imperious obligation he was under, of executing it with religious punctuality. The count replied, that a great man belonged to his country: and that it would be a sacrilege to leave his remains in a place, where they might, one day, become the sport of insulting barbarians. He desired us to embalm the body carefully; his last duty to his friend would be performed when he had deposited his body in the same vault that contained his illustrious ancestors.

'It is with infinite regret I must state, that, although I seldom left Lord Byron's pillow during the latter part of his illness, I did not hear him make any, even the smallest, mention of religion. At one moment I heard him say: "Shall I sue for mercy?" After a long pause, he added: "Come, come, no weakness! let's be a man to the last."—pp. 139—141.

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'Before we proceeded to embalm the body, we could not refrain from pausing, in silent contemplation, on the lifeless clay of one, who but a few days before, was the hope of a whole nation, and the admiration of the civilized world. After consecrating a few moments to the feelings, such a spectacle naturally inspired, we could not but admire the perfect symmetry of his body. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the forehead; its height was extraordinary, and the protuberances, under which the nobler intellectual faculties are supposed to reside, were strongly pronounced. His hair, which curled naturally, was quite grey; the mustachios light coloured. His physiognomy had suffered little alteration; and still preserved the sarcastic haughty expression, which habitually characterized it. The chest was broad, high vaulted, the waist very small, the pelvis rather narrow; the muscular system well pronounced, especially that of the superior extremities; the skin delicate and white; and the habit of the body plump. The adipose tissue was every where predominant, a proof of his natural predisposition to embonpoint; which his severe abstemiousness could hardly counteract. The only blemish of his body, which might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo himself, was the congenital mal-conformation of his left foot and leg. The foot was deformed, and turned inwards; and the leg was smaller and shorter than the sound one. Although Lord Byron preferred attributing his lameness to the unskilful treatment of a sprained ankle, there can be little or no doubt that he was born club-footed.

'The following are the principal phenomena, which the autopsy presented. The cranium resembled completely that of a man much advanced in age; its sutures were obliterated; its two tables were united into



one; no traces of the diploe remained, and the texture of it was as hard as ivory. The adhesion of the dura mater to the interior of the skull-cap was extraordinarily strong. Its vessels were large, highly injected, and it had acquired at least twice its usual thickness. Each of its surfaces was covered with strong organized bands, uniting them powerfully to the adjacent parts. Its prolongation, the falciform process, was perhaps even more inflamed, and adhered firmly to the hemispheres; and the tentorium cerebelli, though in a less degree, was also strongly injected. The pia mater presented the appearance of the conjunctiva of an inflamed eye. The whole system of sanguiferous vessels, of the cerebrum and cerebellum, was gorged with blood, and their substance was surprisingly hard. The ventricles contained several ounces of serous fluid.

\* The lungs were perfectly healthy and crepitant; and what is seldom observed in natives of cold climates, had not contracted the slightest adhesion to the pleura. The appearance, presented by the heart, was singular. Its parietes were as collapsed, and of a consistence as flabby as those of persons who have died of old age. Its muscular fibres were pale, and hardly pronounced; and the ventricles had no thickness whatever.

\* The liver was beginning to undergo the alterations, observed in persons, who have indulged in the abuse of alcoholic liquors. Its bulk was smaller, its texture harder, its colour much lighter than in its healthy condition. The stomach and intestines presented no remarkable phenomena.—pp. 142—144.

The details which Mr. Millingen now and then gives of the proceedings of the various Greek governments—the imbecility of the individuals who filled the higher offices—their vanity and corruption, and the mutual discord which resulted from all these causes, amply prepare us for those humiliating reverses which the Greeks ultimately experienced, and from the consequences of which they were saved alone by the compassionate interposition of the allied sovereigns. The only man who seemed to possess the talents that befitted the crisis, (we speak of the years 1824, 1825) was Mavrocordato, and even he was betrayed by his ambition into situations for which he was totally unfitted. Mr. Millingen admits that this chief practised the arts of dissimulation, but it was only, he adds, because no other sort of conduct would suit the notions of those with whom he had to deal. In fact, the country, if it had not been overrun by the Turkish troops, in process of time, would have sooner or later fallen a prey to the military chiefs, who, under pretence of forming its defensive and protecting force, literally tyrannized over the common people. It is owing to the disgust with which the latter viewed the conduct of their domestic oppressors, that they abandoned the zeal, which had, in the origin of the revolution, driven them to such acts of heroism against the Turks. They sighed for deliverance from the yoke of the self-constituted masters who had sprung from their own body, and Mr. Millingen says, that even so early as 1824, the people used to ask, if the European powers would not send them a prince to govern them with mild-



ness and impartiality. Mr. Milligen gives a sample of the conduct of one of these captains.

'The administration of this (Cesaro near Mesolonghi) and of all villages, dispersed over the country, had suffered no alteration with the revolution, except that the Cogiabashi (elder) dealt now with the Greek capitano instead of the Turkish aga. The new chief, generally selected from among the most notorious highway-robbers, instead of removing the yoke, which pressed so hard on the neck of his countrymen, rendered it more insupportable. Formerly the raya could by artifice impose upon the indolent stupidity of the Turk, and withdraw himself momentarily from his tyranny. This was now become impossible; and what still more embittered the feelings of the Greek was, that, far from enjoying some compensation for the thousand evils and losses, the revolutionary war had occasioned, he saw his very brother changed into his despot. If the injustice of a spalò, or aga, were too evident, redress might often be obtained by complaining to the cadi or to the pasha; but now the oppressed saw no superior force to afford him protection against his oppressor. Escorted by a numerous train of his former companions, and other resolute fellows armed up to the teeth; the capitano travelled through his province, from village to village, levying arbitrary contributions and collecting tithes, under pretence of maintaining his troops; and dispensing justice to the highest bidder. Should any one, out of obstinacy or poverty, fail to pay the imposed sum, without further process, he was, *ad terrorem*, extended on the ground, whilst two of the most vigorous palichari alternately struck his posteriors with ponderous bludgeons, like men threshing corn; till he vociferated, that he had devised the means of procuring himself the money in question. Pecuniary punishments were those preferred by the capitani, when dispensing justice. I heard from one of them the following observation, which was long after repeated word for word by a pasha: "beat a Greek merely, he'll forget the punishment with the smart: fine him, and he will never forget the loss of what is dearer to him than his heart's blood; but that which will correct him best of his faults, is to make him pay first, and then beat him into the bargain." As long as the capitano continued to honour the village with his presence, he and his soldiers lived on the fatness of the land; the poor peasant's flock, poultry-yard, and cellar, daily feeling the effects of their revels.'—pp. 158—160.

We cannot follow the author through the remainder of his narrative, which brings down the history of Greek affairs to the landing of Ibrahim Pasha's expedition, and its successful issue. It will be sufficient for us to observe, that throughout the whole details, it is manifest that the triumphs of the enemy were uniformly owing either to the want of common prudence, conduct and courage, to the influence of faction, to a general feeling of distrust on the part of the Greeks—and that during the later stages of the resistance which they made to the Turkish troops, it was easy to see that the battle of freedom would soon be lost in such degenerate hands.

As we have yet to pay our respects to Captain Trant, we are reluctantly compelled to omit many interesting notices of Greek

character and manners which Mr. Millingen has preserved. The account of the Zagoriotēs, however, is too curious to be passed over. Zagori, a district in the neighbourhood of Joannina, is famous, over the Levant, for its fertile generation of itinerant quacks.

\* The male population consists solely of M.D.'s; Zagoriot and doctor being synonymes; and indeed, the medical profession becomes, in their hands, so lucrative, as entirely to supersede the necessity of any other. An idea of their wealth may be formed from their houses, which are well-built, spacious, and the best furnished in Turkey. When at home, they live like gentlemen at large.

\* It may not prove uninteresting to those, who wish to ascertain the state of medicine in Turkey, to hear some particulars relative to the education and qualifications, requisite to obtain a degree at this singular university. The first thing taught to the young men is the professional language; a dissonant jargon composed purposely to carry on their business, hold consultations, &c. without being understood by any being in existence but themselves. They are then taught reading sufficiently to decipher the pages of their *ιστροσοφι*, or manuscript, containing a selection of deceptive formulæ, for all possible diseases, incident to human nature. When a candidate has given before the elders proofs of his proficiency in these attainments, they declare him to be, *dignus entrare in docto nostro corpore*; and he then prepares to leave Zagori. The Zagoriotēs generally travel about Turkey in small bands, composed of six or eight different individuals, each of whom has a separate part to perform, like strolling players. One is the Signor Dottore. He never enters a town, but mounted on a gaudy-caparisoned horse, dressed in long robes, with a round hat and neckcloth; never opening his mouth but *ex æathedrà*, his movements are performed with due professional gravity, and he is at all times attended by his satellites. One is the apothecary; the second the dragoman; for it is the doctor's privilege not to comprehend a syllable of any other language but the Zagoriot; a third is the herald, who, endued with a surprising volubility of tongue, announces through the streets and in the public squares, the arrival of the incomparable doctor; enumerates the wonderful cures he has performed; and entreats the people to avail themselves of this providential opportunity: for not only does he possess secrets for the cure of actual diseases, but of insuring against their future attacks. He possesses the happy talent too of ingraviding the barren, and leaves it to their choice, to have male or female, &c. &c. He is skilled in the performance of operations for the stone, cataracts, hernia, dislocations, &c.

\* Two others, who pass under the denomination of servants, employ their time in going from house to house in quest of patients; and as, from their menial employment, they are thought to be disinterested, credit is the more easily given to their word. Thus they journey from town to town, hardly ever remaining more than a fortnight in any place. After a tour of five or six years, they return for a while to their families, and divide in equal shares the gains of their charlatanism. On a second journey they all change parts, in order to escape detection. The dottore yields his dignity to the servant, and does the same offices to him, as he



was wont to receive; the dragoman becomes herald, the herald apothecary, &c.'—pp. 210—212.

Captain Trant, who merely travelled for his own amusement, cannot be expected to have looked much beyond the surface of things. The fatigues of a journey in a part of the world so ill supplied with accommodations as Greece, must have contributed but little to induce him to make very extensive or importunate inquiries when no necessity impelled him to undertake them. He seems to have been at little pains to obtain any intimacy with the Greek population beyond what the casual intercourse of a hasty traveller would have enabled him to contract. Hence we have no observations of any importance upon the national character of the Greeks, and little in the way of illustration of their habits and manners, except what may be collected from the conduct of the natives at public festivals, or other exhibitions. We therefore deem the political portion of this volume as by far the most valuable, inasmuch as Captain Trant was enabled to form his opinions upon political topics, from information that could not have deceived him. Thus we regard, with no little interest, the character which our author has painted for Count Capo D'Istrias, and which, if we mistake not, will lead to a satisfactory explanation of the causes that frustrated the disinterested attempts of the Allied Sovereigns to effect the permanent settlement of Greece. It was at Argos that Captain Trant first saw Capo D'Istrias. The traveller had just arrived at that ancient city, having landed from Corfu at Pyrgos, and from that point crossed the Morea.

'Almost the first person whom I chanced to see when I arrived at Argos was Count John Capo d'Istrias, the president of Greece. He was calling upon a gentleman at whose house I stopped, and from his dress I at first mistook him for a Russian officer, and was much pleased with his exceedingly gentleman-like manner and winning address. His features are handsome and dignified, his figure erect and well-proportioned, and his prepossessing appearance is not unsupported by his conversational powers, which are those of a well-informed, well-bred man of the world.' p. 40.

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'Count J. Capo d'Istrias is a Corfiot by birth; and his family, which is of ancient descent, is possessed of considerable property in that island. Count John, who is the second brother, brought himself to the notice of the Russians at the time when they held possession of the Ionian Islands; and having since entered their service, he became well known to the world as a diplomatist, and received credit for a considerable share of talent. At the congress of Vienna he is reported to have called forth from Prince Metternich the remark, "*Ce jeune homme là nous a fait la barbe à tous*," whilst another eminent statesman, Sir T. Maitland, in expressing his opinion of Capo d'Istrias's abilities, said that he was a mere "political puppet." Which of the two sentiments was correct, his conduct since his elevation to the presidency of Greece will best determine. In the year



1819, a visit which he made to Corfu was supposed to have been in connexion with the views of the Hetairists, whose cause he was known to advocate; but when the revolution burst forth in Wallachia, and that Greece was called upon to arm by Prince Alexander Ipsilanti, Capo d'Istrias was urgent in his endeavours to check the progress of an insurrection which, being premature, he foresaw threatened destruction to those concerned in it; he is said to have strongly assured the Greeks that they had no assistance to hope from Russia; and however he may secretly have been connected with their party, he overtly disavowed their proceedings; and, until he was summoned by the nation, did not offer to join the patriot cause;—but there can be no doubt that he had from the commencement looked forward to the supreme command.

‘In the month of January, 1828, Capo d'Istrias arrived at Napoli di Romania, in a British line of battle ship; and Griva, who was at that time at war with Colocotroni, opened the gates of the fortress to him, and thus placed the key of the Morea in his hands; the other refractory chieftains hastened to show their patriotism by acknowledging the president, who, without any exercise of force, found himself at the head of the nation. At this period, the fears of the Greeks, as to their political existence, were hushed; the decided part taken by the allied powers, the battle of Navarino, and the results to which it led, had paralysed the movements of their most formidable opponent, Ibrahim Pasha; and although it is true that the fatal battle of Athens had been followed by the surrender of the Acropolis, the last strong-hold possessed by the Greeks in Eastern Hellas, the Turkish army had not been able to penetrate through the defiles of the Geraunian mountains, or force the position taken up by Church for the defence of the Isthmus of Corinth. From the enemies of Greece the president had therefore comparatively little to fear, and his whole attention ought to have been occupied in allaying the irritation caused by the factions I have before alluded to, and in restoring quiet to the unhappy peasantry. To further his views, all parties were willing to concur. Those men who had hitherto been foremost in opposing the established government, when the member of a native cabal was at its head, hesitated not to support a person who, it was hoped, would prove a stranger to the intrigues of party, and to the spirit of faction. The reputation for talent he had acquired when forming one of the Russian cabinet, fostered the opinion that he was so well initiated in the secret of legislation, as to become a rigid protector of the interests of the infant nation. His arriving in a British man-of-war, at a time when the Allies had announced their intention of interfering in favour of Greece, seemed to imply that he came as the dictator chosen by the allied powers; and all classes, anxious to manifest their gratitude for the protection of the allies, hastened to promise submission to the president. Greece lay prostrate at his feet. How he availed himself of this disposition towards him, will hereafter appear.’ pp. 46—49.

The following retrospect will serve to bring into some connection the two works which are before us.

\* The campaign of 1826 had terminated unfavourably for the Greek cause. Ibrahim Pasha, with his Egyptians, occupied or devastated at his will every part of the Morea, except Napoli di Romania and Epidauria:

the citadel of Athens was closely invested by the Visir Kutayieh, and the dissensions which existed amongst the Greek chieftains raged with greater violence than ever. The common danger, instead of uniting, made them but cling with more tenacity to what little power they still retained; and distrustful as they were of each other's intentions, it was fruitless to expect even the semblance of union amongst them. During the first years of the revolution, three factions rent the country with their eternal disputes: each grasped at power, and in turn exercised it; each waged civil war against the others; and thus, when the invasions of an enemy should have been the signal for calling the Greeks to arms, those who ought first to have answered the summons were imbruing their hands in the blood of their countrymen. The first of these parties was headed by the primates, or great landed proprietors; a set of men who owed their influence to the situation which they held under the Pashas, for they acted as an intermediate body betwixt the Turkish authorities and the people; they were generally selected by the Pashas from amongst those Greeks possessed of most landed property in the districts, and to them they looked for the payment of the *haratsch*, (capitation tax,) and other taxes imposed by the government. Under the plea of enforcing the orders of the Pasha, the primates were guilty of the most arbitrary conduct; the unfortunate Rayah, who should have looked up to his countrymen for support, knew that even the Turk was merciful compared to him; and the intimate knowledge which the Primates possessed of the resources of every Greek who resided within their district, rendered all subterfuge on the plea of poverty unavailing. He who did not submit to be plundered illegally by his Primates was sure to be ruined on some legal pretext by the satellites of government. The Primates, though better educated, formed probably the most vitiated class in the Morea: domineered over by every petty Turk in the country, they soothed their pride by tyrannizing over their wretched tenants; and the acts of rapine, fraud, and oppression, by which their sway was distinguished, were more grievously felt and bitterly complained of than those emanating from the will of their imperious masters. The Turk governed Greece as a conquered country, from which he had a right to extract what wealth he could—he had no feelings in common with the Rayahs whom he ruled over; but the Primates knew well what pangs they inflicted, and those deeds which, when committed by a Turk, might be excusable as the force of habit, in a Primate could only be considered in the light of a crime. The next faction comprised those persons who, as captains of Armatoli, or leaders of bands of Klepths, had possessed themselves of the military power, and who, as long as affairs remained in an unsettled state, were sure of retaining influence; but these chieftains were all divided amongst themselves, and the Moreots and Roumeliots hated each other as cordially as they did the Turks. The third, or constitutional party, comprised all the most enlightened characters in Greece,—men who to natural talents united the advantages of an European education, and in some cases what is rarely to be met with in Greece—probity and disinterestedness.

"The Greek chieftains looked upon each other mutually as a set of *"intriguants,"* who were constantly trying to undermine and supplant each other; and self-interest being the latent motive for all their actions, they would swear an alliance with the opposition faction one day, and have no



scruple in breaking it on the next, should there be an opening for them to join the ruling party. Each person acted as a spy upon the actions of the other, and he who professed to speak with the greatest frankness was sure to be masking some deep design. The perfect knowledge they possessed of their mutual characters placed them so completely on their guard, that even in the most trivial occurrences they withheld their confidence, unless their mutual interest tended to the same point,—then the greatest enemies hesitated not to coalesce, and apparently act in concert, each flattering himself that the other was a dupe of whom he made use, with the firm intention of casting him aside whenever it suited his convenience; and thus the cleverest man, or most accomplished hypocrite, was sure to gain the upper-hand. Those who found themselves thrown out of office rallied round some leading person, whose interests they professed to identify with their own, until, as was not unfrequently the case, government deemed it prudent to buy them off; if not, they at all events formed a party ready to avail itself of whatever advantages might present themselves, and which, by keeping the country in a state of ferment, they hoped to obtain. Whilst professing great patriotism, ambition and the desire of gain were all that actuated them, and those who exclaimed most loudly against bribery were always the easiest gained.—pp. 41—45.

D'Istrias issued a proclamation from the British ship, calling on the Greeks to acknowledge his authority and lay down their arms. This proclamation having been cheerfully obeyed, the President assumed the reins of authority—substituted a new form of government, denominated the Panhellenium, for the old one, and took the necessary steps to secure his power. Mr. Trant charges D'Istrias, in no very courteous terms, with being the creature of Russia, and says that a compact seemed to exist between that power and the President, to the effect, that whilst the former was to maintain him in his supremacy, he was to hold it exclusively for Russian interests. The policy which the President pursued in furtherance of his designs, was to get rid of all the patriotic and able persons in office, whose virtues or abilities offered any probable obstacles to his views, and to place in situations of power and trust his own relations, or other persons disposed to be subservient to his will. The picture of Greece under the complete sway of Capo D'Istrias, as drawn by Mr. Trant, is afflicting enough.

'The Ionian islands poured forth the refuse of their population upon devoted Greece, and every lucrative office or situation of trust was confided to the islanders: they viewed Greece as vultures would a carcase on which they hoped to gorge themselves, even unto satiety; and so well have they employed their time, that there is little now left but the skeleton. To those persons whose accession he deemed advantageous to his party, the President dispensed the French and Russian subsidies with a liberal hand, on the plea of indemnity for losses sustained during the war, and the celebrated Colocotroni, who possesses great influence amongst the peasantry of the Morea, by this means was firmly bound to the President's party; the ignorant Moreots were led to believe that Ibrahim had been expelled from the country by Capo d'Istrias, and that they owed their present security



entirely to him; and as he abstained from taxation, they were easily induced to acquiesce in any measure proposed by the President's satellites. Thus the country was ruled with a tyranny not the less severely felt, though masked under the garb of liberty; the bright dreams of the well-wishers to Greece were dispelled by the conduct of him to whom they had looked as a preserver; factions which they supposed were quelled, like the heads of the Hydra sprung up more formidable than ever; the demoralization of Greece advanced with rapid strides, and as a final blow to the happiness of the country, a system of espionage was established, unequalled perhaps in the most despotic country in the world. The child was set as a spy upon the actions of the parent, the brother upon the brother; the privacy of families was invaded, letters were opened, and on one occasion the government mail was actually *robbed by the orders of the President, who was anxious to examine its contents.*'—pp. 53—55.

For a gentleman who boasts that he went to Greece rather biassed in favour of Capo D'Istria's proceedings, this is a very strong description. In the midst, however, of all this apparent strength and security, the President was stunned with the announcement of the protocol of London—a document that threatened at once to close the prospects which his ambition had long contemplated, and he resolved to take adequate measures to resist the blow, or at least to diminish its force. He summoned a national Assembly; the deputies to which, Mr. Trant says, D'Istria's contrived should be persons in his own interest, and accordingly all his propositions received their sanction. The assembly was then dismissed; and Capo D'Istria fixed the seat of government at Napoli—after having, as he thought, impressed those who viewed the proceedings of the assembly from a distance, that he was the person in whom the government of Greece must remain, if it was intended that she should become free and prosperous.

'By his apparent attention to the progress of education, he exhibited his judicious care of the interests of the rising generation, and this he knew was a bait which would be seized with avidity by those who were not able to examine the truth of his statements; and by renouncing any salary for himself, he hoped to gain the credit of being actuated solely by disinterested motives in all his proceedings. But, unfortunately, his words and deeds have been at variance. In his efforts to obtain the sovereignty of Greece, he pursued an underhand, intriguing course, which alienated from him those persons who, at one time, would have supported his cause; and this circumstance alone suffices to prove that his talents have been overrated. Of him may be justly said,

"Tel brillé au second rang, qui s'éclipse au premier."

He made an excellent Russian minister, but his mind has too long pursued the tortuous path of diplomatic cunning to be capable of viewing affairs in a straight-forward, undisguised manner; and he possesses not the independent high-minded principles which should characterise the sovereign of a free nation. His views of government are contracted; and it will be a happy day for Greece when he is called upon to lay down the power which he has so much abused.'—pp. 61, 62.

Mr. Trant, in a subsequent part of his work, describes the effect that was produced on the different parties in Greece by the appointment of Prince Leopold to the sovereignty.

‘When the nomination of Prince Leopold was first publicly talked of, the President affected to treat the report with contempt; but when the fact became subsequently known, he expressed himself delighted with the decree of the Allied Powers, and said, “that from the commencement of his government, he had been constantly impressing upon them the necessity of placing a foreign prince on the throne of Greece; that, for his part, he had long been tired of public life, and wished to pass the remainder of his days in retirement; but if his dear country required that he should still devote his talents to her cause, he would willingly serve under Leopold as minister, or in any other capacity.”

‘To those who were acquainted with Capo d’Istrias’s character, these professions seemed of dubious import; in the exaggerated and malicious reports subsequently circulated amongst the people, it was easy to perceive that some deep counterplot was in agitation; and so well were his subordinate engines worked, that he succeeded in maturing his projects, and (as the result proved) threw imaginary difficulties in the way of the sovereign, which caused his resignation, and delivered Capo d’Istrias from the fear of English influence. Capo d’Istrias well knew that if a British Prince ascended the throne of Greece, his power would terminate; he had long since given up all hopes of imposing upon the clear-sightedness of the British Government, who had pierced through the flimsy veil he cast over his designing policy; he knew that the false patriot appeared to them in his true colours, and by an underhand intrigue could he alone hope to counteract the fate which he foresaw awaited him. The senate was called; he pulled the strings of his puppets, and whilst he uttered the words, the obedient machines performed whatever the showman required.

‘I was speaking one day to an extremely clever Greek gentleman, relative to the change likely to ensue in Greece, on the arrival of Prince Leopold, who, he hoped, would hasten his departure from England; and by a strange though just comparison—“The first seven years of the Revolution,” said he, “may not unaptly be termed our hell; the last two, our purgatory; and we now, in the accession of Prince Leopold to the throne, hope to realize our Paradise. Those who have really the welfare of Greece at heart, view the nomination of the Prince as the measure, of all others, that they could most have desired. Greece, in his appointment, sees that not only the wishes of the Allied Powers, but also her own feelings have been consulted; and that far from having a sovereign imposed upon her, she has, in fact, been a party in his selection; for, in 1825, when first she sought the protection of Great Britain, she requested that Prince Leopold might be sent to preside over her interests. Under his government, in five years we may hope to see Greece a flourishing country; the wounds caused by the Revolution are already partially healed; and although the spirit which should animate and fully awaken the energies of Greece is still dormant, it is not from there being a deficiency of materials to work upon, but because there has been no controlling power to call it forth and direct its first impulse. That being once given, and life infused into the weakened frame of this country, its prosperity will increase most rapidly. The



recent events in Greece may be compared to those fires which, in consuming the withered herbage of the mountains for a time, cause the land to seem bleak and desolate; but after the first beneficent shower, the verdant grass springs up, the shrubs sprout forth anew, and it appears that the flames did but clear away the noxious weeds and enable the young plants to shoot without resistance. So it is with Greece. The fire of the Revolution destroyed every thing, and converted the country into a desert; the President's rule checked the farther progress of the flames; and we may now hope to see them extinguished, and that our devastated country will again spring into existence."—pp. 244—247.

We give Captain Trant's concluding reflections.

‘I had seen enough of Greece to convince me that although she possesses great capabilities, yet the future ruler will have a most arduous task to perform in bringing her within the bounds of civilization. Inveterate habits and prejudices must be weeded from the minds of the people, and their irascible passions calmed; a new impulse must be given to the enterprising spirit of her mariners; a lawless soldiery is to be disbanded and thrown loose upon the country; taxation must be enforced; roads made, and justice administered; and to effect these objects, the new Sovereign must be supported by a foreign army, and resolve to govern his subjects with a

“Main de fer et gant de velours.”

‘The proceedings of Capo d'Istrias's assembly at Argos sufficiently demonstrate the incapacity of the Greeks generally to understand the advantages of a representative government; and, therefore, previous to throwing any power into the hands of the delegates from the people, it would be necessary to form municipalities, and thus initiate them into the secrets of election. Municipal power would be so immediately felt by the persons interested, that they would learn to duly estimate the value of having a voice in the nomination of those authorities; and when this feeling becomes generally understood, it will be time to form a representative assembly. In the present state of affairs, the Greek people are so unfit to take any share in the proceedings of the government, that it would be an act of folly to grant them at the onset the constitution which may hereafter be requisite for them. Their debates would only be the efforts of one faction trying to undermine the other; and the partisans of the President's family, anxious to throw every impediment in the way of the new sovereign, under the pretext of demanding constitutional rights, would try to counteract all the measures of the Government. The misrule of the President, during the last two years, has placed the Sovereign in a more difficult position than that of Capo d'Istrias in 1827, inasmuch that, in addition to the vices of the Turkish administration, and to the abuses crept in during the war, he has also to unravel the web of Machiavelian texture with which Capo d'Istrias has entangled the country: and so difficult, or rather hopeless, is this task, that his only chance of succeeding will be in severing it at one blow. It is rather amusing to hear some persons, who know nothing of the Greeks except by hearsay, expatiating on the propriety of granting to them at once a constitution similar to our own; they either know not, or wilfully forget, that for four centuries the Greeks have been slaves to the most despotic power in the world; and that accus-



tomed to be ruled with a rod of iron, it is morally impossible that they should be prepared for a democratic government—the transition is too rapid to be attended with a beneficial result; the materials for a constitution are still in too crude a state to be rendered available for present purposes; and the vicious habits acquired from the Turks are so deeply rooted in the hearts of many, that there is no room for the birth of truly patriotic sentiments. But in the course of a few years, when the steady march of an enlightened government has restored the component parts of the nation to their true equilibrium; when the refractory have not only been told what is right, but obliged to act up to it; when the revenues of the state, instead of being absorbed by a few needy adventurers, flow through the various channels of industry and commerce, until they return to the source from whence they started, again to renew their vivifying course,—then indeed may the Greeks consider themselves an independent people, and claim their right to have a suffrage in state affairs.

\* At present Greece is like a wayward child, who, attempting to run before he can walk, falls, and hurts himself in the effort; and, by his watchful guardians, is again put into leading-strings, until age shall have ripened his mental and bodily faculties. To the good qualities of the Greeks are added many vices; but as the latter are most apparent among those who have mixed much with the Eastern world, we may believe that their virtues are their own, whilst their vices are those of example and education. Many writers upon Greece have been lavish in their abuse of the Greeks, and have not hesitated to stigmatize them with every vice that can disgrace mankind; whilst others, with equal prejudice, have represented them as being so many suffering angels, groaning under the scourge of a tyrant. Both pictures are overdrawn; the Greeks have many more faults than their advocates are led to believe, and fewer vices than their enemies are willing to admit; and a person going to Greece, prejudiced either one way or the other, will find himself much undeceived. Whilst they were a suffering people, they were meek, cringing, and submissive; and when success attended their arms, they became vindictive, cruel, and rapacious: but such are the characteristics of man in an uneducated state, and are applicable not to the Greeks alone, but to many other nations. The whole bent of their learning, during the Turkish rule, was to afford them an opportunity of exerting their talents for intrigue to the best advantage; morality, virtue, honour, were terms the signification of which was obsolete; of what use could they be within the precincts of a Pasha's court? Religion had been absorbed in superstition; and it is a matter of surprise, that the Greeks should possess any virtues whatever. The merits or demerits of the Greeks will, however, soon cease to be a matter of discussion; their regeneration is about to commence; they will soon be united with the great European family; and in the course of a very few years we may hope to see them rapidly approximating to the state of civilization attained by the other nations of Europe\*.—pp. 344—349.

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\* \* Since the foregoing pages were written, the abdication of Prince Leopold has been made public; and one cannot but regret that the Greeks should have been deprived of a Sovereign, who, whatever Capo

In making the reflections contained in the above extract, Captain Trant does no more than repeat what has been a hundred times said of states in a similar predicament with that of Greece. When we hear it so gravely and authoritatively declared of such countries, that they are yet unfit for freedom—that they have shown themselves unfit for it, we always feel inclined to ask, when is it that they will be in a proper condition to receive free institutions? In our opinion no country that has not some experience of such institutions can ever be in a fit state to receive them, and the history of the world is our authority for the doctrine. We hold it to be the course of human affairs, that political liberty must be a certain time in the possession of any community before they can duly appreciate and act up to its spirit. It is an instrument of human happiness requiring long practice from those who use it, to acquire the degree of skill which is necessary to draw forth its proper powers. It seems, therefore, an inevitable preparation to the settled enjoyment of freedom, that a people should in the beginning show extreme awkwardness in their mode of treating so precious a gift. We are allowed to believe that it may embarrass them for a season, and be the means of leading them to many errors and mortifications. We need but look to South America to satisfy us that this is true. There political liberty has hitherto produced only jarring and discordant sounds—for it is yet in the hands only of beginners. But, by and bye, those hands will be endowed with adequate power and skill; and we entertain no doubt, that in the maturity of time, that, which under imperfect management was only a source of discord and displeasure, will fully vindicate its nobler and more beneficial influence. Thinking, then, as we do, that states and communities must be educated to the use of freedom before they can enjoy it; conceiving that during this political probation they will commit many oversights and inconsistencies even to the very verge of forfeiting all claim to its benefits, we are not disposed to tarry until that stage of moral perfection shall have arrived for a given nation, when it can be pronounced to be in a fit condition for the possession of liberty. No, the possession itself is absolutely essential to a due preparation for the exercise and enjoyment of the blessing.

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d'Istrias may say to the contrary, would have been well received by the nation. Capo d'Istrias was anxious to free himself from British influence and a British prince, and hopes, no doubt, to direct the councils of the future sovereign.'—p. 349.



- ART. VIII.—1. *The Sea-Kings in England: An Historical Romance of the time of Alfred.* By the Author of "The Fall of Nineveh." In three volumes. 8vo. London: Whittaker and Co. Edinburgh: R. Cadell. 1830.
2. *First Love. A Novel.* In three volumes. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1830.
3. *Maxwell.* By the Author of "Sayings and Doings." In three volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.
4. *The Persian Adventurer; being the Sequel of "The Kuzzilbash."* By J. B. Frazer, Esq., Author of "A Tour to the Himala Mountains," "Travels in Persia," &c. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.
5. *The Talba; or, Moor of Portugal: A Romance.* By Mrs. Bray, Author of "The White Hoods," &c., &c. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1830.
6. *The Exiles of Palestine: a Tale of the Holy Land.* By the Author of "Letters from the East," &c. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1830.

THE fortunes of Alfred have furnished themes for almost every description of composition. They have been chaunted in epic, celebrated in lyric, ode, and hymn, represented in drama and melodrama, narrated in history, and embellished in romance and novel; and yet, neither in poetry nor prose, has any work been produced approaching to a realization of those charms with which our early conceived notions and associations surround the character of that prince, who, "if we were to judge of him from his writings, might seem to have passed his life in an university; if by his exploits, in a camp; if by his piety, in a cloister; and if by his admirable sense and useful wisdom, might be imagined to have made law and the dispositions of mankind his sole study\*." The last production we remember to have read concerning the story of Alfred, was Pye's epic in six books, a work which, although it boasts of some excellently modulated stanzas, would be laughed at in these days for the extravagance of its prophetic fictions, and for its frequent allusions to the incidents of the first revolutionary war with France. Our memory retains also some distant glimmerings of another poem of the same class, written by one Joseph Cottle, in the dim and remote age of the year 1800. That same Joseph appears to have been a precious frequenter of the Castalian fount, where he met with more "hideous shapes and things," more "rifted crags," and "midnight hags," and "carrion crows," and "necromantic airs," than any other person who has ever drank of the sacred stream. Yet upon turning to the dusty quarto in which his poem is enshrined, we perceive that Mr. Atherstone is more indebted to it than he would, perhaps, wish to acknowledge. Indeed, if we except the loves of Edmund and Elfrida,

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\* Grant's Summary of History, &c.



and the hate of Oswulf towards the former, with some few inventions scattered here and there through the progress of the romance, it must be admitted that Cottle's Alfred and Atherstone's Sea-Kings bear, in all the material incidents, an exceedingly close resemblance. We hear nothing of Alfred's son; but his place is filled up by the said Edmund, who is the hero of the tale, and the son of Alfred's brother. This youth is placed, for his education, in the monastery of Glastonbury, with the destruction of which splendid pile by the Danes the story opens. The retirement of the Saxon prince to the swine-herd's cottage, his sojourn there, his re-appearance in the field, his visit to the Danish camp in disguise, the destruction of the Danish fleet, the atrocities of the battles which followed, and the conversion of some of the Danish leaders, might all be suspected to have been taken from the repositories of Mr. Cottle's poem, as they follow each other in similar order, and almost with similar links of connexion.

For one decided feature in his romance, Mr. Atherstone deserves at least the praise of industry. He has, to some extent, lifted the curtain that hangs over the manners of our early Saxon ancestors, and has succeeded in affording what we think tolerably correct notions of their customs in peace as well as in war. The Danish encampments are also spread before us in bold and powerful sketches, and the whole tone of the work partakes strongly of the agitated, uncivilized, and lawless age to which its characters belong. The style is sometimes raised above that of the novel, without any necessity, and through mere ambition of fine writing. For this fault, however, a poet may be excused, particularly as it is not rendered offensive by frequent repetition. In general, the conversations and narrative are well conducted; the events succeed each other in a diversified and rapid manner, and the interest is maintained throughout with no common skill. The author too often speaks of himself, whereas the writer of a tale ought never to appear at all. The moment he holds up his pen, the delusion of the scene passes away, and it becomes an attempt at imposition. A similar effect is produced by references to authentic history, of which we have here a great deal too many. Who that sits down cordially to a romance ever troubles his mind with the question—Is all this true, or is it merely invention? The point is, to charm the attention, as by the influence of a spell, and, if that be done, the historical critic will clamour to very little purpose.

We shall lay before the reader the scene of the burned loaves, into the spirit of which Mr. Atherstone has completely entered. His portrait of the housewife is natural, and her character most amusingly supported.

\* "There now, Sir Iddlerid,—thee seest how I've put they loaves. Thee'lt just give 'em a turn i' this'ns—dost see? every now and then,—not oftener than need be,—but just to take caution that they bakes sweet and brown all over alike. But thee must ha' thy eyes i' thy head

man, and not i' th' clouds, or i' thy book nonsense,—for if they ben't turned in th' nick o' time, th' crust burns, and that makes waste. And so as thee knowst thee cansn't *earn* thy bread, like other folks that's had better bringing up, why thee'st less reason to *waste 'n*, I count. And thee'lt give a look to th' fire too, just to see that he burns steady; and between whiles throw a small log on,—but not over much. And now I must away to the dairy,—for I've may be three days' cream for the churn. But put aside thy book and thy goose quill man, or thee'lt be thinking more o' thy nonsense-scratting than o' my loaves. Thee mayst look a bit at Den's fish tackle; and that'll be more to th' purpose: and if the morning's fine, thee mayst be off, if thee wilt, by day-break, and try thy hand at a trout or so for thy breakfast: or to-night, if thou wilt: the time's just as good for sport; and a broil'd trout's no bad food to sup on,—or even a jack, handled wi' skill i' th' cooking. But I'd fain see thee come home wi' a salmon i' thy hand, man: and then I should know what to think o' thy hanging."

She looked carefully around, as she concluded this; and gave a finishing touch to the steady wood fire: again cautioned her guest to "keep a sharp eye to the loaves, and not addle his brains with that fool's book:"—received from him an assurance that he would endeavour to mind her injunctions,—and then,—but not without a look of doubt, and a slight shake of the head, accompanied by some half-muttered words, that seemed to express distrust of her guest's capacity for the task she had assigned to him,—strode out of the room.

The countenance of the man, which had hitherto borne the expression of good natured endurance under a petty, but annoying, evil, speedily changed its character after the departure of the bustling housewife. His book was laid aside,—in compliance with the promise which he had given,—and for a short time he sat with eye intent upon the charge committed to him. The loaves were carefully turned,—though apparently with the manner of one performing a mechanical labour while the mind is otherwise occupied,—and the grave baker again filled his chair. He was in the act of performing the second revolution, when the door opened, and the face of dame Swetha appeared, clad in smiles of approbation.

"That's it man!—mind thy work!—there's a good chap!"—said she, and vanished.

He turned at the sound of her voice; but the smile upon his face was like a momentary touch of light on a dark landscape; and a heavy gloom settled instantly upon it. He threw himself into the chair, and gazed with fixed and melancholy eye upon the fire. Ever and anon, he pressed together his closed palms, and appeared struggling with mental anguish: now, his lips moved, and his face was uplifted as if in earnest prayer,—and now he bowed his head, and groaned as though in the agony of hopeless wretchedness. A considerable time elapsed, and he was wholly unconscious of all about him. The sudden bursting open of the door,—the loud vociferation of the dame, and her rapid footstep, aroused him. At the same moment of time, he became aware that the loaves committed to his safe keeping were sending up a thick pungent smoke,—and that his right ear had received a ringing salute from the heavy palm of the enraged housewife.



"The fiend fly away wi' thee for an idle good-for-nothing loon!" cried she, snatching away in haste the burning loaves.—"Dost see? dost see? doited, pen-scratting villain that thee art! Get out o' th' house wi' thee, and never darken my door again! Thee canst eat the bread well enew, ill-looking deevil that thou art!—but thee cansn't see it blazing afore thy nose. Out wi' thee, I say, out wi' thee!—don't tell me,—I'll teach thee what thee'st never larned yet,—out wi' thee! or by all the saints and martyrs I'll fling the ugly carcase o' thee at top oth' fire, and burn thee wi' thy own cakes! A profitless, idle, good-for-nothing, pen-scratting loon!—Ga'way, I tell thee, I'll not hear thee.—Thee wusn't? Then burn my fingers if I don't make thee."

'It was in vain that the poor man,—evidently grieved at the consequence of his negligence,—strove to apologize for it, and to soothe the wrath of the dame. Accompanying her last words with the appropriate action, she snatched up the hot and blackened loaves from the floor,—where they lay scattered in all directions, together with divers implements that, in her fury, she had hurled from their place at the fire,—and with all her might sent loaf after loaf at the head of the luckless baker.

"Take that'n!" she cried, "and that'n! thou worse-than-nothing, lazy, beggar!—thee wusn't get out—wusn't thee! There then—take that'n!—and that'n!—and that'n!—and that'n!—and rid the house o' thee."

'The unfortunate man remained for a little time a patient endurer of the storm. The extremity of her fury prevented Swetha from taking a very correct aim at her mark; but she gradually drew nearer at every throw, so that, once or twice, he escaped the missile only by a quick motion of the head; and once, only by receiving upon his uplifted hand the stroke which would else have fallen upon his face. It was quite in vain for him to attempt to speak. The voice of the termagant was like the din of a battle close at hand,—her face was red as the sun going down among thunder clouds:—he yielded at length to the tempest; and passed deliberately through the door, at the moment that another blackened shot, with a rush that a modern might have compared to the passing of an eight-and-forty pounder, brushed close over his head and carried with it the peasant's cap, which he had hastily put on when compelled to the retreat.

'He did not neglect to shut the door; and his enemy, satiated with vengeance, or perhaps exhausted in the strife, made no attempt to open it. The sounds within died away like retiring thunder. There was at first a loud railing, and rattling of stools, pots, and various articles of wood and iron, that had been displaced,—then a smothered grumbling,—and finally a total silence. The ejected baker lingered at the door, and marked the calm; heard two or three heavy sighs, that might intimate exhaustion, or perhaps the first upbraidings of conscience;—waited yet a little longer,—then gently opened the door, and advanced, with the intention of propitiating his wrathful, but now softened judge. The large wicker chair in which that personage was doubtless seated,—since she was no where visible,—stood with its high back towards him; and for a moment he made a pause, that his presence might be perceived before he too abruptly turned the awful headland of its far projecting side.



“Is that thee Den?” said the dame in a soft and dejected tone,—“A fine dish of fish is there here for thee, my sarty!”

“It is I, good Swetha,” replied the man in a gentle voice. “Will you permit me to take the angling rod, and see if I can bring home a trout for our supper?”

There was no reply. He removed the rod and the basket from their place in the corner; and then advanced, with a slow light tread, and presented himself before the dame.

“I am very sorry for my negligence, good Swetha,” he said,—“and I hope you will forgive me.”

Still there was no answer. One arm of the offended matron hung over either side of the chair,—her feet were pushed forward,—her back was reclined,—her head was turned away from the suppliant. He ventured to take one of her capacious hands in his,—“I hope I have not offended you past all forgiveness, my kind Swetha,” he again said, in a soft and rich tone. But there was no reply.

“I shall return at sunset,” continued he, gently pressing her hand, “and I trust not without some reward of my labours.”

But the dame was immovable. He again pressed her hand, and went softly out of the door.

There was for awhile no stir in the room. The chair at length uttered a creaking sound; and the face of dame Swetha was thrust forth. Apparently she thought that the repentant sinner might not yet have quitted the apartment: but a glance at the door assured her that he was no longer there.

She drew in her feet, and sat more forward, like one undetermined whether to rise, or not; passed her apron over her heated forehead, and drew a heavy breath.

“Well—I ha’ bin in a thunnering rage surelye!”—said she at length, in a half audible tone. “And to see how yon soft spoken chap’s come over me a’ter all. D’rat the face o’ him—but he’s an eye like a dove, and a voice like a nightingale! An’ yet I’ve see’d’n glauce like an eagle,—and heard ’n pray like an harchangel, when he’s thought I warn’t nigh to ’n. But Lord save’s! What’s he good for a’ter all. Can neither plough, nor sow, nor reap, nor thrash, nor churn,—nor tent cattle, nor swine,—nor brew, nor bake—no hang me if he can *bake*!—but, howsomiver I musn’t think o’ that now, else I shall be comin round again,—and I ha’ had enew for one day’s meat I think.—Well Swetha,—thee must be up and doing lass,—for there’s work plenty afore thee. A’ter all, I’m glad I did’nt break the head o’ him. D’rat me, if they loaves didn’t make a dust and a thunner!—I wonder what Father Winnivid would ha’ said, if he’d see’d’n.—But talking’s no walking—and I ha’ got up-hill work afore me to set this job to rights.—And hang me if I ha’nt left the butter half churned?”

Bouncing up as this thought occurred to her, Swetha hastened from the room; and the dairy presently resounded with the measured strokes of the churning-rod, and the uplifted voice of the toil-loving dame.—vol. ii. pp. 211—220.

The preliminary part of ‘First Love,’ in which the infancy and early education of the hero are described, is insufferably tedious.

His name is Edmund also, a favourite name, we observe, with all the minor novelists. Being one day, in the absence of his mother, stolen from his nurse, she substitutes for him a son of her own, the illegitimate offspring of an amour with Edmund's father. The infant, upon gaining strength, is made the instrument of the mendicant who stole him, and, in order to render his pleadings more effective, his legs are concealed by bandages, and replaced by wooden ones. His keepers being one day taken under the protection of the constable, for making too free with property not their own, the child is abandoned, and found by a lady to whom he was related, and by whom he is respectably brought up. He goes to sea, and among the golden honours which he wins, he gains the particular approbation of his own father, who, however, knows him not, and chances to be on board the same vessel with the bastard who was substituted for him. His naval career is attended with progressive success and fame, and ultimately his real origin being discovered, he arrives at the possession of rank and great wealth.

After the first volume, the story is for awhile deeply interesting. From the title it may be understood that the hero began to be a lover at a very early age. The object of his childish fondness, and manly affection, was Julia, a daughter of the lady under whose roof he was taken care of. Through evil and good report, their mutual passion survives. The impediments to their wishes, which always form an essential part of a novel, arise from the contrivances of one of Julia's relatives, whose fortunes are reduced to so desperate a condition that he became a smuggler with the hope of retrieving it. It was believed that he had perished at sea, all the time that, in various disguises, he remained on land, in order to advance the views of his son Henry, who was finally received in Julia's family, though detested by herself on account of his pretensions to her hand, or rather to her fortune, which was the chief object of his aspirations. Attempts are made on Edmund's life, and several mysterious circumstances take place, which are eventually traced to the smuggler's malignity.

The principal merit of this novel consists, not in attempts to paint the manners or vices of the day, or to exhibit striking characters in action, but simply in the winding up of the story, which, through the second and a portion of the third volume is so well told as to charm the attention. But towards the conclusion it becomes so ridiculous, so outré in its incidents, and disgusting in its details, that we are almost inclined to suspect that this part of the tale was entrusted to a different and a meaner mind, and a less accomplished pen. In order, apparently, to fill up the volume, poor Julia is dragged through all the filth of a coal-mine, where she is for a while concealed, by the machinations of Henry and his father, from her family; and when next we meet with her she is found abandoned at sea in a vessel which is on fire. She is saved from her perilous situation by Edmund, who nevertheless makes no love



to her, but on the contrary, by reason of forged letters and other falsehoods, the work of the said Henry, avoids her on this and on twenty other occasions, on which, a word spoken in common candour, would have cleared up the whole mystery. It would not do to make the lovers happy until the last chapter was within view of the author; this we very well know to be the necessary practice of all novel writers, and we cannot object to any reasonable or probable delays which may be interposed in order to put off that consummation to a proper period. But here the object is accomplished by low melo-dramatic horrors, which are quite out of keeping with the elegant circles, amusements, and scenes, that in the preceding part of the story call forth our sympathy and praise. In what manner, may we ask, could the sooty depths of a coal mine, and the jargon of its filthy inhabitants, made still more disagreeable in this instance, by the most remorseless atrocity of character, be interwoven with consistency and advantage in the fortunes of a heroine accustomed to such tenderness of attention as is depicted in the following gay and pleasing scene?

\* During the day, Lord Borrowdale's attentions to Julia were public and unremitting, while the infatuated, unhappy Edmund, witnessed it all in growing sorrow of heart. Had he then, he asked himself, already yielded to a passion so irrational, so dishonourable?—No. He was not quite so mad—quite so base. Had he not always loved Julia? loved her when she was a child—when there could be nothing questionable in the nature of his attachment?—Certainly he had, sincerely, fondly loved her.

Julia, too, in the course of the day, felt a little uncomfortable; she thought that, notwithstanding the friendly conversation of the morning, Edmund, some how, did not seem satisfied. He was not cheerful, he was not frank and obliging as usual; he was not, in short, the least like himself! Could it be, that he fancied he had been but coolly received on his return? Frances and herself used always to make such rejoicing when he came home; but that was when they were children. And yesterday, there was such a hurry with company—yet, possibly, Edmund might have thought it proceeded from silly pride, because there were strangers by, or some such worthless feeling! She longed for an opportunity of speaking to him kindly on the subject, and doing away with such an idea, if indeed it existed. But he now rather seemed to avoid her, while Lady Susan always happened to be speaking to him just when she was intending to do so.

\* At dinner, Lord Borrowdale handed in Julia; for Lord Morven appeared to think it necessary to resign in his favour. Not so Henry, who not only secured the place on the other side of our heroine, but contrived to engross much of her conversation. This was but poor consolation to Edmund; it argued indifference to Lord Borrowdale, certainly; but then Henry, though without title, was at least nearly her equal in birth, being her own cousin. And it was possible—barely possible, that she might be attached to him: he had been at home once or twice when it had not been in Edmund's power to return. His observations this morning might have been prompted by jealousy.



' After dinner preparations were made for a sail on the lake. Edmund observed Lord Borrowdale, from the moment they left the house, eagerly secure to himself the care of Julia. He, however, walked on the other side. But Lady Susan, passing them as they arrived at the place of embarkation, ran on the gang-board alone; then, stopping half way in alarm, and balancing herself with difficulty, yet refusing the aid of the bargemen, she called on Captain Montgomery for his assistance, declared he was the only person who understood boats, and that she should not consider herself safe in any other hands. The gallant Captain could not disobey the summons, nor, having obeyed it, avoid continuing his especial protection to the lady; while Henry coming up at the moment, drew Julia's arm over his with all the freedom of cousinship. The boats, after crossing the lake, coasted along beneath the shade of trees, which hung from the steep rocks almost into the water, while the bare mountain tops, towering far above, were canopied by the heavens, and again reflected in the clear lake, where yet another sky appeared as far beneath.

" ' This—is the spot! " exclaimed Mr. Jackson, " to try the effect of the echoes." They had arrived, as he spoke, opposite the opening to a little valley. A chain of stupendous mountains arose on either side, and one of a conical form, partly shrouded in a white mist which had rolled up from the lake, terminated the far perspective.

' The rowers lay on their oars, and the French-horns commenced an air. Immediately, a gigantic voice from within the steep side of the nearest mountain took it up; the next joined in, and the next; but each less loud, till the receding echoes, in journeying round the lake, reached rugged Borrowdale: there they seemed broken off for some seconds; but soon a distant clamour arose, as proceeding from the thousand mountain tops of that desolate region: the sounds were flung further and nearer, then succeeded each other more rapidly, then became slower in their repeats. At length they came forth again, and continued travelling round the lake on the opposite side; but now, increasing in loudness as they once more approached the boats, and loudest when they reached the mountain which formed the second portal to the little valley already described, and in front of the opening to which the boats still lay. Then fainter, and fainter notes proceeded up the vale, and, at length, at its furthest extremity, died away altogether.

' After a pause of perfect silence, to ascertain that no return of the echoes could be expected, Julia was eagerly called upon to sing. She asked Edmund to join her in the echo duet, and smiled as she spoke to him. Half his unhappiness vanished in a moment, and the song commenced. The tones of Edmund's voice were full and firm. His singing, however, derived its principal charm from his manner, which had in it so much of truth and nature, that you could almost fancy him one addressing you with no object but to persuade by the purport of his words; while the mere inflexions of the voice, in sympathising with that purport, unconsciously formed themselves into varied and melodious harmonies.

' As for Julia's voice, it chanced to be one of those wonders, rare as the blow of the aloe! Cultivation had, of course, not been spared; but it was its native power and unexampled compass which were so remarkable. Its variety of capabilities too, delighted, for in soft or playful passages, its tones had, as we have somewhere remarked, an almost infantine sweetness. On

the present occasion, the scenery, the music, the effect of the echoes, all were inspirations; and the notes which escaped from her lips, gradually arose, till imagination could fancy them travelling on above the clouds, and the listeners felt an involuntary impulse to look upwards, as in pursuit of them. Then, as the air varied, the voice would suddenly fall full and plump on the truest and richest harmonies below, while the higher tones were repeated far above by now receding, now approaching echoes. Soon did the whole wild region round about seem peopled by invisible beings; wandering voices called from every pointed crag of every mountain top; while the steep-sided rock, near which the boat still lay, appeared to contain some dark enchanter, who, all the time in hurried and mysterious accents, spoke from within. Even every little tufted island seemed to have its own, one, wild inhabitant; for each, from some projecting point or hidden bower, sent forth a voice, however faint in its tone or inarticulate in its utterance. Julia's enthusiasm arose so high, that she not only exerted every power of her extraordinary voice, but when she had concluded, forgetting how considerable a part she had borne in the general concert, she cried, "Beautiful! beautiful!" in absolute extacy at the echoes.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Edmund, at the same moment, meaning, probably, Julia's singing, but certainly not his own.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" repeated the voice of thunder from within the adjacent perpendicular rock.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" ran along the invisible orchestra above. Frances could keep her countenance no longer at the self-gratulations of the performers, visible and invisible; she laughed out, and a merry peal from all the echoes followed immediately.

"This is too bad," cried Mr. Jackson, starting (to the great endangering of the boat) from the attitude of delighted attention, in which he had, since the commencement of the song, remained motionless, "this is too bad, to break up the delicious spell with such a farce as this!"

The sun was now near setting: a homeward course was therefore proposed, and the breeze being favourable, a sail was spread, which, not only greatly assisted the rowers, but added much to the picturesque appearance of the gay barge in which our party sat, as, quitting its coasting position, it dipped like a white-winged sea-bird into the dark bosom of the lake, and crossed to the Keswick side.

When they were about to land, Edmund paused a moment to consider whether he ought not to leave Julia to the care of Lord Borrowdale; but she happened at the moment to point out a well-remembered landing-place, beneath an overhanging bower of branches, reminding him how often he had rowed Frances and herself to the spot, and remarking further, a little path, sometimes discernible, among the trees in which they used to walk. Such are the important events which change the resolves of lovers! He gave up all thoughts of the sacrifice he had meditated; hastened to assist her out of the boat; and, as she stepped on the beach, drew the hand he held over his arm, and walked on unconscious of an accident which followed immediately, and which we shall here describe. The hold of the boat-hook on the roots of a stump giving way, the boat was sent, for a few moments, a-drift; and not only was the bargeman, who stood with one foot on the edge of the boat and the other on a projecting piece of rock, precipitated



into the water, but so also was Lord Borrowdale, who was, at the instant, in the very act of leaping ashore to join our heroine. This caused such immoderate laughing among the rest of the gentlemen, and so much pretty terror among the ladies, that Edmund and Julia were not missed till they became quite separated from the party. A most inviting path lay before them, which, after ascending for a time, descended a steep and wooded slope, to an over-arched opening through the trees, just where a single plank crossed a little stream, at a considerable height from the water.

‘Arrived on this rustic bridge they stood, the beauty of the scene suspending the hand of Edmund, which he had laid on a little paling gate at its further extremity, with the purpose of opening it, as it formed the barrier between our wanderers and a fresh cut hay-field.

‘The sun was so low in the horizon that the little mounds of grass which every hand was hastily throwing up for the night at the far end of the meadow, cast their lengthened shadow across half its extent, while the setting beam was still bronzing their tops, together with the faces, garments, and implements of the rustic group employed around them. At the same moment a full moon, just rising to view on the opposite verge of the heavens, was glittering through the branches of some dark firs that terminated the prospect in that direction.

‘Julia, who had several appropriate speeches ready, had been all day only waiting for an opportunity to say them; for she had reasoned herself into a belief that it would be dreadful to let Edmund think himself neglected for newer or gayer objects; but, some how, all this preparation had made a thing so simple in itself, as joking Edmund for being affronted, seem quite awful; and in consequence, her heart was beating so fast, that she was waiting for it to stop before she could begin to speak.

‘“Edmund,” she at length contrived to say, turning and offering her hand; but the foolish fluttering of her heart redoubled, and she stopped short. Edmund started, caught the offered hand, and, puzzled and delighted, pressed it to his lips. She laughed, blushed, and drew her hand away, saying—

‘“I see, Edmund, you are silly enough to be quite jealous.”

‘This was rather an unfortunate choice of expression; for Edmund, colouring to excess, began to stammer out—“I—me—oh—a, I have a—I—”

‘“I dare say you think,” continued Julia, who had no suspicion of the kind of jealousy, which on mention of the word, had presented itself to Edmund’s fancy—“I dare say you think we did not appear as glad to see you as usual, when you arrived so by surprise yesterday; but you came in in so hurried a manner—and—among so many strangers—that—that—”

‘“Indeed, Julia, I—you—” again stammered Edmund.

‘“I am sure none of us intended to be unkind,” continued Julia, “—or less glad, I mean, of your safe return.”

‘“You are too good to be unkind to any one, Julia,” said Edmund, with a sigh. Julia still fancying his manner seemed strangely dissatisfied, began to feel offended in her turn, and a rather awkward pause followed. At length she compelled herself to make another effort, and said, with a reasoning tone—

‘“You cannot suppose, Edmund, that any of your friends at Lodore regard you less, merely from your having been a few years from home!

indeed, if you could know how highly both grandmamma and Mr. Jackson always speak of you, you would not think so!" He made no reply; for it was neither grandmamma nor Mr. Jackson that he was thinking of.

"I believe," she added, trying to laugh, "it really was all I had heard about 'Captain Montgomery, the gallant Captain Montgomery!' which made me find it so difficult to imagine Edmund, who used to play with Frances and myself here in these woods, and the said terrible Captain, fighting the French and destroying the Turks on the high seas, one and the same person;"

"Ungentle employment, it must be confessed!" he replied, with a faint smile.

"Oh—I don't mean that," said Julia, "I—But really, Edmund, I think," she added, gravely, "I have made you apologies enough to restore any reasonable being to good humour."

"You make me apologies!" he commenced: but Julia, as she turned from him, with something of indignation at his supposed obstinacy, forgetting the narrow plank on which she stood, slipped her foot, and would certainly have fallen into the water had he not caught her in his arms, and lifted her to sure footing. Julia, partly from alarm, and partly from the previous exertion of her spirits in saying so much, was a good deal overcome, and even shed tears. The sight of these threw Edmund off his guard. "Would to heaven, Julia!" he exclaimed, "that I were indeed your brother! entitled to the happy privilege of guarding one more precious than life from every danger! of sheltering one dearer than happiness itself—from every sorrow?"

Thunderstruck at his own rashness, he ceased. A smile through her tears was Julia's reply; for, as she was not expecting, or thinking of a love speech, she understood from what had been said, only that friendship and good humour were restored, and Edmund become more like himself. A long silence, however, followed: when Julia at last said, in rather a hesitating manner, and at the same time with an effort at playfulness, "Frances and I have always called you brother, you know, can you not fancy yourself such, and take as good care of us as if you were really our brother?"

"This was a trying appeal; and the beating of Edmund's heart, (closer to which he imperceptibly drew Julia's arm as she spoke,) shewed him that he must not trust himself with the use of language."—vol. ii. pp. 1—19.

The author of this chapter ought to have produced a more agreeable novel: he evidently possesses skill in detecting and following the variations of feeling, and in eliciting decided traits of character. Many beautiful scenes are also well described in his volumes. Like Sir Walter Scott, he is fond of furnishing the painter with the means of tracing his story by sketches nicely touched with light and shade, which frequently diversify and adorn his narrative. We cannot give much praise to the mottoes of his chapters, selected, as he informs us, from his own manuscript poems. If what remains be no better than these specimens, we fear that he is not destined to bask in the sunshine of the Muses.



By the bye, many of his chapters are limited to thirty or forty lines each, while others occupy as many pages, there being no apparent reason, beyond that of mere caprice, for the deviation, in either case, from common usage.

We have never been ardent admirers of Mr. Theodore Hook's novels. Those which pretended to give pictures of what is called "Fashionable Life," appeared to us only to represent its vulgarities; for it is but too true, that inelegant phrases, and vicious habits, are to be found as well in the upper as the lower circles of society. It is wonderful, indeed, how nearly the two extremes approach each other in these respects. The object of 'Maxwell' is to exhibit the ideas, manners, conversation and failings of the middle orders, for which purpose the author fixes chiefly upon the family of a surgeon at the west end of the town, whose son and daughter are his hero and heroine. The lady is in love with a handsome young man, who appears to be the son of a village surgeon; but in his absence she marries, from prudential motives, a stock-broker, who in the grand year of speculation, succeeded in ruining his own fortunes, and those of every body connected with him. He flies to America and dies, whereby his widow is enabled to console herself with marrying her early lover, who returns from India a lord, and the heir of princely estates. Her brother, Maxwell, has the happiness to save a young woman from being run over in Long Acre, and forthwith is irrecoverably smitten with her charms, although he is already engaged to a cousin, whose wealth compensates for her want of personal charms. His innamorata, in the pursuit of whom some awkward circumstances happen to him, proves to be the daughter of a gentleman who was hanged for murder; but though the said gentleman was hanged, he survived Jack Ketch's operations, and is restored to the use of his limbs by young Maxwell's father, to whom he was consigned for the very different purpose of dissection. It so falls out, that before many years elapse, it is discovered that the gentleman whose life was suspended was not the real murderer; he is again received in the world, and his daughter's hand is given to young Maxwell, as a double reward for her own and her father's preservation. This outline, it will be perceived, is not very remarkable for ingenuity or originality.

Mr. Hook's method of displaying character and manners is, in our opinion, generally very disagreeable. He separates himself from all the good feelings and generous sentiments of the heart, and never seems alive to those kindly sympathies which, by invisible links, connect man with man. He looks at the deformities of his fellow-beings rather than at their perfections, and he dwells so constantly, and in such a hum-drum prosaic style upon every thing that is displeasing in their modes of thinking, speaking, and acting, that not only are the puppets of his imagination all great bores, but he becomes himself a bore, in the superlative degree, while he is employed in superintending their movements. His satire is low

burlesque; his portraits are all caricatures, or rather, if we may so say, human nature excoriated. Posterity will form very false notions, indeed, of the manners of the middle orders of our day, if those manners can be discovered only from the novel of Maxwell.

If there be readers, as, no doubt, there are many, who delight in the slang phraseology in which Mr. Hook much indulges, we are happy to say that we are not of the number. It is the language of bad taste and corrupted morals, in whatever class of society it prevails. It betrays a predilection for vice, or a deep acquaintance with it, and is the index of associations in the mind, in company with which virtue, honourable ambition, real worth, never can be found. With these feelings against Mr. Hook's works in general, and against 'Maxwell' in particular, which is one of the most objectionable of the whole set, it would be difficult for us to select any passage from it, which we could recommend to the notice of our readers. We shall, therefore, pass on to the 'Persian Adventurer.'

The author informs us, that although this production is to be taken as the sequel of the 'Kuzzilbash,' he was obliged to alter the title, as some persons, who had not read the former part of the tale, were under the impression that the 'Kuzzilbash' was a cookery book! We observe that he attempts to keep up the delusion, that he is merely a translator on this occasion, as if the whole story, or even a part of it, was to be found in the Persian. This is uncandid, and altogether unnecessary, for no person, of any pretensions to taste, would think of preferring a modern Persian novel to an English one; and no person of discernment could be deceived by Mr. Fraser's reference to what he is pleased to call the 'original narration.' He should have thrown aside this paltry device, and have depended, as well he might, for a considerable degree of success, upon the animated picture of military life in the East, which his volumes present. The hero is a soldier, in the employ of Nadir Koolee, a great Persian conqueror of the early part of the last century; his career is a continued series of active enterprize, which renders him conversant with every shade of existence, and every scene renowned in the annals of that country. We have here no quiet sketches of domestic repose, no assignations of lovers by babbling brooks, no moonlight serenades. All is bustle and action, from the adventurer's departure from Mushed, until his retirement to Karabou-lagh, it having been his fortune to witness the rise, progress, and final dispersion of one of the most splendid armies which was ever assembled upon the plains of Persia.

The reader will be disappointed, if he takes up this work as a mere novel. It aims at a higher title. Doubtless, it contains a great deal of fiction, but the characters, the scenery, and manners, all belong to a country which is, as yet, far from being sufficiently known amongst us. It will be objected, that in the sketches which the author has given, he has admitted the vices of the Persians, with too unsparing a hand. This may be a good reason why such



a work ought not to be allowed to reach the hands of certain classes of readers; upon persons of experience and knowledge it can have no injurious effect, as they will see in it nothing beyond a strong and faithful account of one branch of that wide-spread family, of which we are all members.

Nadir was a brave and able sovereign, so long as he had real difficulties to contend with. But the close of his career was far from being honourable. When, in consequence of a succession of victories, all Persia lay prostrate at his feet, the gloomy passion of avarice took possession of his breast, and he thirsted, to a degree of insanity, for fresh accumulations of wealth. This vice rendered him so cruel in the exaction of revenue from his subjects, and in compelling his soldiers to disgorge their plunder, that from being the most potent and popular of monarchs, he became universally detested, and at length fell the victim of a well-organized conspiracy. The chapter in which this catastrophe is described, is one of the best in Mr. Frazer's three volumes.

‘These ominous appearances in the demeanour of the Shah and of his court were not without sufficient cause. By the time the King arrived at Mushed, the partial disturbances of the kingdom had increased to an almost general revolt; and to complete the series of distracting intelligence, which daily poured in upon the royal ear, tidings at length arrived, that Allee Koolee Khan, the favoured nephew of the Shah, into whose hands he had entrusted so much power, had joined the rebels of Seistan and Herât, whom he had been sent to reduce; and was now publicly in arms against his uncle and his sovereign. In fact, Allee Koolee Khan, who had long watched the frantic conduct of the King, and who had convinced himself that the only way to stop the effusion of blood throughout the empire, and to restore it in some degree to tranquillity, was to deprive him of the sovereignty; had not only taken part with the rebels, but, as the King himself had anticipated, had actually entered into correspondence with Thahmaseb Khan, in hopes of securing that officer's assistance in the development of his plans. The negotiation at first succeeded; but whether Thahmaseb Khan found cause to doubt the Prince's sincerity, or repented of his treason to a master who had ever been indulgent to him, I know not; it is certain, however, that the matter terminated in that officer's death, by poison, administered, it is said, by the order of Allee Koolee Khan. God knows the truth.

‘The revolt of his nephew put the finishing stroke to the firmness, and even to the already shattered intellects of Nadir: his mind became filled with wild and extravagant plans of revenge. Sensible, doubtless, that a crisis was at hand, he dispatched his sons, Nasr Ullah Meerza, Shah Rokh Meerzee, and others, along with much of his valuable movables and jewels, together with the greater number of his women, to the fortress of Kelaat, whither the chief part of his Indian plunder, and his treasures of gold and silver, had been previously transported. He then made systematic arrangements for the remainder of his earthly career; and assuredly the history of the world might be searched in vain for a parallel to the atrocity and frantic wildness of his meditated project.

‘ Perfectly aware of the extreme disgust which his conduct had engendered in the minds of the Persian people, as well as in the army, he could no longer feel in them the confidence which he was conscious of having forfeited; and consequently, he had been for some time past gradually withdrawing his favour and his trust, from both officers and soldiers of that nation, transferring it to his foreign troops, the Oozbeeks, the Toorkomans, and the Affghauns, who had enlisted during the Indian expedition, as well as on subsequent occasions. These, both officers and men, he strove to attach, both by presents and promises, to his interest; and he now resolved to put their zeal to a desperate test.

‘ Assembling secretly the chiefs of these various troops, he disclosed to them his horrible plot, which was, that at a particular time, when the Persian troops should be off their guard, these Oozbeeks, Affghauns, and Toorkomans, should, on a given signal, rush sword-in-hand upon them, and cut the whole to pieces; after which he promised to load them with honours, and dismiss them to their own homes; while he, tired of the world and its villainies, would retire with a chosen band of followers, and end his days in the fortress of Kelaat.

‘ That a project so monstrous should ever have been conceived by the mind of man may at first appear impossible. But when we call to mind the diseased and shattered condition of Nadir’s intellects, the incredibility will disappear. And although it might be a difficult thing to produce palpable and undeniable evidence of the fact, because every individual concerned in maturing the intended plot or proposed to be made an agent in its execution, has since been removed from the land, still assurance that such a plot existed, rests upon authority which can scarcely be doubted. Such, at all events, was the firm belief of every one with whom I have conversed on the subject. For my own part, duty detained me happily at a distance, while the sanguinary intrigues of this critical period were in process of organization; nor did I return till they were on the eve of completion.

‘ It was by the mercy of Providence that this atrocious plot was discovered. Reports differ on the mode; but it was said, that a consultation between two chiefs concerned in its execution, and detailing some particulars connected with it, was accidentally overheard by a Georgian slave, who instantly conveyed the information to some of the principal Persian officers. Probably the communication only hastened a catastrophe, which had for some time been in contemplation.

‘ That Allee Koollee Khan, the Shah’s nephew, was already at this time in correspondence with several of the nobles at court, upon the subject of removing their master by assassination, is not denied, even by himself:—that the plot had attained some consistence, and was instantly forced into maturity by this discovery, appears equally certain. Of the conspirators, Mahomed Saleh Khan, and Mahomed Koollee Khan, both chiefs of the King’s own tribe, and one of them in immediate command of the body-guard, were the principal, and with these were associated, Mahomed Khan of Erivan, Mossa Beg Taremee, and Kouchah Beg of the Gondozloo tribe, together with a certain number of soldiers of the body-guard itself, who treacherously scrupled not to betray the monarch whom they had sworn to protect! Again, I thank the Almighty, that this foul plot was not made known to me:—never should I have agreed to betray



my unfortunate master: and yet how on the other hand, could I have consented to the scenes of blood and slaughter which his continued existence must have caused; and which sooner or later must have terminated in his own violent death?

‘It was the very day before my arrival in camp at Futehead, that this conspiracy had been finally concluded. On this very night, on the other hand, and in this very place, had the ruthless Shah resolved to complete his horrible project, and massacre all the Persians in camp,—my friends and brothers in arms, myself, doubtless, among them. But the term of the hero’s and the tyrant’s destiny was completed;—the measure of his guilt was full, and God would not permit the meditated and monstrous crime.

‘To an observant eye, even though totally unacquainted with the rumours of existing conspiracies, the arrangement of the camp, and the relative position of its several divisions, might have afforded matter of surprise, and even of suspicion; for the troops immediately around the royal quarters were principally Oozbeecks, while the Affghauns and Toorkomans occupied the upper part of the slope upon which the camp was pitched, in such a manner, that the divisions assigned to the Persian troops should, in case of an uproar, be enclosed between two fires. It was asserted, that the Toorkomans and Affghauns were observed whetting their scimitars, according to the custom before an action; and this circumstance did not escape the observation of those who knew what was in contemplation.

‘Notwithstanding the dark treasons and jealous alarms, which rendered the camp no unapt similitude of a mine about to be sprung, the night sunk down in tranquillity and silence; nor would a stranger have imagined that a catastrophe, involving the fate of a great empire, and many thousand human lives, was on the eve, nay, at the very moment of occurrence. Fatigued with the sustained exertions and agitating incidents of the late expedition, I had retired to rest, and was enjoying a profound repose, when one of my most attached followers and guards ran into the tent, and hastily aroused me. “Arise, arise, my lord,” said he, “the camp is in a tumult, and wild cries are heard in the direction of the royal quarters.” Starting up, I was shaking myself, to throw off the heaviness of sleep, for I scarcely comprehended the man’s words, when in rushed Noor Mahomed, exclaiming, ere he well reached the door-way, “In the name of God, Ismael, arise! the camp is in horrible confusion; they say the Shah has been murdered!”

‘Effectually aroused by the bare mention of such an alarming rumour, I hastily threw on my coat of mail and a few clothes, and catching up my arms, ran with Noor Mahomed towards the royal pavilion. Numbers who had been startled by the same indistinct rumour, were now streaming from sundry quarters in this direction; and Iraunees, Affghauns, Toorkomans, and Oozbeecks, all ran thither in a mingled crowd to learn the truth. It was afterwards remembered, that all the latter troops were fully armed; a circumstance which corroborated the belief generally entertained of the intended massacre of the Persian troops on this very night.

‘Before the royal pavilion, the confusion was already complete. The serpurdehs were torn down in many places; a number of persons were running in and out, and blows and loud execrations were beginning to make themselves be heard. For some time our inquiries, what had hap-

pered, remained unanswered; and we knew not what to think, for it was not the first alarm of the kind which had proved groundless, although never before had appearances been so alarming.

At last, observing Moossa Beg, an officer of the guard, passing hastily by, although ignorant at the time of his great share in the business, I stopped and entreated him to tell the truth. "Know ye not of it?" replied he, "*tumâum shoud!*—it is all over!—the bloody tyrant is dead!"—"Pemah-bekhodah! can it be?"—"It is true. Mahomed Saleh Khan Affshar, and the Kussukeheebashee, forced their way in, not an hour ago, killed the eunuch of the guard, at the entrance of the sleeping-tent, cut down some women and other eunuchs, who were moving about, and sought for the shah; but he, probably awakened and alarmed by the noise, could not immediately be found. They caught a sight of him at last, by the light of a small chiraugh, and rushed towards him. But by that time he was on his guard, and while loudly calling on his own guards, actually struck down two of the gholaums who followed us, before a blow from Mahomed Saleh disabled him in some degree, and convinced him of our errand. A fearful scuffle ensued. The shah, at last tripped up, I believe by a tent-rope, (for in the scuffle he sought to escape from the tent, and we had, by that time, got to its outside,) fell, and cried out for mercy, promising unqualified forgiveness to all concerned. "Mercy, tyrant!" said Saleh Khan, aiming at him a terrible stroke; "you never knew what it was, and you shall not now." The blow was mortal; but he received many more wounds before we left him; and then Mahomed Saleh severed the head from the body."

"And were you then one of them, Mossa?" exclaimed I, smitten with horror and with pity; "you an officer!—a confidential officer of his own guard!"—"What was to be done?" responded Mossa Beg; "it was come to the point with a vengeance;—it was *he or me, us* I should say; where was the room for hesitation!—besides, I had the orders of Allee Koolee Khan."

While these words were passing hastily between us, Mahomed Koolee Khan himself came hurriedly by, his clothes sprinkled with blood, and his drawn sword in his hand. "If ye desire to live till morning," said he, "do not stand here gazing upon a broken pipkin, but fly every man to his quarters, and defend his own. The Oozbecks and Toorkomans are upon us already;—let the Jraunees look to it." And in truth the tumult was fast thickening and swelling, and swords were flashing, and musket-shots were dropping here and there. The uproar was soon repeated in other quarters of the camp. The shouts rose into a continued yell of various sounds; the musket peals increased to a continued rattle. The gathering cries of each troop and clan were heard above the tumult. "Affshars! Begauts! Jalloyers! Koords! to your arms! Hah, Gholaumee! keep your ground! The rascally Toorkomans and Affghans are upon us;—and soldiers were fast running about to find their comrades or officers."

It was full time to think of defence; for the Toorkomans, finding the camp alarmed, and seeing their hopes of plunder and carnage likely to be defeated, and doubting, or pretending to doubt, the rumours that were now spreading fast, of the shah's death, assailed the Persian troops in several quarters; while Ahmed Khan Abdallee, an officer, of late, high in the favour and confidence of Nadir, made a decided and furious attack with



his Affghans and some Oozbecks, upon the Affshars of the guard. But the Affshars, a steady well-disciplined body, were too much experienced in their duty to be easily surprized; and being the stoutest soldiers in the army, they not only resisted, but repelled, their assailants, with more loss than they themselves sustained. Fires, the invariable attendants upon a tumult, began to arise; tents fell, horses and other animals broke loose, and ran wildly and terrified about. To preserve life, and secure as much plunder as possible from the wreck of affairs, was all that men now thought of. Thus passed this terrible night: another like which would suffice to turn the dark hair of youth to silver, and to wither the strength of mature years to the imbecility of age.

The morning dawned upon a spectacle of confusion, pillage, and bloodshed, which the mind cannot imagine, nor the pen describe; and which, from being so sudden and totally unexpected, was the more striking and appalling. Of the lofty and magnificent pavilions of the shah, scarce a vestige remained, except the torn serpurdehs and walls, which lay scattered about, with a part of one of the harem tents, still hanging upon its broken pole. Of those belonging to the chief officers of the army, most were in a similar condition, except in those quarters where the inmates, being on their guard, had manfully resisted the assailants; and among these was that of the Affshars. The lines and streets between the tents were encumbered with dead bodies, which, to the amount of many thousands, lay strewed throughout the camp. The smoke of the dying fires faintly rose upwards; and fragments of pillaged goods were thickly strewed over the whole ground. Among this hideous scene, swarmed thousands of fierce and armed men, still thirsting for each other's lives; still threatening their former comrades with the arms which, till now, had been wielded in each other's defence. Such was this awful transmutation; a single night, nay, a few hours, had reduced the well-ordered arrangement and admirable organization of the camp to this frightful condition. On the life of a single man, hung all this mighty change. The brilliant hour of summer sunshine, succeeded by the wildest storm of winter, affords not an adequate image of its horrors. It was like the day of eternal doom succeeding to the joys of Paradise.

The increasing light of the day, however, appeared to calm, in some measure, and to restore to reason the sundry furious factions, who, having tried their strength in the medley of a night encounter, and having found that little was to be gained, while much was to be lost by further violence, now drew off to parley and negotiate. But while each party stood thus on their guard, surlily glaring on each other like lions breathing from a first encounter, and eyeing the strength and preparation of their respective adversaries before recommencing the combat, a kind of inquiry arose of, "where is the body of the shah?"—"is he in reality dead?" And the Toorkomans and Affghans, upon whom the blow could not fail of falling with most severity, were the loudest in calling out for satisfaction upon this important point.

The principal leaders of each corps were now called upon in a tumultuous manner to stand forward, and proceeded, at the common voice, to search for the corpse. It was found, after a while, lying half naked upon the ground, among the ruins of the harem pavilion: the only living thing near it was an old woman, who sat lamenting over the severed head. At

sight of these bloody tokens, which were instantly brought forth and produced to the foreign troops, who soon assembled in their respective corps, a mist seemed to fall from their eyes. They now felt palpably, what before they had not perceived, that their power had passed away, and with it their security; that the spell which had incorporated them, and identified them with the sons and the soldiers of another land, and almost given it into their possession, was for ever broken; and that they now stood alone, unsupported, among those who had ceased to be their comrades and friends.

At once, Toorkomans, Affghans, and Oozbecks, were panic struck, hung their heads, and slunk away confounded. Ahmed Khan Abdallee, in that same hour, mustering together the forces of his countrymen, and hastily loading themselves with such plunder as they had collected, withdrew by the road to Kandabar. The Oozbecks and Toorkomans quitted the field, with full as much celerity, but less order, and retired towards their own countries, pillaging and plundering as they went. The greater part of the Persian troops, Georgians, Leghees, Buchtiarees, men of Azerbijoun, of Fars, Irak, and other quarters, dispersed, loaded with whatever spoil they could secure, to seek their several homes; if haply any such remained to men who, for so many years, had known no abode but the camp, no country but that which, at the moment, they were led to conquer.

Before noon of the following day, nine-tenths of that mighty host, which had subdued the whole of Persia, Affghanistan, and India, Bockhara, Balkh, and Khaurezm, which had quelled the insolence of the Osmanlees, and bridled the ambition of the northern Czars, had dispersed like yellow leaves before the breath of winter, had melted like hoar-frost when the sun breaks forth and drinks it up; and with it the magnificent empire which it had formed and upheld, crumbled in a moment into dust!

The Affshars, Koords, and Jalloyers, natives of the place where the catastrophe took place, alone remained upon the ground; and they, quickly gathering together the wreck of the camp, departed on the following day. Some, desirous to watch the consequences of this sudden event, retired to their villages or mountains: others marched off in a body at once to meet with Alle Koolee Khan, to whom a confidential messenger was despatched by the conspirators, in charge of the Shah's head. It is worthy of remark that this head, though so carefully sent, never reached the hands for which it was intended; it was actually lost or stolen by the way. But murders were so common, and carcasses of the dead so abundant, that the messenger found no difficulty in replacing the true head by that of some other person, sufficiently resembling the deceased king to impose upon his nephew; a measure important to preserve his credit, perhaps his own head.

Of the prodigious treasure and riches which, in spite of all that had been sent to Kelaat, the shah's tents must have contained, no account was ever heard, although the celebrated peacock throne, the no less splendid and remarkable pavilion of pearls, and fine sets of horse furniture, set and mounted with jewels of prodigious value, were known to have been among the royal baggage, together with an infinite quantity of other precious commodities. When the confusion commenced, the neighbouring peasantry came down, and mingled themselves among the soldiers; and, avoiding the fray as much as they could, plunged into the royal quarters, and appropriated no small share of the booty.



\* For myself, stunned as I was by this overwhelming calamity, what course remained for me to take? For more than twenty years had the camp been my home; its duties, its occupations, my pride, and my delight. I had witnessed this gallant army in its rise and progress to the maturity of that perfection which astonished all the east, and made its soldiers as creatures of another world. My own eyes had seen that glorious army destroyed, dispersed, annihilated; as a bubble that sparkles in the light, and then bursts into nothing; as a mist of the morning, which melts before the rising sun, and is seen no more. Nor was this affected by the slow wasting hand of disease, the gradual operation of political events, nor even by the swift sword of a more fortunate foe. They were withered by the poisonous workings of accursed treason: the suicidal frenzy of intestine jealousy smote them in their pride. I had witnessed the dismal spectacle of old and well-tried comrades turning their swords against each other; and had been forced to defend my person against the blows of those by whose side I had so often fought like a brother. All now were slain or fled; the chain which had bound us was broken; the spell that formed the enchantment of our lives was dissolved, the pageant had faded away.—vol. iii. pp. 375—390.

Whatever may be the general character of Mrs. Bray's productions, she at least deserves praise for her incessant industry. If we be not mistaken, we think that within the last five years we have received from her pen, fifteen or twenty volumes. She is, in fact, never out of the press. Opposite the title-page of the present work, to which she has given the mystic name of 'The Talba,' we find the announcement of another romance, already treading on its heels. This multiplicity of printed compositions, is a proof that to some extent they must be successful.

The Talba is, or was, a character held in the highest reverence among the Moors. He was skilled in medicine, astronomy, astrology, divination of dreams, and magic. A personage of this description figures among the leading characters of Mrs. Bray's story, and hence, for the sake of novelty, she has made use of his title; although her chief object is to detail the fortunes of the fair Ines de Castro, and to misrepresent, as far as she possibly can, every tenet of the religious creed of the Portuguese. In all her works, the latter is a favourite labour with Mrs. Bray, whose prejudices upon the subject of Christianity, are carried to an odious extent. Believing that her own faith is right, she should allow that others have, at least, as good a right as she has, to believe or disbelieve as they may choose; she may differ from them, but that does not justify the gross charges which she makes, sometimes through manifest ignorance, sometimes through deliberate invention.

With the exception of this fault, which is, in our judgment, a most repulsive one, especially in the work of a woman, we have found much that will interest ordinary readers in the work before us. The Court of Alonzo is described in glowing and energetic language. His counsellors are characterized with historic truth

and dignity. The portrait given of his son, Don Pedro, may be taken as a proof of Mrs. Bray's power of placing before us the personages whom she describes.

'Don Pedro, though some years had elapsed since the death of his princess Constantia, and though his son Ferdinand was nearly twelve years old, was himself little more than five and thirty; so early in life had he been married, from motives of state policy, and so early had death deprived him of his wife. The prince was, in person, like his father Alonzo, more than commonly tall. He was esteemed one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time. His air was dignified. Regular and handsome in themselves, his features were rendered still more captivating by his eye, which, large, black, and quick, in a moment became lighted up with animation, or softened into the tenderest expression. As a poet would have said, it was an index to his soul. His flowing hair, bound by a fillet of pearls about the head, fell in graceful ringlets over his shoulders. Indeed, his whole person was striking and princely.

'He was not only a patron of, but an adept in, many of the arts and sciences. Music had the most powerful effect upon his feelings. It could soothe or elevate his mind in no common degree. He was deemed one of the most elegant poets of his time. So much did he esteem learning, that he not only cultivated it himself, but, when found in others, it was ever a certain passport to his favour. He loved the chase; and as for his disposition, it was warlike; yet not in the same manner as in his father, Alonzo was fond of war for its own sake: it was his native element. A time of peace was to him a time either of restless anxiety, or of languor, and almost torpor. He was heedless, daring, reckless in battle; whilst Don Pedro, on the contrary, united prudence with courage; and though hitherto he had shewn no taste for war, save on occasions of just necessity, yet when in the field he acquitted himself gallantly, tempering mercy with victory. His manners were affable, grave, and pleasing. His temper, his affections, were in general tranquil. Like most persons, however, of a grave disposition, his feelings were neither to be read nor understood by common men. They lay deep and hidden. There are affections, and amiable ones too, which, like water when the slightest thing touches its surface, give way to the impression, and become agitated by it, yet in a little while they subside again, and are as calm, as tranquil, as if they had received no disturbance. Such was not the character of Don Pedro. His heart might be more justly compared to a rock; not easily to be engraved upon, but when once it receives the impression, it is lasting. Storm or sunshine may visit the surface with darkness or with light, but there is no change in the inscription.'—vol. i. pp. 251—253.

The beauties of Cintra and Coimbra, and of other sylvan paradises in Portugal, afford to Mrs. Bray opportunities of vividly painting, in pen and ink sketches, several engaging scenes, which at once relieve and adorn her narrative. In the descriptions of monastic piles, of national costume, of processions and other pageantry, she is quite at home. The work is, upon all these subjects, particularly instructive and entertaining; and having for its basis a story of such undying interest as that of Ines de Castro, it must, we think, be popular.



Whenever Mr. Carne bends his steps towards the east, he appears infinitely to more advantage than when employed in any other region of the world. His western legends have been all failures, whereas he seldom appeals for inspiration in vain to those sunny climes, which have been seldom better described than in his letters. The chief interest of the '*Exiles of Palestine*,' is intended to turn upon the story of a knight templar, who, contrary to the rule of his order, had taken unto himself a female companion, whom he was unable to dignify with the name of wife, and whom he conducts through the principal parts of the Holy Land, soon after the period when the Christians lost their last hold in that country, by the capture of Ptolemais. With the vicissitudes of the hero, however, we have not been much interested. They are mixed up with a good deal of vague declamation, and with impulses of remorse, which become tiresome from repetition. Mr. Carne is more successful in his sketches of Saracenic manners, and in his descriptions of the country, of which the following is a sample.

'The mountain on whose broken ridge was the village of Gadara, stood at the very extremity of the lake of Galilee, being one of the savage chain that confine its waters on the eastern side; at its feet was the bold valley, through which the eternal river rolled. This vale, or rather plain, for it was three leagues wide, was of surpassing richness, but all wild and neglected, as if the hand of man had never been there: the almond, and the palm-tree, with flowers of every hue, were scattered wantonly over its bosom: the course of the blest and beautiful river was marked by the weeping-willow and the acacia trees, and the line of tall shrubs, through which it swept with a fierceness and rapidity that baffled every attempt to pass it. But all was verdure in this fair and silent valley; not a desert or barren spot was there, no region of rocks or sands. At the hour in which Lucius gazed on it, every harsher tint was softened; the swift and silvery rush of the river was very dear to the eye, after the glare of day; the dull white tents of the Bedouins, whose flocks and herds grazed or slept around in the pasture, gave a semblance of habitation to the wild:—how faint a semblance to the cities of the plain that had once stood here in their pride! At intervals, the piercing cry, or rather shriek, of a wandering Arab was heard, on the scent for plunder; and then his steed was seen to dart like an arrow through the plain, and disappear as quickly. On each side of this splendid area the mountain barriers were of great height, and of an aspect awfully savage; without verdure, without water, or a shadow from the heat; loose heaps of stones often formed their sides. The village of Gadara must have been placed in such a site, like a watch-tower on a desolate beach, for the purposes of defence and espionage: there was need of this, for the territory was liable to the incursions of the people of the desert, and the Saracens had chosen wisely, in sending the fierce soldier to be governor over it. The people of the village, who looked on the plain beneath as the portion of their own flocks, often resented, even to bloodshed, the visits of strangers on its pastures.

'From so savage a residence, it was difficult to conceive the joy of

descending to the banks of the lake, and sitting in the shadow of their trees. Those who have made their home amidst the grey rock, and the burning acclivity, can tell how dear is the murmur of waters, and the ceaseless rolling of the wave to their feet! The luxury of sight was added to that of sound; far as the eye could reach, the lovely lake spread its bosom amidst green hills on the other shore. Far as the eye could follow, on the left, the rapid river gushed away, till lost in the distant horizon: and where that horizon shrouds the view, as you go down to the "sea of death," once stood Admah and Zeboim, the guilty cities, in their territory of the "garden of the Lord." So closely is the line drawn, where the curse swept utterly, that the step of the wanderer passes at once from beauty to hideousness, from luxuriance to decay. From the sea of Galilee to that awful boundary, all is one wide and rejoicing empire, where a king might dwell, of trees, and flowers, and waters, and unfading vegetation;—beyond it, is the dwelling of despair. The river, alone, has not changed; onward it rushes through "that salt and sulphureous region" where no man dwells, into the sullen sea, like the gay and laughing course of Time, fleeing to a dark eternity.'—vol. i. pp. 119—123.

There is much, we fear, that is apocryphal in Mr. Carne's account of the wanderings of various Knights—Templars, Hospitallers, and of St. John, in Palestine, after the fall of Ptolemais. Nevertheless, we are easily induced to follow them by his descriptions of localities, which, we have no doubt, are as accurate as they are beautiful. We feel, in his language, occasionally, an approach to tinsel, which to a fastidious taste is disagreeable; but when an author is employed upon the fairest scenery of Asia, he may be excused, if now and then his diction partake of the florid splendor of the country.

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ART. IX.—*Reflections on the Decline of Science in England, and on some of its Causes.* By Charles Babbage, Esq., Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, and Member of several Academies. 8vo. pp. 228. London: B. Fellowes. 1830.

WE cannot imagine any thing more inexplicable, than that the author of these Reflections should be a party to, or perhaps, a principal in, the recent enterprize for disappointing the Duke of Sussex, and setting up Mr. Herschell as President of the Royal Society. Are not all the vices and infirmities with which the society stands charged by Mr. Babbage, the result of a weak and indolent administration of its affairs? Have not all the errors, the abuses, and malversations of which he complains proceeded from that state of imbecility, in which the executive power of the institution has been allowed so long to slumber? Is not the lamentable state of corruption, which Mr. Babbage imputes to the council, to be ascribed solely to the relaxation of authority? We answer, undoubtedly; and it necessarily follows, that the only cure for the evil is a vigorous management. How could Mr. Herschell answer such claims? A



philosopher, who is habitually merged in abstract pursuits, which must have the monopoly of his devotion, or none at all, is totally unfit for the details of business. Such a man is commonly characterized by retiring manners; he is slow of decision—he is disposed to be too indulgent on occasions of differences. His habits, temperament, and even his very virtues, render him incompetent to the duties which a chairman, to be efficient and worthy of his station, must perform. So that had Mr. Babbage been so lucky as to have placed his friend, Mr. Herschell, in the chair of the society, we might calculate on a long night of abuses, not, indeed, such as Mr. Babbage might complain of, but such as the world and science would have to mourn, with as much justice as at present. We did not expect, from this gentleman, such a sacrifice of public duty to private affection, as this. We were sure that he would have shown, in his selection of a President, the same discernment, the same spirit of impartiality, the same inflexible regard to the general interests, by which the public accuser of the Royal Society is so anxious to be distinguished. Why, then, pass by the Duke of Sussex, whom one moment's consideration must have represented as the only fit and proper person to restore the authority of the chair to its healthy exercise? Let us be understood. We pay no abstract deference to station and honours; and as to any benefit that his Royal Highness's best intentions could confer upon us, we are, alas, at a fathomless distance from the climate of his influence. We do not think so highly of human nature, as to believe that men are always good from uncontrolled choice: circumstances marvelously affect conduct and motives—and we own that we are better satisfied to augur concerning a man's future actions from the circumstances in which he is placed, than to indulge in favourable anticipations, founded on any general hopes of human excellence. And this is, perhaps, as safe a standard as we could resort to. We see, then, in the first place, in his Royal Highness, a President without the many incumbrances which must attach to almost any other person in the state, who could have the least chance of filling the office. Ambition of any kind he cannot bring with him into the chair. How can he, indeed? He is at the top of the wheel, as to rank—he cannot go a step further,—political aspirations he can have none, either; the fortune which made him a Prince forbids it. Here, then, are two grand motives of corruption, we may say, or of temptation to abuse his power and authority, at once taken away. What have we in their stead? Motives of another kind—motives which, springing in human nature itself, happen to concur towards a virtuous end. Of political and civil exaltation, his Royal Highness may be said to have had enough: to encourage and sustain science is all that is left to his ambition; will he not be ready to tread the only path to distinction which remains for him? It is impossible to doubt on the subject. On his own personal account, in obedience to his inclinations and his wishes, consistently with

his very weaknesses even, the Duke of Sussex must make a vigorous and efficient minister of the Society. All those possible views and purposes, on account of which power, in such cases, is perverted, and influence abused, are altogether foreign from his thoughts. Intrigue is of no use to such a man—he can reap nothing from the labours of party—his objects are irreconcilable with any other state of things, than the maintenance of the most equal balance between merit and reward. Besides his Royal Highness has exhibited, during his life, an ardent love for scientific pursuits; and the splendid library, and the uses to which he applies it, are proofs that his attachment is genuine and permanent. How it is that the chance of bringing such a power as this to bear upon the vices and infirmities of the Royal Society, should have been rejected by one so deeply sensible of these imperfections as Mr. Babbage, remains yet to be explained. If, however, his book, in tracing the errors and exposing the corruption by which the Society has been degraded from its high character of usefulness, shall in any manner contribute to the redress of such abuses, Mr. Babbage may safely rely upon it, that the remembrance of his inconsistency will not diminish the gratitude due to the candour and the firmness with which he has examined the proceedings of that body.

Mr. Babbage begins his work by remarking on the low condition of England as compared with other nations, in point of science, and particularly as to the more difficult and abstract sciences. This unfavourable state of our country he accounts for by various concurring causes. The system of education acted on amongst us comes in for a portion of the blame. In the next place, science is not and cannot be cultivated as a profession in England—and no encouragement is afforded by the State to those who would be willing and anxious to leave the profitable callings of ordinary life, in order to devote themselves to those researches, which, though attended with no immediate benefit, would yet raise the character of the country, whilst they stood a chance, one day or other, of being turned to important use. Mr. Babbage then notices the very opposite conduct of other governments. He instances the case of France, where scientific men have been raised to rank, and endowed with honours, besides being amply provided for as to the more substantial matters of life. Upon this point we shall let Mr. Babbage be heard for himself.

\* In France, the situation of its *savans* is highly respectable, as well as profitable. If we analyse the list of the Institute, we shall find few who do not possess titles or decorations; but as the value of such marks of royal favour must depend, in a great measure, on their frequency, I shall mention several particulars which are probably not familiar to the English reader.\*

\* This analysis was made by comparing the list of the Institute, printed for that body in 1827, with the *Almanach Royale* for 1823.



<i>Number of the Members of the Institute of France who belong to the Legion of Honour.</i>		<i>Total Number of each Class of the Legion of Honour.</i>
Grand Croix .....	3	80
Grand Officier .....	3	160
Commandeur .....	4	400
Officier .....	17	2,000
Chevalier .....	40	Not limited.
<i>Number of Members of the Institute decorated with the Order of St. Michel.</i>		<i>Total Number of that Order.</i>
Grand Croix .....	2	100
Chevalier .....	27	

Amongst the members of the Institute there are,—

Dukes .....	2
Marquis .....	1
Counts .....	4
Viscounts .....	2
Barons .....	14
	23

Of these there are Peers of France 5

‘ We might, on turning over the list of the 685 members of the Royal Society, find a greater number of peers than there are in the Institute of France; but a fairer mode of instituting the comparison, is to inquire how many titled members there are amongst those who have contributed to its Transactions. In 1827, there were one hundred and nine members who had contributed to the Transactions of the Royal Society; amongst these were found :—

Peer . . . . .	1
Baronets . . . . .	5
Knights . . . . .	5

It should be observed, that five of these titles were the rewards of members of the medical profession, and one only, that of Sir H. Davy, could be attributed exclusively to science.

‘ It must not be inferred that the titles of nobility in the French list, were all of them the rewards of scientific eminence; many are known to have been such; but it would be quite sufficient for the argument to mention the names of Lagrange, Laplace, Berthollet, and Chaptal.

‘ The estimation in which the public hold literary claims in France and England, was curiously illustrated by an incidental expression in the translation of the debates in the House of Lords, on the occasion of His Majesty’s speech at the commencement of the session of 1830. The *Gazette de France* stated, that the address was moved by the Duc de Buccleugh, “*chef de la maison de Walter Scott.*” Had an English editor wished to particularize that nobleman, he would undoubtedly have employed the term *wealthy*, or some other of the epithets characteristic of that quality most esteemed amongst his countrymen.

‘ If we turn, on the other hand, to the emoluments of science in France, we shall find them far exceed those in our own country. I regret much

that I have mislaid a most interesting memorandum on this subject, which I made several years since; but I believe my memory on the point will not be found widely incorrect. A foreign gentleman, himself possessing no inconsiderable acquaintance with science, called on me a few years since, to present a letter of introduction. He had been but a short time in London; and in the course of our conversation, it appeared to me that he had imbibed very inaccurate ideas respecting our encouragement of science.

\* Thinking this a good opportunity of instituting a fair comparison between the emoluments of science in the two countries, I placed a sheet of paper before him, and requested him to write down the names of six Englishmen, in his opinion, best known in France for their scientific reputation. Taking another sheet of paper, I wrote upon it the names of six Frenchmen, best known in England for their scientific discoveries. We exchanged these lists, and I then requested him to place against each name (as far as he knew) the annual income of the different appointments held by that person. In the mean time, I performed the same operation on his list, against some names of which I was obliged to place a zero. The result of the comparison was an average of nearly 1200*l.* per annum for the six French *savans* whom I had named. Of the average amount of the sums received by the English, I only remember that it was very much smaller. When we consider what a command over the necessaries and luxuries of life 1200*l.* will give in France, it is underrating it to say it is equal to 2000*l.* in this country.

\* Let us now look at the prospects of a young man at his entrance into life, who, impelled by an almost irresistible desire to devote himself to the abstruser sciences, or who, confident in the energy of youthful power, feels that the career of science is that in which his mental faculties are most fitted to achieve the reputation for which he pants. What are his prospects? Can even the glowing pencil of enthusiasm add colour to the blank before him? There are no situations in the State; there is no position in society to which hope can point, to cheer him in his laborious path. If, indeed, he belong to one of our universities, there are some few chairs in his *own* Alma Mater to which he may at some distant day pretend; but these are not numerous; and whilst the salaries attached are seldom sufficient for the sole support of the individual, they are very rarely enough for that of a family. What then can he reply to the entreaties of his friends, to betake himself to some business in which perhaps they have power to assist him, or to choose some profession in which his talents may produce for him their fair reward? If he have no fortune, the choice is taken away: he *must* give up that line of life in which his habits of thought and his ambition qualify him to succeed eminently, and he *must* choose the bar, or some other profession, in which, amongst so many competitors, in spite of his great talents, he can be but moderately successful. The loss to him is great, but to the country it is greater. We thus, by a destructive misapplication of talent which our institutions create, exchange a profound philosopher for but a tolerable lawyer.

\* If on the other hand, he possess some moderate fortune of his own; and, intent on the glory of an immortal name, yet not blindly ignorant of the state of science in this country, he resolve to make for that aspiration a sacrifice the greater, because he is fully aware of its extent;—if, so



circumstanced, he give up a business or a profession on which he might have entered with advantage, with the hope that, when he shall have won a station high in the ranks of European science, he may a little augment his resources by some of those few employments to which science leads;—if he hope to obtain some situation, (at the Board of Longitude,\* for example,) where he may be permitted to exercise the talents of a philosopher for the paltry remuneration of a clerk, he will find that other qualifications than knowledge and a love of science are necessary for its attainment. He will also find that the high and independent spirit, which usually dwells in the breast of those who are deeply versed in these pursuits, is ill adapted for such appointments; and that even if successful, he must hear many things he disapproves, and raise no voice against them.

\* Thus, then, it appears that scarcely any man can be expected to pursue abstract science unless he possess a private fortune, and unless he can resolve to give up all intention of improving it. Yet, how few thus situated are likely to undergo the labour of the acquisition; and if they do from some irresistible impulse, what inducement is there for them to deviate one step from those inquiries in which they find the greatest delight, into those which might be more immediately useful to the public?—pp. 32—39.

We have been anxious that Mr. Babbage should not be restricted in the exposition of his meaning, differing as we most essentially do from the whole tenor of his doctrine. We do not doubt but that Mr. Babbage's opinion of the national importance of encouraging abstruse scientific researches, is a very just one; but he will pardon us, we are sure, if, without the lights and the discernment which led him to come to such a decision, we state our reasons for a contrary judgment.—We hold it to be perfectly clear, that a government is bound by every consideration of just and useful policy to reward, in an exemplary manner, the author of every discovery which, in its results, confers a certain definite advantage on the country. The question then arises, is it lawful in that government to interpose before the direct advantage actually accrues, and, by a systematic application of its resources, incite and sustain a course of studies upon the bare probability or chance, that they may ultimately lead to some practical benefit? We answer, No—and not because we despair of any advantage being produced by such means—but because the evils of such a system would more than counterbalance any possible good to be expected from it. That course seems to us the best for all parties, in every state, where the recompense is contingent on the production of the advantage. And this is only a reasonable view of the matter. It is possible, we admit, that discoveries, which at present appear to be totally inapplicable to any useful purpose, may hereafter, in other hands, be

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\* This body is now dissolved.

found to be capable of adding wonderfully to our convenience and our comforts. Mr. Babbage has so argued, and he has illustrated his reasoning in a most admirable manner.

‘The principle of the hydrostatic paradox was known as a speculative truth in the time of Stevinus,\* and its application to raising heavy weights has long been stated in elementary treatises on natural philosophy, as well as constantly exhibited in lectures. Yet, it may fairly be regarded as a mere abstract principle, until the late Mr. Bramah, by substituting a pump instead of the smaller column, converted it into a most valuable and powerful engine.—The principle of the convertibility of the centres of oscillation and suspension in the pendulum, discovered by Huygens more than a century and a half ago, remained, until within these few years, a sterile, though most elegant proposition; when, after being hinted at by Prony, and distinctly pointed out by Bonenberger, it was employed by Captain Kater as the foundation of a most convenient practical method of determining the length of the pendulum.—The interval which separated the discovery by Dr. Black, of latent heat, from the beautiful and successful application of it to the steam engine, was comparatively short; but it required the efforts of two minds; and both were of the highest order.—The influence of electricity in producing decompositions, although of inestimable value as an instrument of discovery in chemical inquiries, can hardly be said to have been applied to the practical purposes of life, until the same powerful genius which detected the principle, applied it by a singular felicity of reasoning, to arrest the corrosion of the copper-sheathing of vessels. That admirably connected chain of reasoning, the truth of which is confirmed by its very failure as a remedy, will probably at some future day supply, by its successful application, a new proof of the position we are endeavouring to establish.

‘Other instances might, if necessary, be adduced, to shew that long intervals frequently elapse between the discovery of new principles in science and their practical application: nor ought this at all to surprise us. Those intellectual qualifications which give birth to new principles or to new methods, are of quite a different order from those which are necessary for their practical application.

‘At the time of the discovery of the beautiful theorem of Huygens, it required in its author not merely a complete knowledge of the mathematical science of his age, but a genius to enlarge its boundaries by new creations of his own. Such talents are not always united with a quick perception of the details, and of the practical applications of the principles they have developed, nor is it for the interest of mankind that minds of this high order should lavish their powers on subjects unsuited to their grasp.

‘In mathematical science, more than in all others, it happens that truths which are at one period the most abstract, and apparently the most remote from all useful application, become in the next age

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\* About the year 1600.



the bases of profound physical inquiries, and in the succeeding one, perhaps, by proper simplification and reduction to tables, furnish their ready and daily aid to the artist and the sailor.

‘It may also happen that at the time of the discovery of such principles, the mechanical arts may be too imperfect to render their application likely to be attended with success. Such was the case with the principle of the hydrostatic paradox; and it was not, I believe, until the expiration of Mr. Bramah’s patent, that the press which bears his name received that mechanical perfection in its execution, which has deservedly brought it into such general use.

‘On the other hand, for one person who is blessed with the power of invention, many will always be found who have the capacity of applying principles; and much of the merit ascribed to these applications will always depend on the care and labour bestowed in the practical detail.

‘If, therefore, it is important to the country that abstract principles should be applied to practical use, it is clear that it is also important that encouragement should be held out to the few who are capable of adding to the number of those truths on which such applications are founded. Unless there exist peculiar institutions for the support of such inquirers, or unless the Government directly interfere, the contriver of a thaumatrope may derive profit from his ingenuity, whilst he who unravels the laws of light and vision, on which multitudes of phenomena depend, shall descend unrewarded to the tomb.—pp. 15—19.

Quare, says an antient, non quantum quisque *prosit* sed *quantum* quisque *sit*, ponderandum est. This, however, is but one view of the question. Where is the line to be drawn? How shall the government be able to distinguish between the researches that carry in them the seeds of practical convenience, and those which must remain barren to the end of time? Is there not danger, then, that a system of such indiscriminate encouragement would destroy the very object for which it was instituted? and that, instead of indemnifying exalted genius during its searches after the means of serving, in some way or another, the human community, we should be keeping in our pay a national establishment of crazy mathematicians, a Sorbonne of Philomaths? \* Let us see what sort of council we may derive from facts. We apprehend

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\* In the course of the last month a cause was tried in the Court of King’s Bench, Dublin, which involved amongst other points, one that was intimately connected with the laws of Mechanics. In the course of the inquiry it became necessary to explain what effect would be produced on the force of a current of water proceeding under the effect of considerable pressure, if, on each side, there was an opening by which the water could escape also. A senior Fellow (he being a senior Lecturer too) of the Dublin University was examined, and he pledged himself to this statement—that if water be made to flow through a tube or an open con-

that it will be found that wherever the encouragement is prematurely bestowed on the profound inquirers in science, there the improvement always stops with the reward. In France this has been very much the case. The men of science there have done wonders in the theoretic world, but nothing in comparison for the practical. "How scanty is our knowledge," says Mr. Herschell, as quoted by Mr. Babbage, "of the suspected fluorine! Are we sure that we understand the nature of Nitrogen? Who can tell us any thing of the Sulfo Salts? Who will explain to us the laws of Isomorphism?" These are all fine questions no doubt to puzzle an Englishman. But in our turn may we humbly inquire what Thénard, by his experiments on oxygenated acids, has done for the practical art of dyeing? What has Oersted, what have Serrula and Balard, with all their knowledge of the privacies of Bromine, accomplished towards increasing the comforts and conveniences of their countrymen? Nor do we wantonly put these questions, since we deem the answer to them to be the true criterion of that comparison with other nations, which Mr. Babbage has drawn so unfavourably to England. If we look to France, where the most munificent encouragement stimulates and cheers the most refined and abstruse inquiries, in vain shall we seek amongst the people any practical fruits by which such inquiries have been attended. What has French science done for the arts? How has it influenced improvement in manufactures of all kinds—how has it assisted native ingenuity? What has this vaunted French chemistry done for

duit, of uniform width, and subject to uniform pressure, and that the quantity which the tube or conduit discharges under these circumstances be ascertained, it will be found that if two additional openings be made in the sides of such tube or conduit, each of such openings being of equal area with the extreme opening of the tube, *the three openings will, on the given level and with the given pressure, discharge three times the quantity of water which was in the first instance discharged by the open tube.* This is theorizing with a vengeance. Nevertheless, the Counsel upheld the doctrine as unimpeachable, until a practical man, Mr. Mullins, was called in, who produced a tube, into each side of which, but at irregular distances, another tube of equal diameter was inserted—these two lateral branches constituting, with the extremity of the tube, three distinct openings for the egress of the water entering by the fourth opening, which formed the mouth of the tube. Mr. Mullins stated that he had repeatedly, in the course of the two preceding days, caused water to flow through this tube under considerable pressure: and that he found when the lateral openings were closed, and the flow of water confined to the centre or right-lined tube, the quantity of water which flowed out in a given time *was fully equal to, or rather greater than that which was discharged when the lateral tubes were opened*, and the water allowed to flow freely through all the three openings. Verily, there is a large difference between theory and practice!



agriculture? What has it done for machinery? What for facilitating the means of transport—what for erecting public works—what improvements, in effect, have any of the arts of common life in France, derived from the investigations of her abstruse inquirers? Will all those improvements put together equal in refinement and convenience any single process connected with the arts which England owes to her science and her ingenuity? This is the practical point to which we must come at last. Eloquence and address may induce us for a moment to give the palm to the nation where science, in its most recondite haunts, is sought after and cultivated, under the patronage of the State. It is nevertheless a fact, that amongst a community where no encouragement of this description is afforded, where rather, for the want of adequate incitement, the spirit of lofty investigation is faint and nearly dead, the good results which are to be expected from the utmost activity of that spirit are in greater abundance, and far superior in quality to any that can be found in countries, where these inquiries into abstract truths have been most promoted. Until, therefore, Mr. Babbage furnishes us with a better mode of explaining the causes of the difference, we must be allowed still to believe that that system is the best, which is attended with the greatest amount of practical advantages. We could state our objections to the French Institute, but we refrain from doing so, being content to take Mr. Babbage's argument as it stands.

But how is it that any extraordinary temptation is required to induce men to cultivate the higher departments of science? We always understood it to be the distinguishing prerogative of minds framed for such inquiries, that they looked upon all sublunary honours with indifference. They are called, *par excellence*, Philosophers; and for such sages to be languishing for blue ribbons, and titles of honour, is really a condescension which we never expected from such a quarter. We may, however, rest assured that the man who feels an impulse to make the more abstruse parts of mathematics, or any other branch of science, his study, will never scarcely derive an additional motive for the pursuit, from any encouragement that governments can give; neither is it possible that he will be restrained from gratifying his taste by the absence of extraordinary incitement. Lagrange, Euler, and La Place, would have been the same great masters of science, had they the fortune to have been born on English ground.

It is strange, we think, that Mr. Babbage should arraign the government of the country, for the negative offence of withholding its encouragement from the cultivators of theoretic science, and yet that he should say nothing of the mischief which the same government actually commits by its acts of positive interference with the freedom of practical science. We say nothing of its taxes on literature alone, which, however, are very great obstacles to the advance of intelligence; but we might adduce the imposts

on various articles which are the subject of scientific experiment \*. We confidently say, that these are some of the facts that ought to have been mentioned amongst the causes of any decline of science which may have taken place in our country. Mr. Babbage, too, might have spared a few more animadversions, and those in a strain of more just severity than he has indulged in, on the imperfect state of education in England as respects the promotion of science. He has a chapter, indeed, on this subject, but it is written with the timidity of a man who seems sensible of the presence of some powerful restraint. He says at its commencement 'That the state of knowledge in any country will exert a directive influence on the general system of instruction adopted in it, is a principle too obvious to require investigation.' We are not quite satisfied that this is true in England. We cannot trace the slightest connection between the general system of instruction and the state of knowledge that exist in this country at the present moment. On the contrary, we fear that there is too decided a variance between them. If we consider who were the men that raised the reputation of our practical science to the unexampled height which it has attained—if we inquire into the lives of a Davy, a Watt, an Arkwright, a Smeaton, a Hutton, a Brindley, a Herschell, a Wedgewood, a Rennell, and though last not least a Rennie, we shall soon have our notions corrected as to the sympathy that exists between the state of knowledge and the general system of instruction adopted in England. The men we have named were some of the persons whose scientific ingenuity has adorned the physical aspect of our country, and who have multiplied its comforts and conveniences by the well-directed application of their minds to science. And yet, almost to a man, they were self-taught—not one of them was ever enrolled on the list of a University—not one, we almost venture to affirm, ever heard a lecture on the Calculus of Functions.

From general topics, Mr. Babbage at last descends to the consideration of the present state of the Royal Society. On the part of the public and of every well organized mind in the country, we are ever ready to return thanks for the exposure of an abuse in any

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\* "Since the valuable discovery of John Dollond in 1758, the achromatic telescope, no improvement has been made in it in England, and the reason is, that no experiments can be made on flint glass in this country without the payment of an exorbitant tax, and submitting to the vexatious intrusions of the tax-gatherer. It is a curious fact that, on a single pound of glass melted fifty times, the duty on 50lbs. must be paid. It has occurred, in more instances than one, that scientific young men, enthusiastically committing themselves to the task of making improvements in achromatic glasses, have been suddenly arrested in their progress by some more experienced of their friends, who informed them of their liability to the excise."—*Tradesmen and Mechanics' Almanack for 1831.*



institution, in the proceedings of which, the public is fairly interested. But let us ask if Mr. Babbage has not viewed the Society with a jaundiced eye? Has he not really visited that institution with the punishment which is due only to the general temper of the country, and which is certainly not in a disposition to fall prostrate before the wonders of his calculus. We join our critic in reprobating many of the contemptible arts, so unworthy of a scientific establishment, which he charges on the council of the Royal Society. Several of these accusations are, in our opinion, not only too rigidly enforced, but are altogether too insignificant to be brought forward with all the circumstances of a public impeachment—one of this class we shall mention.

‘There are certain duties which the Royal Society owes to its own character as well as to the public, which having been on some occasions apparently neglected, it may be here the proper place to mention, since it is reasonable to suppose that attention to them is within the province of its Secretaries.

‘The first to which I shall allude, is the singular circumstances attending the fact of the Royal Society having printed a volume of Astronomical Observations which were made at the Observatory of Paramatta (New South Wales), bearing the title of “The Third Part of the Philosophical Transactions for the Year 1829.”

‘Now this Observatory was founded at the private expense of a British officer; the instruments were paid for out of his purse; two observers were brought from Europe, to be employed in making use of these instruments, at salaries defrayed by him. A considerable portion of the observations so printed were made by these astronomers during their employment in his service, and some of them are personally his own. Yet has the Royal Society, in adopting them as part of its Transactions, omitted all mention either in their title-page, preface, or in any part of the volume, of the *fact* that the world owed these valuable observations to the enlightened munificence of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Brisbane; whose ardent zeal in the pursuit of science, induced him to found at his own private expense, an establishment which it has been creditable to the British Government to continue as a national institution. Had any kindred feelings existed in the Council, instead of endeavouring to shift the responsibility, they would have hastened to rectify an omission, less unjust to the individual than it was injurious to English science.’—pp. 60, 61.

Now the real truth is this; that the Royal Society, in printing these observations, has distinctly set forth, in plain legible print, that they constitute merely a supplement to the volume of Transactions—that they were placed before the public in the form which they assume, at the express request, and at the *expense* of the Colonial Department. We pass over the chapter on the scientific advisers, and the pendulum experiments, as we could not possibly expect to do justice to the very just, the able, acute and dignified castigation which Mr. Babbage inflicts on a pseudo astronomer in the employment of the society. But we wonder that his very just

indignation is not appeased, when he finds that the Society has put forth Lieutenant Foster's recantation, in which the mistakes of Captain Sabine are fully exposed. Could any conduct be more honourable than that of the Society in doing so? Mr. Babbage complains with reason of the union of several offices in one person. Mr. Pond, Captain Sabine, and Mr. Brande, are the persons who are implicated in the offence under this head. We have not the slightest objection to many parts of Mr. Babbage's criticism on the prodigality of the Society in providing engravings illustrative of Sir Everard Home's numerous papers in the Transactions. We think that the time has not elapsed within which the account of these expences ought in all fairness to be overhauled. Sir Everard, in all conscience, is bound to reimburse the Society, at least as to some portion of the cost of these engravings, since he had the use of the plates to take off impressions for his work on Comparative Anatomy. Mr. Babbage doubts if the importance of Sir Everard's communications be commensurate with their number. We, who take care to be provided with accurate information on all such matters, have no hesitation in saying, that it is not. Giving to that ancient Surgeon the fullest credit for his several most valuable researches, conceding the full measure of praise which is due to him, especially for his work on the *prostate*, we yet must say, that much too large a portion of his ostentatious labours has been undertaken without any adequate return to medical science. The subject of the principal papers of Sir Everard Home, which are printed in the Philosophical Transactions, happens to be of a nature that cannot with propriety be discussed in a Journal of such general circulation as ours. It may be sufficient to say, that Sir Everard's only misfortune is, that he sometimes meets with facts in his scientific inquiries, which no other man in existence has ever witnessed. His singular discovery in the uterus has baffled the penetration of every anatomist to this day. He has detected, also, in the kangaroo, a transverse and continuous muscle, stretching across the abdomen, between the superior extremities of the marsupial bones, and which acts, he says, as a sling to sustain the mamma. There is not a fibre in the said district of the kangaroo, which Mr. Morgan, of Guy's hospital, has not carefully dissected, and yet no muscle of the kind, nothing even that could be mistaken for a muscle of this sort, has been detected by his careful hand. Nor has any other anatomist that we know of been more fortunate than Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Babbage's observations on the distribution of the Royal medals, savours we think of a very strong prejudice against the Royal Society, or rather the Council. His late Majesty founded two gold medals of the value of fifty guineas each, to be given in such a manner as shall seem best calculated to promote the object for which the Society was instituted. The Council determine the



conditions on which these medals shall be granted—and it is a part of the conditions that the discoveries, or series of investigations, on account of which they are to be bestowed, shall be completed and made known to the Royal Society in the year preceding the day of their award. But what happens? The medals are given to Mr. Dalton and Mr. Ivory. But it could not be said that either of these gentlemen made discoveries or concluded a series of investigations “in the year preceding the day of the award,” and therefore the bestowing of the medals upon these gentlemen was a violation of the laws of the Society worthy of the most decided reprobation! A charge more inconsistent with the spirit and tenor of his book could hardly have been imagined by Mr. Babbage. What is the complaint which reverberates from page to page of his volume, but that men such as Dalton and Ivory have been shamefully neglected by their country, and that in no quarter is there manifested the least disposition to appreciate, much less to reward their successful labours. Such is Mr. Babbage’s outcry. Is it not surprising then that the same man should find fault with the Society for stepping out of its prescribed course in order to pay a compliment to these philosophers?—We wonder that our author could not see in this extraordinary act of the Society an inclination that deserved the eulogy of every reasonable man, and not the less so because it was just that conduct which would invite the inculcation of its enemies. If an error it was, the Society did themselves more honour in committing it than they have done by many a deed which the world would call virtuous.

Mr. Babbage has some observations on the distribution of the Copley medals, which we deem worth some attention.

‘It has been objected to the Royal Society, that their medals have been too much confined to a certain set. When the Royal medals were added to their patronage, the past distribution of the Copley medals, furnished grounds to some of the journals to predict the future possessors of the new ones. I shall, doubtless, be told that the Council of the Royal Society are persons of such high feeling, that it is impossible to suppose their decision could be influenced by any personal motives. As I may not have had sufficient opportunities, during the short time I was a member of that Council, to enable me to form a fair estimate, I shall avail myself of the judgment of one, from whom no one will be inclined to appeal, who knew it long and intimately, and who expressed his opinion deliberately and solemnly.

‘The late Dr. Wollaston attached, as a condition to be observed in the distribution of the interest of his munificent gift of 2,000*l.* to the Royal Society, the following clause:—“And I hereby empower the said President, Council, and Fellows, after my decease, in furtherance of the above declared objects of the trust, to apply the said dividends to aid or reward any individual or individuals of any country, *saving only that no person being a Member of the Council for the time being, shall receive or partake of such reward.*”—pp 128, 129.

To the latter paragraph of this extract we beg the reader will

yield particular attention. We are far from assuming such a liberty as that of accusing Mr. Babbage of disingenuousness towards the public, and yet we know not how to believe that he was ignorant of one of Dr. Wollaston's latest public acts. Just at the close of his life, that great and as yet scarcely sufficiently prized philosopher, took it into his head to make a present to the Astronomical Society of a telescope, which having been manufactured by Dollond, and on account of some other incidents connected with it, was very highly valued by the donor. He gave it however on the condition that it should be lent to any member of the Society, who might be judged capable of making a good use of it, provided only that such person should not be a member of the Council for the time being. Mr. Babbage may elongate his countenance with astonishment, but this is the truth. Will he say that Dr. Wollaston entertained the same suspicions of the Council of the Astronomical Society that he did of that of the Royal Society? If not, why did he fix the same prohibition on both bodies? Is it not the fact that Dr. Wollaston had some reason of a peculiar kind, some view to a more extensive diffusion of his bounty than might otherwise take place, when he thus excluded the Council in both instances from the benefit of the donations which he had made to them? At least, Mr. Babbage must acknowledge this—that if the limitation in the case of the one Council be a deliberate and solemn expression of his unfavourable opinion with regard to it, surely a similar restriction with respect to the other must bear the like implication.

We have in our preceding remarks confined ourselves to only a few of the twelve sections which Mr. Babbage devotes to a detailed exposition of the state of the Royal Society. Those sections which we have not touched upon, relate to the Fairchild Lecture, the Croonian Lecture, the causes of the present state of the Society, and lastly, the particulars of a plan which had been proposed for reforming the institution altogether. To this succeeds a chapter on "Observations," which we recommend in the strongest manner to our readers, as containing most valuable and practical information in a very important department of science. We cannot, however, pass over the very curious portion of this chapter which describes the frauds of observers:

*Forging* differs from *hoaxing*, inasmuch as in the latter the deceit is intended to last for a time, and then be discovered, to the ridicule of those who have credited it: whereas the forger is one who, wishing to acquire a reputation for science, records observations which he has never made. This is sometimes accomplished in astronomical observations by calculating the time and circumstances of the phenomenon from tables. The observations of the second comet of 1784, which was only seen by the Chevalier D'Angos, were long suspected to be a forgery, and were at length proved to be so by the calculations and reasonings of Encke. The pretended observations did not accord amongst each other in giving any possible orbit. But M. Encke detected an orbit, belonging to some of the



observations, from which he found that all the rest might be almost precisely deduced, provided a mistake of a unity in the index of the logarithm of the radius vector were supposed to have been made in all the rest of the calculations. *Zuch. Corr. Astron.* Tom. IV. p. 456.

‘ Fortunately instances of the occurrence of forging are rare.

‘ *Of Cooking.* This is an art of various forms, the object of which is to give to ordinary observations the appearance and character of those of the highest degree of accuracy.

‘ One of its numerous processes is to make multitudes of observations, and out of these to select those only which agree, or very nearly agree. If a hundred observations are made, the cook must be very unlucky if he cannot pick out fifteen or twenty which will do for serving up.

‘ Another approved receipt, when the observations to be used will not come within the limit of accuracy, which it has been resolved they shall possess, is to calculate them by two different formulæ. The difference in the constants employed in those formulæ has sometimes a most happy effect in promoting unanimity amongst discordant measures. If still greater accuracy is required, three or more formulæ can be used.

‘ It must be admitted that this receipt is in some instances rather hazardous: but in cases where the positions of stars, as given in different catalogues, occur, or different tables of specific gravities, specific heats, &c. &c., it may safely be employed. As no catalogue contains all stars, the computer must have recourse to several; and if he is obliged to use his judgment in the selection, it would be cruel to deny him any little advantage which might result from it. It may, however, be necessary to guard against one mistake into which persons might fall.

‘ If an observer calculate particular stars from a catalogue which makes them accord precisely with the rest of his results, whereas, had they been computed from other catalogues the difference would have been considerable, it is very unfair to accuse him of *cooking*; for—those catalogues may have been notoriously inaccurate; or,—they may have been superseded by others more recent, or made with better instruments; or—the observer may have been totally ignorant of their existence.

‘ It sometimes happens that the constant quantities in formulæ given by the highest authorities, although they differ amongst themselves, yet they will not suit the materials. This is precisely the point in which the skill of the artist is shown; and an accomplished cook will carry himself triumphantly through it, provided happily some mean value of such constants will fit his observations. He will discuss the relative merits of formulæ he has just knowledge enough to use; and, with admirable candour assigning their proper share of applause to Bessel, to Gauss, and to Laplace, he will take *that* mean value of the constant used by three such philosophers, which will make his own observations accord to a miracle.

‘ There are some few reflections which I would venture to suggest to those who cook, although they may perhaps not receive the attention which, in my opinion, they deserve, from not coming from the pen of an adept.

‘ In the first place, it must require much time to try different formulæ. In the next place it may happen that, in the progress of human knowledge, more correct formulæ may be discovered, and constants may be deter-

mined with far greater precision. Or it may be found that some physical circumstance influences the results, (although unsuspected at the time) the measure of which circumstance may perhaps be recovered from other contemporary registers of facts. Or if the selection of observations has been made with the view of its agreeing precisely with the latest determination, there is some little danger that the average of the whole may differ from that of the chosen ones, owing to some law of nature, dependent on the interval between the two sets, which law some future philosopher may discover, and thus the very best observations may have been thrown aside.

‘ In all these, and in numerous other cases, it would most probably happen that the cook would procure a temporary reputation for unrivalled accuracy at the expense of his permanent fame. It might also have the effect of rendering even all his crude observations of no value; for that part of the scientific world whose opinion is of most weight, is generally so unreasonable, as to neglect altogether the observations of those in whom they have, on any occasion, discovered traces of the artist. In fact, the character of an observer, as of a woman, if doubted is destroyed.

‘ The manner in which facts apparently lost are restored to light, even after considerable intervals of time, is sometimes very unexpected, and a few examples may not be without their use. The thermometers employed by the philosophers who composed the *Accademia Del Cimento*, have been lost; and as they did not use the two fixed points of freezing and boiling water, the results of a great mass of observations have remained useless from our ignorance of the value of a degree on their instrument. M. Libri, of Florence, proposed to regain this knowledge by comparing their registers of the temperature of the human body, and of that of some warm springs in Tuscany, which have preserved their heat uniform during a century, as well as of other things similarly circumstanced.

In the sixth and last chapter, Mr. Babbage enters into an examination of various suggestions for the advancement of science. He says that much good would be accomplished if the really influential members of the Royal Society were to speak and act with firmness, whereas, it is to the backwardness of such persons in opposing what they must acknowledge to be mischievous, that a great many of the existing abuses are to be imputed. He next proposes that a new president should be chosen every two years—and that steps should be taken to limit the number, or at least the influence of medical men, who have contrived to obtain too great a prominence in the Society, so as to mix up their professional jealousies with its interests. A similar restriction is called for against the members of the Royal Institution.—Mr. Babbage notices the imperfect plan of the publication of the Society, called the *Philosophical Transactions*. He justly praises the regularity with which the volumes are brought out, and applauds the strict adherence which the council preserve to the valuable rule of allowing no material alteration in the papers previously to printing. But he is undoubtedly quite right in considering the absence of all historical information in these volumes concerning the Society itself and its domestic proceedings, as a hiatus that cannot be in any



manner excused. The inconvenience of such an omission, will be appreciated when we observe that the important facts of the foundation of a new fund (the donation fund) in 1828—of the liberal endowment of that fund in the sum of 2000*l.* by Dr. Wollaston, and of 1000*l.* by Mr. D. Gilbert, do not appear to have been communicated by authority in any shape to the public. To the very useful and practical improvements recommended by Mr. Babbage under the present head, we would take the liberty of adding some suggestions of our own respecting the Transactions. We think that an infinitely more economical form of publication might be adopted, as respects the materials of the volumes. A great deal too extravagant an expenditure is incurred on account of the illustrations, which need not, by any means, be quite so remarkable for their elegance and refinement. The yearly, or half yearly publication, might with great propriety be twice or three times its present size—it might embrace an infinitely more varied assortment of matter, by introducing extracts, containing the most valuable parts of the papers read before the Society, and clipping down the verbiage with which many of the disquisitions are overloaded. The honour, the reward, and the gratification which the contributors of papers recognize in the selection of their articles for admission into the volume, would then be extended to a much larger number of persons, and would consequently have a much wider sphere for their beneficial influence.

The establishment of an order of merit to stimulate the study of science is to our apprehension an entirely puerile suggestion. The appeal which Mr. Babbage makes to the patronage which foreign countries bestow on their scientific men, is founded on a very wrong supposition. Foreign governments do not employ in official situations, or confer exalted rank on philosophers, because they are philosophers. It is almost always the case, that these governments have no choice. The only man who has any chance of doing the business of the state with credit and effect is almost always the single person who has given testimony of his general abilities by his scientific accomplishments. As to the probability of seeing men elevated to the peerage on the mere score of profound attainments, we never indulged in any such speculation. If a peerage can be maintained at all, it can only be preserved on the principle which prevails in England. Property, infinite property is the only patent of nobility which the vicissitudes of time and politics will respect. There are objections even to a well-endowed aristocracy; but a gilded poor-house, like the French chamber of peers, is only a tenement held at will, and must be swept away to make room for the very next repairs that political society may require.

Mr. Babbage, after a vague suggestion for a general union of all the scientific societies of London, concludes with a very instructive and interesting comparison between Dr. Wollaston and Sir H. Davy, with the respective peculiarities of whom he seems well ac-

quainted. We regret that we have not room for some passages of this well-drawn section.

We have forborne from entering into many of the complaints, as well as the remedies, which take up so large a share of Mr. Babbage's book, because we are persuaded that in the election of its new president, and the selection of its new council, the Royal Society has done enough to render the repetition of those complaints, and the further suggestion of those remedies, matters of complete superfluity. We are sorry, however, that Mr. Babbage did not think it necessary in baring the infirmities and offences of the society to the public gaze, to remind the world of the claims to indulgence which its former history at least would have sanctioned in every just mind. The vast influence which this institution has exercised from the dawn of science to the present hour, in prompting and combining the labours of our scientific men, so as to enable the country to keep pace with and often to outstrip the intellectual progress of surrounding nations, is not to be denied, and ought not to be depreciated. The obligations which, as a social community, we owe to that institution, are not to be fully estimated, but by a close and accurate examination of the connection which will be found to subsist between the labours of the Royal Society, and most of the grand discoveries in practical science, by the aid of which in our civil, domestic, and commercial relations, we stand unrivalled as a people. We could have wished that Mr. Babbage would have shown himself more inclined than he appears, to believe that as the Society has been once flourishing and useful, so may it be restored to the power of being so hereafter. Neither in the sphere of morals nor in politics do we greatly respect those characters, who, excusing themselves by a professed disgust for the proceedings of others, sulkily abstain from taking any share in the business of the public. Let Mr. Babbage, and such as are able and influential like him, mount the deck of the great social vessel, let him show an honest desire to co-operate with, not to impede the exertions of the crew; and if, after having exhausted his advice, he shall have in vain endeavoured to establish sound principles for the navigation of the common ship, then, and not till then, will he be justified in a desertion which we seriously believe Royal Society ever had it in its power to command.



## NOTICES.

ART. X.—*The Comic Annual*. By Thomas Hood, Esq. 12mo. pp. 176. London: Tilt. 1831.

MR. Hood ushers in his new volume with complaints against Messrs. Hurst & Co. and Miss Sheridan, for attempting to interfere with the established title of his *Comic Annual*. There is nothing in the business of literature more reprehensible than this unworthy practice, which has, of late years, been too prevalent in all classes both of publishers and editors. It betrays the barrenness of their own resources to rob another of a name, under which his work may have been successful, and it shews a disposition, besides, towards unfair dealing, which we cannot too strongly stigmatize. At the same time, Mr. Hood may rest satisfied, that such deviations from the path of honour and honesty generally recoil upon those who are guilty of them, and that, at all events, they can do very little injury to a work like his, which it would be difficult to imitate with effect. His humour is peculiarly his own; his puns are his own; his illustrations we should know amongst a thousand forgeries. We cannot be ranked amongst his extravagant admirers, who look upon his eccentricities as sterling wit. We find in his book a good deal to laugh at, but little to praise. His oddities amuse for their season, and pass away like the caricatures, which grow old in a week. There is no exuberance of idea in his drollery. One thought is elaborated through twenty pages of prose, or as many verses. We see that he is a mere mechanic, employed in an operation which he has turned into a trade.

The present volume contains, amongst several failures, a few of the best things which his intellectual laboratory has yet produced. The "*Parish Revolution*" is a very fair burlesque upon the habit which the newspapers have, of exaggerating the most trifling incidents, and of giving accounts from different quarters of events, which they represent as alarming. The verses on the miseries of a married man are capital. His exile from the duett and the quadrille, the neglect of his fair friends, who used formerly to net purses and stitch collars, and hem frills for him in abundance, the indifference of the mamma of many daughters, to the presence of him who used to be so much prized and consulted, and the thousand other changes brought about by his new condition, are all enumerated in a style of pungent jocularly. We give two or three stanzas.

' Miss Towne the toast, though she  
can boast

A nose of Roman line,  
Will turn up even that in scorn  
Of compliments of mine!  
She should have seen that I have  
been

Her sex's partisan,  
And really married all I could—  
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,  
Whilst I rejected stand,—  
Will no one take my arm because  
They cannot have my hand?  
Miss Parry, that for some would go  
A trip to Hindostan,  
With me don't care to mount a  
stair—

I'm not a single man!

'Some change, of course, should  
be in force,

But, surely, not so much—  
There may be hands I may not  
squeeze,

But must I never touch?—  
Must I forbear to hand a chair,  
And not pick up a fan?

But I have been myself picked up—  
I'm not a single man!

pp. 42, 43.

The visit of Mrs. Skinner and her  
sons and daughters, is also a good  
hit, and perhaps as much might be  
said of two or three other pieces.  
The designs are all by Mr. Hood;  
they have the merit of being origi-  
nal, and laughable, and are more-  
over exceedingly well engraved.

ART. XI.—*Domestic Gardener's  
Manual, being an Introduction  
to Gardening. To which is added,  
a Concise Naturalists' Kalendar,  
and English Botanists' Com-  
panion, or Catalogue of British  
Plants, in the Monthly Order of  
their Flowering.* By a practical  
Horticulturist. 1 vol. royal 8vo.  
pp. 564. London: Whittaker  
and Co. 1830.

We do not hesitate to say, that  
with the view of conveying sound  
practical information on the im-  
portant subject of gardening, this  
is by far the most judicious volume  
that has appeared in our time.  
We must not be understood to un-  
dervalue Mr. Loudon's splendid  
labours in this department of natu-  
ral science; we only speak of its  
value as connected with its econo-  
mical shape, and its capability  
therefore of being extensively cir-  
culated among that class of the  
community, which really may be  
said to be excluded from the know-  
ledge of many recent discoveries  
and improvements, by reason of

the high priced volumes to which  
the account of them is limited. The  
present work is arranged with  
strict reference to the progress of  
the months: and to each of these  
divisions of the year there are de-  
voted respectively three sections,  
one of which treats of some point  
of natural philosophy immediately  
bearing on the operations of hor-  
ticulture. A second is occupied with  
a full and scientific account of some  
of the chief esculent vegetables, with  
practical directions for the kitchen  
garden; and in the third section  
will be found a similar display of  
curious knowledge with respect to  
the most valuable fruit trees, toge-  
ther with instructions for their ma-  
nagement. The first section we  
esteem as of particular value and  
importance; the introduction of  
such information as it contains  
being a novelty in books on garden-  
ing, which, if they adopt it, will  
entitle them to a very different  
station in our libraries from that  
which they have hitherto enjoyed.  
The illustrations of which the busi-  
ness of a mere gardener is suscep-  
tible, may be drawn from a very  
numerous class of the most inter-  
esting branches of human inquiry.  
Chemistry, meteorology, electricity,  
—in short, the whole circle of those  
sciences that are more especially  
esteemed for the pleasure which,  
in union with instruction, they  
afford. We anticipate, from the  
influence of this clever and elegant  
book, a very favourable alteration  
in the general state of our horti-  
culture. A naturalist's kalendar,  
an English botanist's catalogue,  
and a very considerable number of  
well executed plates, complete the  
very strong claims of this volume  
on general attention.



ART. XII.—*The Island Bride, in Six Cantos.* By the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D. Second Edition, 8vo. pp. 244. London: Bull. 1830.

CONSIDERING how seldom it happens, in these days, that a poem of moderate length arrives at the honour of a second impression, we have heard of the success of the *Island Bride* with not a little surprise, as we did not think that its quiet attractions would have been so soon and so extensively acknowledged. The author uses the Spenserian stanza with equal facility and grace; and although it must be admitted, that he frequently descends to prose, yet we are of opinion that his verses are in general well sustained, and replete with poetic thoughts and imagery. The story is said to have grown out of the sympathy felt by the author for an old man residing in the Isle of France, who had become deranged in consequence of the loss of an only daughter. It is conducted in an affecting manner, though it resembles now and then too closely the "Minstrel" of Beattie.

ART. XIII.—*An Abridgment of Zumpt's Latin Grammar for the Use of Schools.* By the Rev. J. Kenrick, M.A. 12mo. London: B. Fellowes. 1830.

It is very unlikely that any of our readers are by this time at a loss to know our opinion of Zumpt's Latin Grammar. We have spoken of it as we thought it deserved, a few years ago, and upon mature deliberation, if we are now disposed to vary the judgment which we formed, it would be only in consequence of some doubts we entertain, that our eulogy was commen-

surate with its merits. The little work before us is an abridgment, or, strictly speaking, the abridgment of an abridgment, and we feel that we say enough in its favour, when we state, that it embodies the principles of Zumpt. Mr. Kenrick, who is master of Manchester College, York, must be too good an authority on practical education not to entitle him to every respect; but we cannot resist the impression, that in his endeavour to shorten and simplify the rules of syntax, he has deprived them of that extreme facility of being thoroughly understood by the scholar which they possessed in the original; an attribute, without which, he will own, no school-book is worth employing. However, we doubt if in so small and cheap a work a greater quantity of the judicious rules of Zumpt could have been collected.

ART. XIV.—*The Emperor's Rout. Illustrated by coloured plates.* 12mo. pp. 38. London: Tilt. 1831.

THIS is a pretty little child's book, the object of which is to give an account of the family of the *moths*, in verse that may be easily remembered. These varied members of the insect creation, envying the success of the Butterfly's Ball, get up a rout of their own under the patronage of their emperor the Pavina Major; but their sports are all brought to a sudden termination by the chimney of their ball-room taking fire. In the end they discover, that nature never intended them, either in beauty or in routs, to rival the butterflies. The author should have omitted in his notes the Latin nomenclature, as it is apt to deter juvenile minds from a study, which ought to be presented to them in the most inviting form.

ART. XV.—1. *Hints addressed to the Small Holders and Peasantry of Ireland, in Road-making and on Ventilation, &c. &c.* By Martin Doyle. 12mo. pp. 88. Dublin: Curry & Co. 1830.

2. *Hints to Small Holders on Planting and on Cattle, &c. &c.* By Martin Doyle. Dublin: Curry & Co.

No better service can be performed towards the peasantry of Ireland, than the circulation amongst them of Martin Doyle's little tracts, containing, within a small compass, a great deal of useful information upon subjects, which it is of the greatest importance to their health, industry and happiness to understand. He tells them how they are to make roads in the most economical and durable manner; how they are to preserve pure air in their cottages by a simple system of ventilation; he gives them a few excellent rules connected with the care of their health, and insists, above all things, upon the necessity of temperance and education. The remarks on planting are well adapted to their wants and their means; but we imagine that they may derive still greater advantage from the hints respecting horses, oxen, mules, asses, swine, sheep and poultry. How much it is to be lamented that there is no association for the gratuitous distribution of these and other similar publications, among those classes of the people who cannot afford to pay for them!

ART. XVI.—*The Gentleman in Black.* With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 12mo. pp. 309. London: Kidd. 1831.

A PART of this story has already appeared in the "Literary Magnet," a periodical conducted with con-

siderable taste, which has for some time ceased to exist. The 'Gentleman in Black' is no other than the "old gentleman" as some call him, or as others more commonly style him, the devil, and we have here a history of one of his German tricks, which relates how he bargained for the souls of two young men for inexhaustible stores of gold, who, without any mutual knowledge of their common position, meet in Paris, become friends, and gain universal admiration by the extravagance of their expenditure. Their adventures are very pleasantly described, but how they terminate we are not very clearly informed, except that what very few are supposed capable of effecting, they contrive by some means to cheat their sable protector of his prey. We cannot discover any particular merit in Cruikshank's illustrations. Indeed a story of *diablerie* does not furnish the sort of material upon which his talents can work with advantage.

ART. XVII.—*A Practical Treatise on the Anti-Asthmatic Properties of the Bladder Poddod Lobelia, with Directions for the exhibition and preparation of it, &c. &c. To which is added an Account of the Chirayita Herb, lately introduced as a Remedy for Nervous and Gouty Indigestion, &c. &c.* By Richard Reece, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. Second Edition, 8vo, London: Ridgway.

THE professional career of Dr. Reece is so remarkably distinguished from that of almost every medical practitioner of whom the world knows any thing, that we should be extremely anxious to know how far it has answered merely as a worldly speculation,



The disinterestedness of his views, the simplicity by which he is known, lead him into a series of conduct which would appear to the unthinking as inconsistent with the dignity and importance of a genuine member of the faculty; and we have no doubt that his claims on the public attention have been on this account frequently misinterpreted. But those who choose to judge for themselves, will not have to go deeply into his writings, before they shall find him a man of thorough and scientific attainments—highly esteemed by the profession, except for his excessive candour—and so far from being worthy to be classed with the irregulars and pretenders, who one and all have so much recourse to the press, the Doctor is principally indebted for his celebrity to the wholesome state of terror into which he has subdued the whole body of metropolitan quacks. The little pamphlet before us is an instance of that disposition which has ever marked this able man, to render his experience and discoveries serviceable to the country at large. He gives a detailed account of the efficacy of the lobelia in cases of asthma: he describes the manner in which it is to be prepared, the symptoms of the patient when it is proper, or otherwise, that it should be administered; and, in short, he enters into every particular concerning its administration that is necessary to guide the most simple to the knowledge and the enjoyment of its virtues. The same description applies to the chirayita.

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ART. XVIII.—*The Family Cabinet Atlas, conducted upon an original plan, and engraved on steel, by Mr. Thomas Starling. Part VIII.* London: Bull.

WE are glad to see this interesting

and convenient work advancing steadily towards its completion in the same style of excellence in which it set out. The maps are quite unrivalled for their accuracy and distinctness.

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ART. XIX.—*Military Events of the late French Revolution, or an account of the conduct of the Royal Guard on that occasion. By a Staff Officer of the Guards.* From the French. 8vo. pp. 119. London: Murray. 1830.

THE object of the author of this pamphlet is to defend the conduct of the French Royal Guard, during the celebrated three days' Campaign in Paris. They and their military colleagues, it is well known, were vanquished in the fair collision of force with force, and that too by a parcel of citizens who did not present themselves in any great superiority of numbers, but certainly with an infinite inequality in respect of discipline and appointments. This fact, alone, was the fertile source of numerous reports as to the causes which led to its occurrence—and in these rumours, the courage, the patriotism, the generosity, and the whole host of civil and military virtues of the Royal Guard, were treated in a manner which called for some effort at vindication. We are not sufficiently interested in the character of the regiment to enter into the details of their defence. But as that defence required the ample and accurate account of military operations on the eventful days in question, which is here presented to us, we think that it is worthy of preservation as a sound and authentic record so far.

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ART. XX.—1. *The Lyre; Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*. 12mo. pp. 360. London: Sharpe. 1830.

2. *The Laurel; Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*. 12mo. pp. 368. London: Sharpe. 1830.

THESE are two delightful pocket volumes, containing, in a clear and beautiful type, a judicious selection from periodical and other works, fleeting in their nature, of all the poetical gems by which they were adorned. The British Journals have contributed, of course, the great mass of the compilation, but we are glad to observe that those of the United States of America are also adequately represented in this congress of the Muses. We do not know a pleasanter brace of volumes to take upon a journey, or into the fields, or to deposit in a parlour window, or on a drawing-room table, than the 'Laurel' and the 'Lyre'; they serve so well as companions, and furnish so excellent a fund of rational entertainment, that we do not hesitate to recommend them both, most cordially, to the attention of the public.

ART. XXI.—*Observations on the Duty on Seaborne Coals: and on the peculiar Duties and Charges on Coal in the Port of London*. 8vo. pp. 51. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

OUR readers need not be reminded of the lengthened discussion which we indulged in a few months back upon this important subject.—We are happy to find that the author before us in the main agrees with our views and reasonings. He argues that coal, being an article of

prime necessity to life; should be treated as such articles are in our fiscal code: and it is to the fact, that in the northern counties coal, which is so important an instrument in the manufactures is really free from duties, that the extraordinary superiority of the inhabitants of those counties in manufactures, as compared with the southern counties where coal is taxed, is to be attributed. The effect of this inequality of duty is manifested at Norwich, which has been deprived of its 5000 spinners by the dearth of coals. Our author then proceeds in a forcible manner, to shew the injustice and evil consequences of this partial tax, and contends that the consequences of its removal would be very much to the advantage of the State, in point of prosperity and even political safety.

ART. XXII.—*Satan in Search of a Wife; with the whole Process of his Courtship and Marriage; and who danced at the Wedding*. By an Eye Witness. 12mo. pp. 36. London: Moxon. 1830.

WE suspect this imitation of 'The Devil's Walk,' to be from the pen of Mr. Charles Lamb, the Mecænas of Moxon. It is a poor affair. The Devil, who has been leading the life of a bachelor, some twenty thousand years, feels his heart moved with tender yearnings towards a tailor's daughter, whom he marries in preference to all the spirits of hell. We discover neither moral nor meaning in such a story as this, and the poverty of the subject borrows no charm, that we can see, either from the verse in which it is told, or from the plates by which it is illustrated.



## MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.*

WE were not prepared for any conduct on the part of the French Press, like that which one of the contributors to the *Revue Encyclopedique* has been repeatedly guilty of towards us. There is not a number of the *Revue*, which does not contain a very large portion of our articles, translated into French, in many instances faithfully and literally. This is done without the slightest acknowledgment of the obligation. In the *Revue* for October a version appeared of our paper on the Liverpool and Manchester Rail-road, in which we were followed by the translator in our erroneous representation of Messrs. Braithwaite's boilers. Again, when we corrected this error in a subsequent number, the *Revue* adopts our correction, but the terms in which it does so, involve not only a repetition of the injustice to us, but a very great inconsistency with truth. It says, "We take this opportunity of correcting a mistake which crept into the explanation *that was sent to us from England*,"—(*qui nous avait été transmise d'Angleterre*). We now give notice to the parties concerned in this wholesale piracy that we have the effectual means of stopping it in our hands.

The preliminary proceedings necessary to the execution of a Rail-road between London and Brighton, are now in active progress. The road is to commence at the top of Kennington Common, and the length is calculated to be about 47 miles.

We perceive in the regulations of the Banff Literary and Scientific Institution, one rule, the generosity

and utility of which, are so obvious, that we hope to see it extensively imitated by the liberal Societies of the country: this rule relates to the discovery and encouragement of native genius and talent. The candidate is first to be proposed for the encouragement of the institution, by some member; the council is then to examine the candidate, and upon their favourable report he is to appear before the general body. If the case be deserving of attention, the council shall then give a certificate and recommendation to the applicant, stating his qualifications: and it shall be the object of the Institution, by means of recommendation and otherwise, to procure the applicant every facility for prosecuting such studies as may be necessary to develop and perfect his particular talent. And as the mere gift of money may lead to abuse, and prove an incitement to mercenary views, it is appointed that no money, from the funds of the Institution, shall be given to the applicant; but if any be voted, it shall be applied, under the control of the council, for such purposes as shall be deemed most proper for the improvement of the applicant, viz.: the fees of college, of teachers, purchase of books, instruments, &c.

Dr. Wollaston, we are informed, left behind him in MS. a series of observations, to facilitate the determination of the relative brightness of the sun and stars, which opens entirely new and more magnificent views than we are yet acquainted with, of the universe.

On the 30th of November, the election for President and Council

of the Royal Society, took place. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was chosen President, the votes being, for Mr. Herschel, 110, for the successful candidate, 119. The following are the Council: those names printed in Italics are those of the members who were on the last Council. Duke of Sussex, Sir Robert Peel, *Lord Melville*, *Sir George Murray*, Sir Astley Cooper, Col. Fitzclarence, Messrs. Barrow, Cavendish, Children, Lubbock, Peacock, Vigors, *Barlow*, *Ellis*, *Faraday*, *Gilbert*, *Kater*, *Phillips*, *Pond*, *Rennie*, and *Dr. Roget*.

M. Andrieux, the author of a French tragedy, entitled *Lucius Junius Brutus*, which was acted for the first time at Paris in September last, lately published his work, with a preface containing some very singular details of its history. It appears that he began the tragedy in the spring of 1794, and that it was finished in 1795, and was read by the author in the green-room of the Theatre de la Republique, before all the performers. It was well received, but it was not acted for some reason or another. However, M. Andrieux contented himself with retouching the piece now and then during the reigns of Napoleon, and Louis, and in the year 1828 resolved to produce it. It was read in the presence of the company of the same Theatre as before,—and nothing was to hinder its enactment but the consent of government. The author therefore boldly laid the tragedy before the Minister of the Interior, who happened to be Mons. Martignac, the advocate who lately defended the ex-ministers of France. “The Minister,” says Andrieux, “sent me an answer of three pages and a half in his own hand, remarkable for its acuteness and kindness. He spoke very favourably of my work as a

literary composition, and eulogized my talents as a poet in a way which I durst not repeat—but the upshot was that he could not license the performance of my play, as the subject was inadmissible at the existing era, and he cited some dozen lines which he said could not be allowed to be repeated on the stage.” There is nothing for which we envy the French so much as for that amiability of manner which is exemplified so delightfully in the conduct of Martignac in the present case. When shall we hear of a minister and a dramatist corresponding in this manner in England? If we change the scene in our imagination, and suppose George Colman to be the licenser applied to; Morbleu! how Andrieux would pay for it.

A very singular specimen of a fossil tree was recently discovered in a quarry at Craighleith near Edinburgh. The trunk of the tree is nearly completely converted into Carbonate of lime, which is conjectured to possess a slight admixture of Silicious earth. But the most curious circumstance in this discovery is, that the gummy exudation on the external part of the tree appears with all the characters of perfectly formed coal. An Edinburgh paper (the New North Briton) giving an account of this specimen, adds that it is destined for the College Museum, “where it will be carefully preserved from the public.” What! do they devour such things in the modern Athens?

A distinguished naturalist in writing lately to a country friend who promised to be active in procuring specimens, thus expresses himself—I am more in want of some of our British fishes than birds. Among others, I want our anchovy, which is likely enough to be taken on our Southern shore, when small meshed nets are used. Specimens



of small size suit me best, and to preserve them it is only necessary to put them into a wide mouthed bottle or jar, add as much common gin as will cover them, and cork or bung up tight, adding a fish and more spirit as opportunity offers.

There are now not less than six newspapers published in India, in the Bengalee language, for the use of native readers.

As an instance of individual liberality, which deserves to be generally applauded; we have to mention that Dr. Tomlinson, of Newcastle on Tyne, has recently announced that his Library is free to the public, every day from seven o'clock in the morning, to one in the afternoon.

We find from the St. Petersburg Almanack for 1830, that the Russian ecclesiastical computation gives no less than 7338 years as the age of the world!

A project is at present on foot at Paris, for the erection there of an American College, principally destined for the general education of young men natives of South America.

We trust that in this age of intelligence the necessity of extending the studies of the guardians of the night throughout the country will be duly appreciated, for it seems that in the city of Bristol a few weeks ago, the watchmen, mistaking the brilliancy of the Aurora Borealis for one of Swing's nocturnal bonfires, sprang their rattles and produced indescribable alarm in a very peaceful district!

It is a very singular fact that in the Island of Cuba, which belongs to a monarchy the most absolute almost in Christendom, and the most averse to the existence of a free press, there are no less than ten periodical publications, every one of them more or less the organ of public opinion.

The Cambridge Prize subjects for the ensuing year are as follow:—Chancellor's 3d Medal, for English Poetry—"The attempts to discover a North-west Passage."—Members' Prizes for Latin Prose:—Bachelor's—"Utrum boni plus an mali hominibus et civitatibus attulerit dicendi copia?"—Undergraduates—"Utrum fides Punica ea esset qualeam perhibent scriptores Romani?"—Sir William's Browne's Gold Medals for Undergraduates:—Greek Ode—"Granta Illustrissimo Regi Gulielmo quarto gratulatur quod in solium Britanniae successerit."—Latin Ode—"Magicas accingitur artes."—Greek Epigram—"Magnas inter opes inops."—Latin Epigram—"Prudens simplicitas." The Porson Prize, for the best translation into Greek Verse:—"As you Like It," Act 2, Scene 1, beginning, "To day my Lord of Amiens and myself," ending, "Native dwelling-place."

A Journal, entitled the *Watchman and Jamaica Free Press*, conducted by free men of colour, and, having for its object to maintain the right to all the civil and political privileges of English subjects, has been just established at Jamaica.

A Botanic Garden was opened at Manchester, on the 19th of October last. The ground extends to ten Lancashire, or sixteen statute acres, being more than three times the size of the Liverpool Botanic Garden, which is only five statute acres.

One of the finest specimens of ornamental architecture which this metropolis can boast of, as the work of what may be called private enterprise, will be the noble portico, now nearly completed, of the Law Institution in Chancery Lane. Four fine Ionic columns of Portland stone, and two Antæ, of the same materials, all raised on pedestals of

granite, support the handsome entablature and pediment. But the fatality of all these beautiful structures of London is, that they cannot be seen. In front of the building in question, and between it and the opposite houses in Chancery Lane, there is about as much standing-room as will enable a good steady gazer to get a glimpse of the volutes of the columns. If he wants to see as far as the pediment, we advise him not to make the attempt, unless his neck possesses the suppleness of that of an Indian juggler.

The inscription on the "monument," which ascribes the burning of the city, in 1666, to the papists, has been ordered to be erased by a vote of the common council of London. Since it has been a point of angry dispute, to whom the credit is due of having first shewn that the erasure was only an act of justice, we must state, that Mr. Charles Butler was the gentleman who originally made the proposition to that effect, and many of our readers will remember that he made it in the mayoralty of Alderman Waithman.

Very much to their honour, the London Zoological Society have sent some of the duplicates occasioned by His Majesty's present to them of the Sandpit-gate collection, to the Irish Zoological Society. We also notice with pleasure that the Duchess of Northumberland has lately presented to the Royal Dublin Society a collection of rocks, made from the mountains Tor and Sinai, which Lord Prudhoe, on his visit to the museum, was kind enough to promise. The collection consists of 75 beautiful and well-selected specimens, with a catalogue, written in French, made up in conformity to the principles of the Wernerian school.

We have already mentioned a plan submitted to the navy for con-

centrating and controlling the fire of ships of war. Two inventions for this purpose have been described, which, however, do not interfere with each other. Mr. Kenmish's object is to effect the simultaneous fire of a broadside at a moment, when, by the roll of the ship, the guns previously laid for concentration, shall bear with the desired elevation on a given object. Captain Simmons's design is to render the training of the guns unnecessary, and to place the pointing of them beyond the control of the seamen working them, enabling an officer on the quarter-deck either to produce a fire from all the guns on the same side parallel to the fire of a gun which he may personally superintend, or to effect a convergence of fire on the line of fire of a particular gun; thus the precision of the fire between decks will not be affected either by darkness, by fog, or by the smoke of the guns, but must correspond with the intention of the officer commanding.

At the adjourned meeting of the West of England Agricultural Society, which was held last month, some very fine specimens of straw plait were introduced, and formed the subject of some interesting observations. It was observed that the wheat plant, of which the foreign plait was made, would grow on soils where nothing else would thrive. The method of making it fit for the required use was to seed it down twice, and the third time it came up weak and "spindly," fit for the intended purpose. The worst of land would do for this species of plant. It was said to be a better article than any English grass. The seeds might easily be had from Italy or Germany.

Marshal Marmont is, we understand, engaged in a narrative of the recent scenes in Paris.



IN THE PRESS.—An Analysis of Archbishop Secker's Lectures on the Church Catechism, by the Rev. R. Lee.—Divarications of the New Testament into Doctrine and History, by Thomas Wingman.—The Sixth Part, containing all the Numbers issued in 1830, of the Botanic Garden, by B. Maund, F. L. S.—Keppel's Journey across the Balkan.—History of Somersetshire, by the Rev. W. Phelps.—Proverbs of the Modern Egyptians, by Burckhardt.—Retrospect of Public Affairs in 1830.—Professor Millington's Epitome of the Elementary Principles of Mechanical Philosophy, 2d

edition.—A Key to a complete Set of Arithmetical Rods, by P. B. Templeton, Master of Cannon-street Academy, Preston.—First Volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, 2d edition.—A Collection of Statutes relating to the Town of Kingston-upon-Hull, by William Woolley, solicitor.—Remarks on Steam Navigation, by Wm. Fairburn.—The Life of Captain Kelly, of the 1st Foot-Guards.—Paley's Natural Theology Illustrated, by the Lord Chancellor and Mr. C. Bell.—Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.—Haigh's Travels in Chili.—Godwin on the Mind.

#### THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

IN order to meet the wishes of new subscribers, who desire to possess a really critical and impartial REVIEW of current Literature, and not a mere pamphlet of party essays upon one hand, or a hasty compilation of extracts upon the other, we have made an alteration in this journal which, we trust, may be universally acceptable. Hitherto the volumes of THE MONTHLY REVIEW have been numbered from the commencement of each series, which became in the course of time so extended, as to render the completion of regular sets of the work extremely difficult, if not in many instances altogether impossible. This was an inconvenience which new subscribers particularly felt, and which it is the more unnecessary to impose upon them, since each volume is so complete in itself, as seldom to require illustration from that which follows or precedes it. We shall, therefore, in future begin a new enumeration with every new year, so that persons who, from change of residence or other reasons, may wish to take in this journal even for a single year, may possess the three volumes published within that year complete in themselves, and distinct in their order, as they are in their substance, from all the others. The present number is accordingly the first number of the FIRST VOLUME of THE MONTHLY REVIEW for 1831, which will be succeeded, from month to month, by the numbers forming the *second* and *third* volumes for the same year. The volumes for 1832 will be reckoned in a similar manner, vol. 1, 2, and 3, thus giving to each year a separate series, which will render the completion of sets a matter of little difficulty and expense, at whatever time a subscriber chooses to order this journal from his bookseller.

Our readers will perceive that in the portion of the present number set apart for notices and miscellaneous intelligence, we have, for the full page, substituted double columns, which are to be continued, as they will enable us, with some further improvements which we have in contemplation, to give THE MONTHLY REVIEW an aspect still more in unison with the popular spirit of the times,—a spirit which it will be our pride to cherish and extend by all the means which we can command.

#### TO THE BINDER.

\* \* \* The Binder is requested to read the preceding observations, in order that he may understand the manner in which the volumes of the Monthly Review are hereafter to be enumerated, notwithstanding the technical oversight which has occurred in the sheets of the present number.

## MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Dr. Currie, 2 vols.  
 Life of Rodney, 2 vols.  
 Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy.  
 Stapleton's Life of Canning, 3 vols.  
 Annual Biography, 15s.

## HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, &amp;c.

History of the United States of America,  
 (Lardner's Library), 6s.  
 Lingard's History of England, vol. 8, 4to,  
 1l. 16s.; 8vo, 1l. 4s.  
 Logan's Scottish Gael, 2 vols. 1l. 10s.  
 Nicolas's Observations on Historical Literature, 7s. 6d.  
 National Library, vol. 4 (History of Chivalry), 18mo, 5s. boards.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Talisman, 1831, 1l. 1s.  
 Le Keepsake Français, 1831, 1l. 1s.  
 Green's British Merchant's Assistant,  
 1l. 11s. 6d.  
 Family Classical Library, vol. 12, 18mo,  
 4s. 6d. boards.  
 Swinden's Attempt to prove Lord Chatham  
 was Junius, 3s. 6d.  
 Hood's Comic Annual.  
 London University Calendar.  
 Annual Peerage for 1831.  
 Raak's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, 15s. 6d.  
 Orem's Description of Old Aberdeen.  
 Millingen's Greece, 10s. 6d.

Bussola per lo Studio Pratico della Lingua  
 Italiana, 7s.

Matthews' Comic Annual, 8vo, 1s. stitched.  
 Dax's Practice of the Court of Exchequer.  
 Affection's Offering, 1831, 18mo, 4s. bds.  
 Robeson's British Herald, 3 vols. 4to, 10l.  
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Plumbe on Vaccination, 3s. 6d.  
 Betham's Feudal Dignities, 1 vol. 15s.  
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 B. Earp, 12mo, 4s. boards.  
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## NOVELS AND TALES.

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 3 vols.  
 Pen Tamer, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. boards.  
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 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.  
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## POETRY.

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Wainwright's Vindication of Paley's Theory  
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The Pulpit, vol. 15, 8vo, 7s. 6d. boards.  
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Hughes's Divines, vol. 7, 8vo, 7s. 6d. bds.  
Picken's Travels of Eminent Missionaries,  
royal 18mo, 7s. 6d. boards.  
Rowlatt's Sermons preached at the Tem-  
ple, 12s.  
James's Sermons, 8s. 6d.

THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1831.

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- ART. I.—1. *A Bill, intituled An Act for establishing Courts of Local Jurisdiction.* Ordered by the House of Lords to be printed, 2 Dec. 1830.
2. *An Estimate of Mr. Brougham's Local Court Bill.* By an Observer. 8vo. pp. 42. London: Maxwell, 1830.
3. *A Letter to The Right Hon. Lord Tenterden, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, &c. &c.; on The Bill for Establishing Courts of Local Jurisdiction.* By William Raines, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 59. London: Saunders & Benning, 1830.

THERE never yet, we believe, was an instance of any decided and extensive improvement in the condition of a community being proposed, much less carried into effect, without encountering formidable and sometimes even bitter and implacable opposition. We might cite as a recent case of this description, which every body will remember, the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Rail-road, which, before its commencement, caused almost a civil war in the county of Lancaster, from the variety and great influence of the interests with which it necessarily conflicted. We well remember how the project for lighting this metropolis with gas was postponed for several years, in consequence of the wit with which the bare mention of such an idea was ridiculed, at the outset, and the earnestness with which multifarious dangers, likely to arise out of such a scheme, were prognosticated and denounced. Those who are acquainted with the history of vaccination, are aware of the tremendous difficulties with which that real reformer and beautifier of the human race, was met immediately upon its discovery—difficulties by which, we are almost surprised, it was not stifled at its birth. Nor is this course of things at all to be wondered at. On the contrary, it is so perfectly conformable with what may be called the nature of society, that it is always to be



expected. We can scarcely imagine any material alteration in the habits of mankind, which would not interfere, to a very serious extent, with the pecuniary profit of every person who is in any way instrumental to their preservation. If, like the Israelites in the desert, it was ordained that we should all be fed for a season or two upon manna, falling from the clouds, forthwith the bakers and the butchers, the fishmongers and the poulterers, followed by a whole tribe of cooks, confectioners, and kitchen-maids, not to speak of the thousand and one agricultural interests, would pour in their petitions upon the legislature, in which we should hear of vested interests, and venerable usages, and rash innovations, until our ears should loathe the very sound. The manna would be analysed; chemists would be found to pronounce it poisonous; and then would all our old men and women join in the cry, and the bakers and the butchers, the fishmongers and the poulterers, together with all their concomitant and appendant tribes, would, in their long bills, and their sundry impositions, again rejoice.

Under certain restrictions we do not, however, at all deprecate this opposition to innovation or reform; it is, in our opinion, essential to the rapid destruction of a bad scheme, and highly conducive to the success of a good one. It is impossible for the propounder of any great project to foresee, at the outset of his operations, all the points against which, if we may use the metaphor, the wheels of his machine shall rub too closely; to avoid introducing as many and, perhaps, as great abuses as those which he is anxious to remove, and to gain for his plan all the advantages of which it may be susceptible;—unless he be compelled by strong, and even violent, opponents to examine it on every side, and to fence it by all the safeguards which wisdom can devise. In some instances he will have, undoubtedly, to modify his intentions, and thus, perhaps, rather promote than injure the object which he has in view.

It was clearly predicted by the learned, and now noble, author of the Local Court Bill,—a Bill, be it remembered, which is not yet passed into a law,—that it would meet with many obstacles, but with none more powerful or persevering than those arising from the direct interest, which certain classes of professional men have in maintaining profitable abuses. Evils similar to those of which England has long complained, in the administration of justice, prevailed in France from the period of the establishment of the feudal system in that country, down to the Revolution. Seats upon the Bench were not indeed, at any time, hereditary with us, and the period has long passed by when they were saleable as in France. But the expensiveness of justice, and its ruinous delays, were just as intolerable in that country, before the close of the last century, as they are to this day in our own. Nevertheless, when by a progressive series of laws, commencing with that of the 24th of August, 1790, a system of justice, intended to be both cheap and expeditious,

was established, it was not, indeed, openly opposed by the *avoués* or attornies, as the free discussion of public measures was then little practised in France, beyond the walls of the constituent assembly; but it was received by them with the greatest alarm, because it was calculated to diminish their illegitimate profits. They were, however, obliged to submit to the law, which they could not prevent from being carried into effect, and from that day to this, it has been their constant study how to evade its wholesome provisions, and to restore the ancient costliness of justice.

Some of the tricks to which the French *avoués* have had recourse, in order to render the new system as innoxious to themselves as possible, may be mentioned, in order to show the little regard which is sometimes paid to honesty and honour in such conflicts of private interest with the public benefit. The new civil procedure required that the *avoués* for one party, should communicate to the other, an entire and complete copy of all the written documents connected with the process, for which a certain fixed remuneration, or round sum, was allowed, including the price of the stamped paper upon which the copy ought to be made out. But they hit upon the happy invention of communicating only the last leaf: and if any inquiry were made, they insisted that they had furnished the whole, but that the commencement must have been lost!—thus obtaining payment, not only for a mutilated as a perfect copy, but also for stamped paper which they had not used! Again, the law directed that each page of the copy communicated, should contain only thirty-five lines; but the *avoués* augmented these to sixty lines, in order that, by saving the stamped paper, they might increase their own profits; and to accomplish this end, they made copies which no person could decipher. On the other hand, the registrars, who were to be paid by the page, or rather by the two pages, adopted an exactly contrary course; they reduced the legal number of thirty-five lines to fourteen or fifteen, and thus imposed upon the suitor double the fee which he ought, by law, to be called upon to pay\*. These, and a hundred other abuses, ingeniously contrived forty years ago, are now among the venerable usages of our Gallic neighbours, and heaven help the reformer who would attempt to get rid of them!

Taking for our authority the recent work of M. Rey, of Grenoble, which contains an able and accurate comparison of the judicial institutions of France with those of England, we shall describe, in as few words as possible, the system which was established in the former country, at the commencement of the Revolution. Although that measure has been iniquitously prevented, chiefly by the *avoués*, from bestowing upon the French people all the benefit which it is evidently capable of conferring; nevertheless, it is in its forms so simple, and in its organization so complete, and at the same time so similar to the scheme propounded in Lord

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\* See Rey's *Institutions Judiciaires*, &c. vol. i. pp. 280, 281.



Brougham's Bill, that it cannot but be interesting to the public, and encouraging to the friends of this useful proposition, to learn that such a system already exists. We dare to say, that when it was first promulgated, there were many persons who cried out, that it was against the genius of the French people, and that it never could take root amongst them. The same objection is gravely made against the new Bill by Mr. Raines, although the plan upon which it proceeds, is neither more nor less than as near an approach, as the civilisation of these days can permit, to the mode of administering justice, which once prevailed amongst almost all the nations of Germanic origin. When we talk of the genius of a people, we naturally go back to the practice of their ancestors, in order to discover, as far as we can, what that genius is, with reference to any particular branch of their institutions. But if we may believe the authorities upon the subject, the ancient Germans, from whom the Franks, as well as the English, derive their origin, were long accustomed to have the usual acts of government, comprising those of a judicial character, performed by the mass of freemen assembled under the presidency of elective chieftains. Generally speaking, the judicial acts were done by the assembly, though, in civil cases, the magistrates sometimes decided without popular assistance. The Germans had frequently recourse to arbitrators of their own choice, and it was a rule, that no matters in litigation between private parties, should be brought before the people or the magistrate, unless it was found impossible to agree upon a choice of arbitrators.

Such was the broad democratic basis of judicial administration which the Franks brought with them, when they took possession of the northern parts of Gaul. When the community was not numerous, there was of course but one description of popular assembly. According as new territory was acquired, by conquest or settlement, and population increased, and elective chieftaincy settled into hereditary monarchy and aristocracy, it became impossible to have every thing submitted to a single assembly; meetings, by orders and classes, in larger or smaller numbers, were gradually introduced, and, in time, became proportionate, both in rank and number, to the importance of the cases which they were called upon to decide. They varied from hundreds to tens, from a parliament to a jury.

In England, we have had the good fortune, beginning with similar institutions, to have preserved the popular principle down to the present moment, and rather to have extended than to have diminished its just influence. But in France, it unhappily fell into desuetude, in proportion as monarchy and aristocracy acquired strength and confidence. The frequent attendance of the people in courts of justice, which, with us, was never totally given up, was felt to be so burthensome, in the wider territory of France, to persons who received no compensation for their longer journeys and loss of time, that, instead of resisting the inroads which were made,

from age to age, upon their best privileges, they rather yielded to them, and were glad to be released from a troublesome office.

In the reign of Charlemagne, as it would appear, persons were, for the first time in France, selected from among the mass of freemen, who were called Judges, and who alone were compellable to give their attendance at the courts, which, however, were still open to such of the freemen as chose to be present—a privilege which, in the worst of times, was continued as to the civil courts of that country. The presiding magistrates, dignified with the title of Counts, were no longer chosen by the people, but appointed by the King. The periods for hearing causes, which before were as often as there was business to be done, were limited to three in the year. The Counts, in the progress of time, assisted by the compactness and power of the feudal system, arrogated to themselves jurisdiction over extensive provinces, sometimes, even, to the exclusion of the King's authority; the judicial seats became an affair of property, hereditary and saleable like any other patrimony; the only effectual opponents of the royal and the aristocratic oppressors being the clergy, who contrived, while they occasionally assisted the people, to create for themselves a peculiar jurisdiction, by means of which they exercised extensive sway over wills and marriages, the two principal channels for the distribution of property in every community.

The evils, to which this degeneracy from the ancient popular system gave rise in France, were incalculable, at the time of the Revolution. The people of that country had then to complain of indolence and ignorance and corruption among their judges, complaints for the like of which certainly there is not, at this moment, nor has there been for a long period, the slightest possible ground or pretext in England. But they had also to complain of other abuses, which, though not personal to the judges, were quite as injurious to the people; they had to lament, as we have, the dreadful expence which was imposed upon them, if they sought to recover, in a court of justice, even a trifling debt; they had to deplore, as we have, the great delay, often ruinous to individuals, which interposed between the commencement of a suit and its termination; they had to undergo, as we have, the trouble of leaving their homes and of going to a distance, in the pursuit of that justice which, sometimes, in consequence perhaps of the pressure of business, they could not find; they had to suffer, as we have, from the uncertainty of the law, from the complexity of the machinery by which, as it were, justice was ground for the people; of the endless length of pleadings, of the jargon with which they were filled, and of the unnecessary mystification which prevailed in every stage of a process that ought to be as plain as the noon-day.

The judicial grievances of the French were removed, with a sweeping and unflinching hand, by the law of the 24th of August, 1790, and by the supplemental enactments by which it was followed up. The cumbrous scaffolding of distinct jurisdictions was



prostrated; hereditary magistracy was abolished; the clergy were altogether most properly deprived of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in temporal affairs; the sale of judicial offices was suppressed; the jury was introduced, or rather restored, although confined at first to criminal procedure, and justice was literally brought home to every man's door, by a well-organized system of administration, which, for its simplicity and efficacy, and its attention to the interests of the people at large, almost deserves to be called patriarchal.

The leading features of that system, as it now exists, may be briefly described. There is scarcely any dispute that can arise between parties, which, with a few particular exceptions, they may not have settled by arbitrators of their own choice, with or without appeal to the courts, as the parties may elect. There are certain cases, such as those arising out of disagreements between partners in trade, which must be absolutely settled by a domestic tribunal of that kind. In every canton there are public officers, styled judges of peace, whose first study it is, as their title intimates, to prevent parties from going to law. For this purpose, they act as a court of reconciliation for all matters capable of being arranged in an amicable manner, provided that those matters are within the jurisdiction of a tribunal which, in point of rank, is immediately above their own, called a tribunal of first instance. The judges of peace have the power of deciding judicially, and without appeal, in all causes up to the value of fifty francs;—and with appeal, in all causes relating to personal property, damage done to fields, the possession of houses and farms, and disputes between masters and their domestic servants or labourers. Tribunals of commerce are established for cases arising out of mercantile affairs. The attendance of *avoués* is not necessary in the courts of the judges of peace, and is specially forbidden in those of commerce; but in both, certain persons are admitted, who, without being imposed upon the parties, fulfil functions very nearly similar to those of the *avoués*. From the tribunal of commerce, appeals lie to the civil section of the royal courts, of which we shall presently speak; from the courts of peace, appeals lie to the tribunals of first instance, which have, moreover, original jurisdiction without appeal, in all matters relating to personal property up to the value of one hundred francs; and with appeal, in all matters relating to real property, the yearly income from which does not exceed the sum of fifty francs. A public officer, called the king's attorney, or advocate, uniformly attends the sittings of this tribunal, and officially concerns himself in all matters relating, in any way, to the public interests, and in those connected with the interests of minors, married women having separate rights, absent persons, and others whose affairs are usually managed by curators. In these courts the attendance of *avoués* is indispensable. The royal courts receive and decide appeals from the tribunals of first instance, in cases in which the latter do not decide in the last resort. In these courts, also, the king's

attorney, or his substitute, is generally present for purposes similar to those already stated, and *avoués* are uniformly employed. One central court is established, for preserving all this machinery of justice in uniformity of practice and law; it is called the court of cassation, and its office is to abrogate any decisions of the inferior tribunals which are not according to law, or which are not properly within their jurisdiction. Here, also, the king has his attorney, but the *avoué* is superseded by the *avocat à cour*, a barrister, who both frames the pleadings and argues the matter before the court.

The procedure in all these courts, is simplified as much as possible. In those of the judges of peace the summons indicates merely the object of the demand, the judge who is to take cognizance of it, and the day and hour of appearance. One clear day is usually allowed to intervene, between the service of the summons and the appearance of the parties, and even this delay the judge may abridge if he think fit. Parties may, moreover, present themselves voluntarily, without being summoned at all; they may attend themselves, or by persons empowered to act for them, and they can make no defence in writing. The cause is decided at the ensuing sitting, or if an interlocutory judgment intervene, the cause must be decided within the ensuing four months. Judgments are executed provisionally, up to the sum of three hundred francs, notwithstanding appeal and without bail; when they are definitive, and pronounced in the presence of the parties, they are not communicated to them in writing. Witnesses are always examined in the presence of the parties, and when the nature of the dispute renders it necessary for the judge to repair to any place beyond the precincts of his court, he is attended by the parties and witnesses, and also, if required, by scientific persons, such as surveyors, architects, or engineers. In the tribunals of commerce, the procedure is much the same, except that when an examination is necessary to be made, as to any matter pending before the court, by arbitrators, or by men expert in art or science, they conduct their enquiry out of the presence of the tribunal, and their report is made to it in writing. The procedure in the tribunals of first instance, in the royal courts and the court of cassation, is rather more complicated; at the same time, we may observe, that it is infinitely more intelligible, and more conducive to expedition as well as to economy, than that which takes place in the Courts of Westminster-hall.

We have, of course, confined our view to the civil jurisdiction of the tribunals which we have mentioned, to none of which are suitors admitted, until after the defendant has been cited in reconciliation before the judge of peace. Mr. Rey acknowledges that, in large towns, this provision has but little effect, where, he says, "the presence of *avoués* paralyzes its power, and the judges of peace have little influence over litigants:" "but," he adds, "it produces, generally, a great deal of good in small



villages, and particularly in the country." We have the testimony of the Edinburgh Review, that similar provisions have completely succeeded in Switzerland, Denmark, and Hamburgh, and we think too well of our countrymen not to hope, that a court of reconciliation would be amongst them, in numberless instances, equally acceptable.

We shall now see how far the Lord Chancellor's scheme of local courts resembles, or differs from, that which has been, for nearly half a century, in operation in France. It proposes to appoint two judges in ordinary, in the first instance by way of experiment, for three counties, viz. Kent, and Northumberland and Durham: these judges are to hold their courts, for the trial of causes, once every month, except the month of August, (given as a vacation,) the times for holding the same, not being those of the assizes or quarter sessions in the said counties, and the places being varied within their district, according to the convenience of all its inhabitants. These judges are to be in the commission of the peace, and also in the commissions under which the judges of assize are authorised to act: they are to be assisted by registrars, criers, ushers, and messengers, and are to have cognizance of all actions of debt, or in the nature of debt, or for the breach of agreements whether under seal or not, and of all actions of trespass or trover for taking goods, to the extent of 100*l.*, and also, of all actions of personal tort, or in the nature thereof, whether the same be upon assault, false imprisonment, seduction, criminal conversation, &c. in which the damages sought do not exceed 50*l.*; provided, however, that in none of these cases, the title to land in freehold, copyhold, or leasehold, to tithe, toll, market, fair, or other franchise, shall be in question, unless both parties consent. If the parties knowing that the cause of action is above these sums, and that such titles come in question, nevertheless agree that it shall be tried by the judge in ordinary, then his jurisdiction is *pro tanto* enlarged. The residence of the defendant, or the arising of the cause of action, or of some part of it, within the district of the judge, renders it necessary that the action shall be tried before him, unless the parties otherwise arrange among themselves. The statements, answers, replies, and rejoinders upon both sides, must be framed with a scrupulous adherence to truth, and according to specified forms, which are exceedingly simple and concise. The general course is, that all actions (above 5*l.*) shall be tried by a jury: the parties may, however, dispense with a jury if they please, provided the judge deem it expedient. In the trial of all actions, the usual course of law is to be pursued in the new courts, in which all persons, admitted as barristers and attornies of any of the Courts of Westminster, may practise their different professions. The judge may direct payments to be made by instalments, upon proper security being found, and defendants may assign, in payment, debts due to them. An appeal is to lie from the courts in ordinary

to the judge sitting at Nisi Prius at the assizes, execution meanwhile being stayed, or the amount paid to the registrar, as the judge in ordinary may direct; or the party dissatisfied may, if he pleases, upon certain terms, carry his appeal at once to the Courts at Westminster. In all actions of debt, or in the nature of debt, (not exceeding 5*l.*) wherein none of the titles already mentioned come in question, the judges in ordinary are to have summary jurisdiction. They are to have jurisdiction over legacies to the amount of 100*l.*; they may act as arbitrators between parties; they may, with the consent of both parties, hear any cause in private; they may hold courts of reconciliation, the citation to which is not compulsory; if the parties, however, appear, and agree to be bound by the judge's decision, it will be conclusive.

From this brief outline it will be observed, that the new courts in ordinary are to exercise a great part of the jurisdiction which, in France, is distributed amongst the tribunals of peace and commerce, and those of first instance; and that so far as concerns proceeding by appeal, the Courts of Westminster-hall are to exercise over the courts in ordinary, the jurisdiction administered in France, partly by the tribunals of the first instance, and partly by the royal courts and the court of cassation. It appears to us that, in more than one respect, the Chancellor's plan has advantages over the French system. The judge in ordinary will generally, for instance, be more competent to act as arbitrator between parties, than private persons, to whom the task is confided in France. He will also, from his station in society, his character as a judge, in the commission of assize and the commission of the peace, his education and learning, possess more personal influence than the French *Juge de Paix*, and, consequently, be infinitely more successful in his courts of reconciliation among contending parties, particularly as the citation is not, as it is in France, compulsory. The payment by instalments, and the power of assigning debts given to the defendant\*, is also a decided improvement upon the French practice. Of the introduction of the jury we need say nothing; that institution is, generally speaking, so essential to the due administration of justice, that we can with difficulty understand how the French have, in civil matters, so long gone on without it. There are one or two points, however, upon which they have clearly the advantage over us. The first of these is, what they politely call, a *requête civile*, a civil request, by means of which, before appeal is made, they are enabled to solicit the court which has decided in the first instance, to review its own judgment, with reference, particularly, to points of evidence or other matters, which upon the first trial might not have been sufficiently adverted to. Such a proceeding as this it may be worth

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\* In France, however, a creditor may attach the effects of his debtor in the hands of a third person.



while to have incorporated, by way of experiment at least, in our new jurisdiction. The second point in which the French system is greatly preferable to ours, relates to execution by arrest and imprisonment of the person of the debtor. The French laws do not allow, in civil matters, a debtor to be imprisoned by way of forcing him to fulfil his engagements, until after judgment is given against him, and in general not even then, unless the judgment supposes some wrong on the part of the defendant. Exceptions to this rule occur only in respect to mercantile obligations, on account of which, alone, imprisonment usually takes place. This principle might be adopted and even extended in England.

Looking impartially at the provisions of the Chancellor's Bill, it seems difficult to doubt that they are calculated, if carried into operation in the spirit in which they have been conceived, to afford relief of the most acceptable kind, to the great mass of the community. To suitors of extensive means, it must always be a matter of indifference, whether causes, in which they are concerned, shall be disposed of within six, or twelve, or eighteen months, at home or at a distance; but, as the Chancellor, in his valuable speech on presenting his Bill to the House of Lords, truly stated, "to the middling and humble classes, who had no large interest at stake, out of which to defray the charges of the suit; who had no time to spare from the occupations by which they earned their livelihood, and whose suits were not of such a nature as to require a long period in which to prepare them for trial,—to such persons, a delay of six months in the adjudication of their cause, and the consequent expences of this delay, as well as the costs of trial at a distance from their homes, were matters of the most serious—he had almost said, of the most ruinous—consequences." To these classes, the proposed measure offers a material saving of time; a procedure perfectly suitable to the general nature of their causes; trials in half, and in some places, in a quarter of the time in which they can now be had, and these trials, too, at their own doors, at an expence that is scarcely worth mentioning. This Bill offers to spare to the country the shameful waste of money and time which the existing system produces,—dragging the suitor and his attorney and witnesses to, perhaps, a remote county town, there to be supported, at an enormous price, for a week or ten days. If any of the witnesses are, as must frequently happen to be the case, professional men, they must be paid two guineas, if master workmen, fifteen shillings, and if common workmen, five shillings a day. This is very far from being the outside of the suitor's expenditure, which, upon a moderate calculation, amounts at least to £50 or £60 before his cause comes on for trial, even though the whole sum in dispute may not exceed £10. Supposing the suitor to succeed, still he never can recover all his costs, the officer who taxes them, seldom allowing more than two-thirds at the utmost.

On the occasion already mentioned, the Chancellor stated, that

‘ He had obtained three bills of costs, with the results only of which he would trouble their lordships. The first amounted to 400*l.*, and of this the master, on taxation, struck off 200*l.*, that was to say, just one half. The second amounted to 210*l.*, and of this the master taxed off 70*l.*, or one third. The last amounted to 60*l.* This was an undefended cause; so that the amount spent in the litigation of an undefended cause was 60*l.*, and of this the master taxed off one fourth, 15*l.* Their lordships would see, therefore, that in these cases, the successful parties had to pay out of their own pockets—in the first case 200*l.*, in the second 70*l.*, and in the third 15*l.* The sums in question, in the first case, were large; it was an important case, and probably no cost had been spared in getting it ready for trial. In the second case, the sum at issue was somewhat about 100*l.*, so that the unfortunate suitor, after an outlay of 210*l.*, in order to recover 100*l.*, got at last only 30*l.* In the third case, the sum at issue was 50*l.*, which it cost the party 45*l.* to recover; and he need not remind their lordships, that the costs would have been quite as great if the debt had been only 10*l.*, and that also no greater amount of costs could have been recovered against the defendant; consequently, if a poor man had brought this action for 10*l.*, the costs amounting to 60*l.*, and he being allowed to recover only 45*l.*, he would have been 5*l.* the worse for bringing the action, and obtaining a verdict in his favour!’

The Lord Chancellor, in his luminous and able speech, further stated that,

‘ Observing, upon one occasion, at the assizes in the county palatine of Lancaster, that the verdicts were generally unusually low, he had asked the prothonotary to make him out a list of the verdicts, and the amount of them. This was in the spring of 1826; and he received from the prothonotary, a gentleman of great intelligence, and whose accuracy might be depended upon, the amount of the verdicts given in fifty-two causes, which was the whole number of the causes tried. Now what did their lordships suppose was the average amount of the verdicts in fifty-two causes, the accumulated litigation of the whole of one half year, in the county palatine of Lancaster, a county containing a population of more than 1,200,000 souls, and of which the vast mercantile dealings were too well known for him to attempt to describe? Why the average amount of the verdicts was 14*l.* 15*s.*, that was to say, a trifle under 15*l.*, a sum less than that for which a man by law might be arrested, and held to bail. If the real value of these cases had been entered, probably the value of the property in litigation would appear much greater; for three or four of them were actions of ejectment, and in these the verdict was, of course, only nominal; but, generally, this was not the nature of the causes; they were, for the most part, verdicts for the full amount of the property claimed, which was generally under 15*l.* In fairness, he was bound to state, however, that he believed this to be an extreme case.’

Lord Brougham further illustrated and strengthened his argument, by shewing, from returns presented to the House of Commons in the year 1827, that the number of affidavits for debt above £10, filed in the Courts of King’s Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, was 93,375; that of this number, no less than 30,000 were filed in cases where the debt was above £10, and under £20; that 34,000



were filed in cases where the debt was above 20*l.* and under 50*l.*; and about 15,000 in cases where the debt was above 100*l.*; so that two-thirds of the number of affidavits of debt, filed in the year 1827, or 64,000 out of 93,000 were for sums under 50*l.*, and that five-sixths of the number, or 78,000 out of 93,000 were for sums under 100*l.* To come to a later period, the noble and learned Lord further shewed, that "at the London Sittings for 1829, there were tried before the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 909 cases, of which 184 were for sums above 100*l.*; 319 for sums under 50*l.*; and 406 for sums under 20*l.*: that at the Sittings for Middlesex, the proportion was nearly the same; and that in the two places together, more than half the causes tried were under 50*l.*, whilst more than a third of them were under the trifling sum of 20*l.*"

The enormous disproportion between the sums sought to be recovered, and the expence at which they are recovered, with much trouble and delay, is assuredly an evil of the greatest magnitude in a commercial country. One should have thought, that any remedy, plausible even in appearance, for such an intolerable grievance, would have met with universal acceptance and applause. The obvious course would be, to revive at once the old, or rather extinct county courts, which, though obsolete in England, still flourish in Scotland, and confer great benefits upon that part of the united kingdom. An attempt was made, of this kind, some years ago, by Lord Althorpe, but with such little success, that it was found better to drop altogether the old name, and to propose the establishment of a new tribunal, similar, in many respects, to the county court, enjoying a somewhat wider jurisdiction, and a greater degree of respectability and influence.

But before this measure could possibly have been known to the country in any other than a most imperfect manner; before Lord Brougham's Bill was printed, or at least circulated to any extent, proceedings of the most extraordinary character were taken, for the purpose of not merely opposing the measure *in limine*, but, if possible, of suppressing it altogether. While the Chancellor was still at the bar, and before any prospect was opened to him, of the office to which he has since been appointed, resolutions were passed and published by a certain society, the real object of which, however veiled, was to intimidate the originator of the Bill from prosecuting it, under the penalty of losing his professional business. Let us be well understood, when we say, that we hold in the most unaffected respect the society from which those resolutions emanated. We know that it comprises many men of the most unimpeachable integrity, of great ability, and accomplished education; who would sooner abandon a profession, however profitable, than pursue it in a manner unworthy of pure and honourable minds. We have little doubt, that the resolutions in question were prompted, in the first instance, by a sort of personal feeling, which was wounded, perhaps unnecessarily, by some severe expressions used in a recent

number of the *Edinburgh Review*—expressions certainly not justly applicable to the society of which we speak. At the same time it cannot be denied, that the resolutions would appear to import a combination for the ruin of an individual; and when they are coupled with the suspicion, which will prevail in the public mind, that they would not have been thought of, if the person against whom they were directed had not brought forward a legislative measure, calculated seriously to affect the professional fortunes of some of those who joined in them, the motives, in which that confederacy had its rise, can hardly fail to be liable to reproach and misconstruction. We could sincerely wish that these resolutions were erased from the society's records, or rather, indeed, that they had never appeared there, although we are far from thinking that they originated in any sordid impulse.

It cannot, at the same time, be concealed, that the Bill now before the House of Lords is likely to meet, as it has indeed already met, infinitely more opposition from the low attornies throughout the country, than perhaps even the Chancellor, experienced as he is in the ways of reform, is prepared for. For this we do not know that they are to be blamed. It will, if carried into effect, reduce the gains of some in a very material degree, and it is human nature for all of us, of whatever profession or calling, to look principally to our own preservation. It is no slight change for a family, who have been in the receipt of two or three thousand pounds a year, to be reduced suddenly to a fourth of that sum. Men, who have been brought up, at a great expence, to the higher branches of the solicitor's profession, and who have calculated that their sons shall follow them in a similar career, may, for aught that we know, be prevailed upon to join the subordinate ranks, in embarrassing and resisting the progress of this Bill. So long as they maintain the conflict in an open and generous manner, and with the usual weapons of hostility, they deserve to be met and treated like honourable antagonists,—but no longer.

The two combatants who are already in the field of pamphlet-war, appear to us to treat their side of the question with considerable ability and fairness. In noticing their objections, we trust that we shall scrupulously imitate their example, so far at least as candour is concerned. The '*Observer*' commences with a complaint, that the mover of the Bill did not wait, until the common law commissioners should report what they meant to propose on this subject. But suppose the commissioners never intended to make any proposition on the subject! They certainly have, as yet, betrayed no symptoms of even thinking of a measure of this kind, and it is as certainly altogether out of the course of inquiry which has been prescribed to them. If the evils complained of by the Chancellor be manifest, the sooner they are remedied the better: if they be not manifest, it would be idle to direct to them the attention of



the commissioners. This objection is, what we may call, a begging of delay. The 'Observer' says, that the new plan measures out justice in two sets of scales, one for the rich, the other for the poor. The new plan, however, has no scales for the rich—these it leaves to the tribunals already established. Its real object is, to administer justice to the middling and poorer classes in scales, the cost of which shall be suitable to their means. The justice administered to all will be precisely the same in point of law; only that the poor shall not be required to pay quite so much for it as the rich, and this is of the very essence of a good government. The 'Observer' strongly recommends, that the whole of our present system for administering justice should be thrown, as it were, into one mass, and purified as a whole, since, in his opinion, it is a system of mingled indulgence, ferocity, delay, and ruinous waste, caused by unmitigable powers of execution. Assuredly he must see that this would, indeed, be an Augean labour—a labour which has, in some degree, been entrusted to the commissioners, and which they will certainly execute as far as they are empowered. In the mean time, as example is better than precept, there can be no harm in cleansing, as it were, some of the stalls; those, for instance, in which the goats are kept, leaving to the commissioners the care of those occupied by the oxen. Nothing like ferocity, delay, and ruinous destruction, or unmitigable powers of execution, can be found in the courts in ordinary, but the very reverse.

One of the strongest objections made by the 'Observer,' an objection which is also ably urged by Mr. Raines, is to this effect,—that the Bill is neither more nor less than a proposal to set up, in England and Wales, courts similar to those which have been recently abolished, for their utter inefficiency, in the Principality. To this it is added, that the new judges in ordinary cannot possibly be better fitted for their office than the *ci-devant* Welsh judges were for that which they held; that being confined to one circuit, as the Welsh judges were, they will be liable to all the objections which arise out of too great familiarity, as well with the bar which attends them, as with the attornies, the suitors, and the witnesses, concerned in the causes which they are to decide.

In the first place, it is not just to say, that the courts in ordinary will, in any material respect, resemble those which have been abolished in Wales. The summary power given to the judges in ordinary in small cases, the limitation of their jurisdiction, unless enlarged by the consent of parties, the power of trying causes with or without a jury, the power of arbitrating and reconciling given to the judge, above all, the discontinuance of lengthy pleadings, and the expedition and cheapness of justice thus administered three or four times a year at the door of the suitor, form so many points of difference between the new and the old courts, that the hypothesis is not tenable which would confound them together for a moment. We

should say that, considering the character and transactions of the inhabitants of Wales, the new courts would be better suited to them than any other that could be devised. Their former courts were pregnant with all the evils with which the administration of justice is still clogged in England; and in addition to these evils, they had a secondary order of judges, whose decisions could only be rectified in Westminster-hall; whereas, by the new measure, coupled with the circuits just established amongst them, by means of which the errors of the local judges may be easily amended, they will have the double advantage of a permanent domestic tribunal, capable of being adapted to almost every purpose of civil litigation, and also a visitation, twice a year, from the superior courts of Westminster, which they never had before. It is absurd, therefore, to say, that the new courts would present to the Welsh people their old friends under a new name.

As to the fitness of the Welsh judges for the execution of the office confided to them, that is a question upon which we are not disposed to enter. Some of those gentlemen we know to be distinguished for considerable learning and acuteness. But it need not be denied that, although upon their circuits they had often duties to perform quite as important as those imposed upon the English judges of assize, they were selected, generally, from a rank at the bar, more than secondary to that from which the "cushion men" at Westminster are taken. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if their decisions were not always received with satisfaction. Now the duties to be entrusted to the judges in ordinary, are altogether of a civil nature, and they are none of them beyond the average competence of well-read barristers, even of five years' standing. Whenever their jurisdiction happens to be enlarged, it can only arise from the consent of parties, who must best know whether the judges deserve their confidence or not. The inferiority of the Welsh judges is, therefore, no argument for that of the judges in ordinary; because, in the case of the latter, no duties are necessarily imposed upon them beyond the reach of the knowledge and capacity, which it will be the fault of the minister who appoints them, if they do not possess.

The objection of familiarity upon the part of the judge, with the counsel, attornies, suitors and witnesses, from being confined to one circuit, may be easily got rid of by a clause in the Bill, directing the judges in ordinary to change their circuits every two years, or oftener, if necessary. We do not conceive that permanent residence within one district, is a necessary part of the duty of this officer. He may object to the expence of frequent journies to a distance from his home. But it would not be difficult for him, without absolutely residing in his district, to visit it as often as may be necessary, without any great inconvenience in that respect. Considering the facility with which locomotion is effected in this country, we should not much pity a judge, who, residing in London



for instance, should be obliged to visit any one or two of the surrounding counties, eleven times in the course of the year. At all events, it would not be impossible to make some arrangement upon this point, in order to meet the objection urged against the judge's permanent residence and confinement within one circuit—an objection which appears to us to be exceedingly well founded. Frequent change is necessary to remove the danger of bias, of which even the bare suspicion ought never to attach to a tribunal of justice.

'Observer' admits that the cost of going to trial for, and recovering small debts, often exceeds the debt; but, he says, nine-tenths of the actions commenced, accomplish their object without going to trial at all, and a great majority of those which do go to trial, are for delay, which a few alterations would amend. Thus, he acknowledges the existence of the evil, but proposes a remedy of his own. We should like to see how the 'few alterations' of which he speaks, would accomplish the object in view to the satisfaction of the public. That a great many actions are commenced, which never proceed to trial, we can easily believe, because there are many prudent persons who would rather pay at once a small demand, which they know to be unjust or doubtful, than saddle themselves with the expence and trouble of contesting it in a court of justice. This is no justification of the present system, but the reverse.

'Observer' contends, that experience is against a scheme like that of the multiplied French courts, each having a natural tendency to deviate from each other in practice and interpretation of the law; that in France this evil is kept in check by the court of cassation; that the necessity of this interposition is itself an evil; that if there be no appeal, law would run wild; and if there be appeal, it imposes upon the poor litigant two suits instead of one. We think with him, that the courts of justice, in France, are too numerous; no person proposes that they shall be multiplied, in England, to any thing like an equal number. If the new courts deviate from each other in practice and law, they will be set right twice a year by the Courts of Assize, and, if necessary, four times a year by the Courts at Westminster, which will perform towards the local jurisdictions, the office of the French court of cassation. If an infallible tribunal could be obtained, there need be no appeal; but even the judges of assize, and the benches at Westminster, cannot claim the gift of unerring wisdom, and there are appeals from their decisions, to still higher quarters. If it should happen occasionally, that the litigant, in the local court, should be troubled with two suits instead of one, the question is, would not even those two suits be brought to a termination at a less expence, than one suit under the present system? And if so, would not the advantage be greatly on the side of the litigant, who must, in the existing state of things, be contented with one suit, unless he be an opulent man,

and totally reckless of the expence of a new trial? Under such a system as that which now prevails, the power of appeal is a luxury which the poor man seldom dreams of enjoying, however wronged he may be.

'Observer' admits that the new courts might be useful, if they were limited within 10*l.*, and yet he immediately afterwards contends that cheap law can never be good law; that there is a repugnance to taking an inferior article when a superior one can be had; that the inferior judges in America are held in disrepute; and that the late Welsh judges gave as little satisfaction as the commissioners of bankrupts, of lunacy, the recorders of corporations, &c. With all due deference to this writer, we conceive that it remains to be proved, by experiment, whether the new courts are not just as likely to be useful within 100*l.* as 10*l.* Experience alone can decide this point, and to that test we wish it to be submitted. As to what is at present considered as cheap law in this country, we agree that, generally speaking, it is not good law. The persons who administer justice in the local courts of conscience, and the other small tribunals throughout the country, are,—we say it without desiring to offend,—with some few exceptions, admirably calculated to bring their courts into the contempt into which they have almost universally fallen. Their law is certainly cheap, and as bad as it can be. But will any reasonable man contend that, if the law were administered at Westminster for a fourth of the price which it now costs, the character of that law would be thereby impaired? If the solicitor's bill were somewhat reformed, and the fees of court nearly or altogether abolished, would those reductions affect the mind of the judge, who is the organ of the law? The purity and value of the law that is to be dealt out in the new courts, will depend entirely upon the competency of the functionaries appointed to administer it, and, until experience shall prove the contrary, we cannot imagine, for a moment, that persons are likely to be chosen for that office, who are not, in personal character and knowledge, infinitely above the rank of our court of conscience judges, and the great mass of our recorders. As to the inferior judges in America, nobody will wonder at the disrepute into which they have fallen, who knows the fact, that the persons who act in that capacity, in the United States, are very seldom professional men, and never men of education. It is no rare sight to see the publican going from his tap-room to sit upon the bench of justice, he not a stranger, the while, to the effect of his own liquors. Shoemakers, carpenters, and men of the lowest degree, often preside in a similar capacity, and with equal success. As to our commissioners of bankrupts, if they have fallen into disrepute, it is very much to be attributed to the expensiveness of their proceedings, and the total absence of solemnity from their sittings. None of these evils can, we presume, attach to the new courts. We



are yet to learn, that the commissioners of lunacy have given general dissatisfaction to the public, otherwise than by the costliness of their operations, which, it is but fair to add, is not within their controul. Of the argument connected with the Welsh judges, we have already disposed.

'Observer' thinks, that the new appointments will be mere jobs. We think that if they be, the system will fail at once, and that for such failure no person can be more responsible than the Lord Chancellor, the very parent of the measure. This will, indeed, be a marvellous inconsistency.

The expence of the new plan is much insisted upon, both by 'Observer' and Mr. Raines. Let us take it at the outside of the amount, with all its exaggeration, calculated by the latter, that is to say at 220,000*l.* per annum. The question is, whether the country will pay that sum by way of public tax, for the purpose of bringing home justice to every man's door, or whether it will consent to the permanence of a system, fraught with the evils so forcibly depicted in the Chancellor's speech? Would it not be better for each tax payer to add a shilling or two, though it could not possibly be so much, to his present contributions to the State, and thus secure an efficient and economical administration of justice, rather than be exposed to the danger of losing hundreds and thousands of pounds in the year, by the continuance of abuses which directly, or indirectly, affect and injure all classes of real and personal property? If any doubt be entertained upon this subject, let the question be put to the country, through its representative, the house of commons, and let them answer for the result. We may, however, observe, that the expence of the new courts could not possibly exceed 150,000*l.* per annum, and that of this sum at least 50,000*l.* per annum would be saved to the country, or rather, indeed, transferred to the new courts, by the extinction of the courts of request and conscience.

Another objection in which the two writers coincide is, that the Bill uniformly lays the venue in the district in which the defendant resides,—in other words, that a creditor must follow his debtor, wherever he dwells, which, in many cases, would be inconvenient, as well as expensive and unreasonable. The Bill certainly does propose this, although it gives to the parties the power of agreeing otherwise. But it also says, that actions may be brought in the district wherein the cause of action, or some part thereof, hath arisen. At present, local actions must be brought in the county in which the cause of action has arisen; and transitory actions may be brought in that county, or any other, at the option of the plaintiff. But the defendant, if he pleases, may, in transitory actions, compel the plaintiff to fix the venue in the county wherein the cause of action arose; so that the Bill proposes nothing materially different, in this respect, from the existing practice. There must be some criterion to determine the jurisdiction, and to afford a

rational safeguard against caprice or vindictiveness, on either side.

Both 'Observer,' and Mr. Raines, make several objections of detail, most of which are equally applicable to the present system, with all its additional expence and delay. These objections we shall not notice, as they merely shew, that at best, the new courts cannot be wholly free from imperfection. They would not be human if they were. All that can be done by the wisest legislators, is to compromise, as well as they can, between good and evil—to retain in their institutions, as much of the former, and as little of the latter, as the agency of men, which cannot be dispensed with, will permit.

There is a striking coincidence between 'Observer,' and Mr. Raines, as to the remedy for redressing some of the grievances which they acknowledge to exist. Both recommend the extension of the jurisdiction of the county courts, generally, to 10*l.*, apparently flattering themselves, that such a change as this, would be sufficient to meet all the real evils of the established system. Upon this point, we shall only observe, that Lord Althorpe's Bill, founded upon a plan nearly similar to theirs, failed to carry with it the feeling of the country; and that it was, for that reason, abandoned. Every body saw that it did not go far enough—that it did not even scotch the snake, much less kill it. The proposition is now renewed, merely for the purpose of creating a diversion from the only reformation that can be effectual.

The two writers coincide in another objection, which is of some weight. The Bill gives power to the parties, and, in certain cases, to the judge, to dispense with the assistance of a jury; and hence we have a great deal of good declamation, upon the constitutional nature of that famed tribunal, and its connection with liberty. We hold this institution in the greatest reverence, as we see in it a bulwark, without which the sovereignty of the people would be but an empty sound. At the same time, we can very well understand, that the assistance of a jury is not always necessary, to say that A. owes 20*l.* to B. Among the transactions which take place between man and man, there are, every day, thousands of such a nature, that one head could decide upon their justice, or injustice, quite as well as twelve. If parties sometimes consent to have their disputes tried by the judge, without the intervention of a jury, as in all cases they must do, either expressly, or by implication, in order to authorise him to adjudicate alone, we do not see that the constitution is thereby exposed to any real peril. It is to be remarked, that the power is given, in no instance, to the judge alone, by his own arbitrary decree, to dispense with the jury. Such a power as this, would, undoubtedly, be dangerous, and highly improper. But it is neither dangerous, nor improper, that parties should have, and exercise, an option upon this point, as the insti-



tution, being a popular one, it is not likely that the people will ever wantonly and mischievously abridge its functions.

The remarks of Mr. Raines, but particularly those of 'Observer,' upon the arbitration and reconciliation functions proposed to be given to the new judges, betray rather too earnest a disposition to find faults in every part of the Chancellor's plan. The first says, that Lord Tenterden's Bill sufficiently provides for references to arbitrators, chosen by the court or the parties. Perhaps it does; but that Bill only applies to the superior courts. He says, that the principle of reconciliation has failed in France, in Holland, the Netherlands, Sweden, and Switzerland. We have already seen, upon Mr. Rey's authority, that the principle has not altogether failed to be of utility in France, and we have learned, from that lawyer, why it has not been more generally successful. With respect to Switzerland, Mr. Raines is at issue with the Edinburgh reviewer. We own that, upon this subject, we should prefer being guided by the experiment,—for it is no more than an experiment,—which the Bill proposes to make in England, rather than by the assertions of any individuals, however respectable. It is clear that 'Observer' had not seen the Bill when he wrote his pamphlet; for, if he had, he could never have fallen into the mistake of supposing, that, after the judge had been invested by the parties with the character of mediator, it would be competent to him to try the same cause of dispute in his judicial capacity. There is an express provision in the Bill to the contrary, which directs, that in case the parties do not wish to abide by the opinion of the judge before whom they appear in reconciliation, the matter is to be transferred to the judge of some adjoining district.

We do not find that any solid objection is made to the functions proposed to be given to the judges in ordinary, with respect to legacies not exceeding 100*l*. Mr. Raines thinks, that such functions might very well be exercised by the courts at Westminster. We think so too; but, within the limits stated, there can be no reason why the courts in ordinary should not have a concurrent jurisdiction, the object being to afford the middling and poorer classes every possible facility in recovering small bequests which may be made in their favour. The criticisms of 'Observer' upon this part of the plan resolve themselves into difficulties which, he supposes, will sometimes embarrass the judge in ordinary, in deciding upon particular classes of claims. The Bill clearly intends that those cases only, and they are of every day occurrence, which admit of being disposed of almost in a summary manner, shall be brought before the tribunal in question. Whenever they assume a complicated form, and involve matters not within his usual jurisdiction, the district judge may, with the consent of parties, direct a case to be stated for the opinion of the superior courts.

With respect to the power given to the new judge, to hear any

case in private, with the consent of parties, we apprehend that it will be universally approved of. He is not bound to act upon the agreement of the parties, if he think it essential to justice that the matter shall be heard in open court. We assume, that the power will be discreetly exercised; and that it will be directed in a safe course, between the sanctuary of private life and the constitutional vigilance of the community, removing the chance of publicity where it may be injurious to morality, and made a mere instrument of scandal, but never retiring from the public eye without the sternest necessity. The people, as a general rule, have a right to know every thing that passes in our courts of justice: concealment should never be resorted to, unless interests higher even than those of liberty should render it imperative, and then the general rule not only warrants, but demands the exception.

A good deal is said, and more is insinuated, in both the pamphlets under review, respecting the injurious effect which the reversal by a superior court of any decisions emanating from the judge in ordinary, is likely to have upon his character. Events of this kind have occurred, and will occur again, under the system at present established. The directions of judges of assize are sometimes overruled in Westminster-hall, and yet we do not find that the character of the individual, thus convicted of a mistake, suffers in public estimation. Those classes of the community, who are sufficiently enlightened to influence and mould public opinion in this country, are well aware that occasional error is inseparable from all human tribunals; they clearly understand that an incident of this kind cannot affect the reputation of any judge, unless it be of such frequent recurrence, as to fix upon his brow the stamp of utter ignorance and incapacity. In that case, he must fall from the bench upon which he has been so unworthily placed; but it does not follow that the bench should partake of his ruin. For our parts, we apprehend, that the cases likely to come before the judges in ordinary, will not require more penetration, learning, and good sense, than may be found in hundreds of barristers, who are not even of the standing required in the Bill. Many gentlemen belong to that profession, whose days, and nights too, are wholly spent in chambers, who are unknown beyond the limited sphere of college friends and acquaintances, but who, perhaps, if called into the public arena, would be found equal to any task requiring the vigour, the integrity, the comprehensiveness, and knowledge, of great and highly-polished minds. Mr. Raines, who, we believe, is a special pleader, knows this as well as we do; indeed, he speaks of the bar in language which it would not become us to use, though it is, certainly, not less accurate than eloquent. He says, that, 'the bar, in its present state, is justly celebrated for high honour, superior learning, and extended knowledge, forming a society of persons, such as no other country in the world can present, and whose influence on the community, both as private individuals, and as a public



body, is greater, perhaps, than that of any other class in it.' If this be true, the chances of appeals, disastrous in their result to the professional reputation of the new judges, must necessarily be of very rare occurrence. Nay, we should go farther, and say, that appeals from the ordinary to the superior courts will be few, in proportion to the number of cases which may be brought before them. In Scotland, it is ascertained, that the appeals from the courts of the sheriffs depute (in many respects analogous to those of which we speak) to the court of session, do not much exceed the average of one out of fifty-three; out of 22,000 cases which are annually disposed of by the local tribunals in that country, no more than about 400 are brought to the court of session. This number of appeals does not seem to have any effect upon the feelings of satisfaction, with which their economical administration of justice is contemplated by the people of Scotland, although the sheriff depute is, we believe, generally a barrister, who need be of only half the standing required in the Chancellor's Bill.

Mr. Raines appears to labour under an impression, that although the bar, in its present state, cannot be deteriorated by the establishment of the proposed courts, yet, in the course of time, they will cause its degradation, and degeneracy, from the high position which it now maintains. We cannot sympathise with him, upon this topic, because we think his apprehensions groundless. The new courts will, undoubtedly, form around them provincial, or rather, district bars, composed of gentlemen, most of whom will, probably, be eventually induced to reside, exclusively, in the country. But their education must be the same as it now is, or rather, it must be more liberal than it has hitherto been. At present a barrister, who aspires to eminence in his profession, must, for three or four years, at least, lose all recollection of those studies which enlarge and embellish the mind, in order to imbibe the technicalities of our mechanical system of special pleading. For many years after he is called to the bar, he may be in active business, without having an opportunity of even once addressing a jury. In Ireland, the practice is different; the junior for the plaintiff there, being uniformly charged with the duty of replying to evidence. But before a junior, in England, can expect to be placed in a similar situation, he must have dispossessed himself of the spirit of eloquence, if ever it visited his intellect, and have forgotten not only the graces of elocution, but even the common proprieties of diction. Experience may, afterwards, provide him with the common places which we daily hear in our courts of justice; but, unless his be a bold, as well as a gifted mind, beyond a tame mediocrity he never can ascend. The new courts, on the contrary, are, in no respect, calculated to stupify and degrade the intelligence that has once frequented the haunts of the academy, and drank of the sacred fountains of ancient poetry and eloquence. We do not mean to say, or to express any wish, that those courts

shall ever be made arenas for declamation; they cannot often require oratory, in the true sense of that term; and it would be a vicious taste alone, that would attempt to force studied or elaborate harangues upon such a tribunal. But the simplification of the pleadings, as prescribed by the Bill, must have the effect of permitting the barristers, who frequent the new courts, to retain infinitely more of their classical education, than they can possibly do at present; and the habit of speaking, thus likely to be acquired at an early stage of their profession, must enable them to turn that education to much greater profit, as far as accurate and idiomatic phraseology is concerned, than they have any hope of doing under the pressure of a system, that substitutes a conventional jargon, of which we ought to be ashamed, for a copious, graceful, and energetic tongue, of which any man might be proud.

As to the respectability of the profession, Mr. Raines may soothe his alarm upon that subject. The quarter sessions in the country, which are constantly attended by barristers, are calculated, infinitely more than the new courts can possibly be, to contaminate the character of those who much frequent those tribunals. Nevertheless, no such evil is observable. It is true, that the barristers who attend the sessions either reside in London, or if fixed in a country town, always mingle with the members of their circuit at the assizes. A check is thus established, which necessarily prevents what Mr. Raines fears as the 'degradation and degeneracy' of any part of the profession; and no one who does not belong to a circuit, can understand all the force, and we may say terror, with which the unwritten but intelligible law of such a body is armed, against an individual, who should be known even to have contemplated the commission of an act, unworthy of the character of an advocate and a gentleman. He would soon receive from their lips, or read in their eyes, a sentence of excommunication, which it would be the labour of Sisyphus for him to attempt to remove. But this same identical check will still remain; though local courts be established, the barristers who practise in them will also attend at the assizes, will also mingle with the other members of their circuit, and be subject to the same salutary despotism, the true law of honour, which has, more than any other cause perhaps, so long contributed to the irreproachable character of the profession.

It is asserted, that the reduction of expence, contemplated by the Bill, will not be so great as its author expects; and, further, that if it be, the consequences will be injurious to the respectability of the great body of solicitors throughout the country. This, undoubtedly, would be an effect greatly to be lamented, if it were likely to happen. It seems a truism, that no profession can be reputable if it be not fairly remunerated. We cannot, however, imagine, that there are many solicitors, certainly not among the higher orders of the profession, who derive their income from the classes of cases which are to be assigned to the new courts. Those



who have much business in the courts of Chancery and common law, would not be very willing, we apprehend, to undertake the trifling causes which are alluded to in the Chancellor's speech; causes in which the expence is so grossly disproportionate to the amount sought to be recovered. It is well known, that causes of this description are generally conducted, both in London and the country, by attornies of the lowest rank—a set of men, whose extinction, if that were possible, would be a signal benefit to the profession. Their fangs are completely taken out of them by the new Bill, which interposes an impenetrable shield between their insatiable rapacity and the means of the suitor. Under the new system they will be, comparatively speaking, an innoxious tribe. There will still, however, be a very large share of profitable business for those who deserve it; indeed, quite enough to maintain, in a respectable station of society, an adequate number of properly-educated individuals, capable of executing the arduous, and confidential functions, which must always be entrusted to solicitors. We have little doubt, that when the odium attached to the expensiveness of the law is removed from the minds of the people, it will not be difficult for the higher order of attornies to establish for themselves a position in public esteem, second only, if not equal, to that which is enjoyed by the bar itself.

Upon the whole, therefore, the Lord Chancellor's Bill appears to us, if carried into a law, in the main calculated to accomplish the great objects at which it aims, and to produce no material part of the mischief which its opponents apprehend. At all events, the public will require that it shall be subjected to the test of experiment. There can be no danger in giving it a fair trial in the counties of Kent, Northumberland and Durham, for a year or two; it will then be seen, whether the present plan ought to receive any modifications, with the view of rendering it more completely effective. We are much mistaken, if, after undergoing such improvements as experience may point out, it shall not eventually be considered as one of the most valuable reforms of these reforming times, and worthy of the master-spirit from whom it has emanated.

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ART. II.—*Calmuc Tartary; or, a Journey from Sarepta to several Calmuc Hordes of the Astracan Government; from May 26 to August 21, 1823.* By Henry Augustus Zwick. 12mo. pp. 262. London: Holdsworth and Ball, 1831.

WE have been much pleased with this little volume, which, in a very clear and unpretending style, increases our acquaintance with the hordes that inhabit the vast plains extending northward from the Black Sea and Mount Caucasus, on both sides of the Volga. These hordes are best known under the name of Calmucs,

and belong to the great stock of the Moguls, who occupy the highlands of Middle Asia, lying within the 40th and 50th degrees of latitude between the dominions of Russia and China. Great numbers of the Calmucs accompanied, in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, the armies of Alexander, whom they acknowledged as the head of at least all those of their tribes that range over the steppes of Astracan.

These steppes, over which the Tartars also wander for pasture, as well as the Calmucs, are among the most desert parts of the Russian empire. It is the opinion of some geologists that they were formerly the bottom of a sea, which, in some convulsion of nature, forced its way into the Mediterranean, through the straits of Marmora; the Caspian, the Euxine, the sea of Asoph, and the lakes in their neighbourhood, having still remained, as being the deepest part of that primitive ocean. This opinion is strengthened by the fact, that pits and salt ponds, and a great quantity of shells are still to be seen upon the surface of the country, and that the soil, which consists almost entirely of yellow clay, without stones, is impregnated with various salts in abundance. There is no mountain upon these steppes, except Bogdo, which is of a majestic height; and although they are sometimes called plains, they seldom exhibit, for any considerable extent, a level surface. They are, for the most part, undulating into hill and vale, and the prospect is consequently limited, generally, to a few miles. Tufts of grass and wormwood form the principal vegetation, and these grow in scattered solitary bunches, the yellow soil being visible between them. The vallies are more fertile, and produce salt herbs, which, however, the camel only can consume. In the spring, the iris and the tulip, and other bulbous-rooted plants, adorn some favoured portions of these deserts, but they are soon withered, in the summer, by the raging beams of the sun, which there is no tree to intercept, and no rain to mitigate. In winter, the cold is equally intolerable, in consequence of the east wind which rushes over the steppes, in an irresistible current, from the ice-covered heights of Mongolia. Something in the nature of the *mirage*, more properly called a *looming*, one of the most beautiful delusions of nature, may be occasionally observed in these wild regions. It is caused by the reflection of the rays of the sun from the heated surface of the earth, and by their refraction through the medium of the dew which is drawn from the vegetation. Hence it happens, that objects which are not within the actual range of vision, are pictured in the air, at the edge of the mist, as if reared in a stream of water. The images sink, by degrees, lower and lower as the spectator approaches, till at last the stream vanishes, and the real landscape is seen, at a greater distance, and smaller than it appeared on the mist.

It is in the steppes that the locusts, those destructive armies which lay waste whole provinces, are supposed to have their birth. Serpents, lizards, scorpions, and particularly the scorpion spider,



which is much dreaded, are every where to be met with. Foxes, wolves, and antelopes also abound. Bees never trust themselves to these desolate wilds, and form no part of the wealth of the Calmucs, which consists chiefly of camels, horses, oxen, sheep and goats, animals calculated to supply almost all their wants. Some of the tribes are supplied with guns, and subsist, in summer, by the chase of antelopes; some feed for a season upon worm-wood and other dry herbs. The Calmucs who are within the jurisdiction of the Astracan government, are estimated at about twenty thousand tents, or families. The different tribes, of which they are composed, are generally at war one with another. The imperial authority seldom interferes in their disputes, unless by way of mediation.

Wells of excellent water are found in many parts of the steppes, and are justly supposed to be the work of some ancient pastoral nation. The Calmucs, a lazy race, take no trouble to keep them in order. The dung found near the wells serves the traveller for fuel; by a slight application of heat it burns like turf. It is obtained in greater quantities than one would expect, the wells being the rendezvous of all the animals that inhabit the desert. Many tumuli are seen upon these steppes, belonging to different ages and races, but chiefly, it is supposed, to the Tartars of the ancient Kamschatkan empire. Those on which stone pillars are found, are of still greater antiquity. They were in existence before the time of Ruisbroek, in the year 1260, and were then considered as the graves of a nation which had long past away—most probably of the Huns, who, in the fourth century, swarmed from the borders of China, and, by driving before them the Goths and other Teutonic nations, caused that extensive migration which, in the fifth century, inundated the most fertile regions of Europe.

The tents of the Calmucs are usually pitched in a valley in which good wells are to be found: those of the Princes and Lama (High Priest), and those which serve as temples and as the halls of justice, are distinguished by their commanding situation, their size, and the whiteness of their covering. Round the temples, and the hut of the Lama, in a semicircle, are the tents of the inferior priests, and these again are enclosed by those of the Prince's ministers and servants. The doors of all the tents open towards the principal temple. Mr. Zwick describes the residence of Prince Erdeni with laudable minuteness.

\* Having learnt from the Calmucs that the day of our arrival (the 2nd of June) was marked as fortunate, in their astrological kalendar, we hastened to make our first visit to the Prince the same evening. When we approached the tent a servant came out to meet us, and inquired what we wanted; we desired to be announced as people who had brought letters from the capital to the Prince, upon which we were readily admitted. We drew near to the tent from the right side, according to the Calmuc custom, for it is considered unmannerly to advance directly to the door, or

to approach from the left side. We also took care not to tread on the threshold, an old Mogul ceremonial, which Ruisbroek observed in the camp of Monkettummer. We made the usual salutation to the Prince—*Mende ssun tabe tiniger buis ta?* “Are you quite hale and well?” to which he replied, “*Munde;*” (well;) after which we were obliged to sit cross-legged upon a carpet, in the Asiatic fashion. The Prince sat in the same position on his cushion, in the interior of the tent, by his wife *Dellek*; on their left was the little Prince *Raschi Sangdschai Dordsche*, attended by his nurse. *Erdeni* is in his forty-second year, of a short squat figure, and good countenance. He is intelligent, good-natured, lively and agreeable. When we entered he was playing on the *Domber*, or Calmuc guitar. His wife, *Dellek*, is six and twenty, of a robust figure, and truly Calmuc face, with prominent cheek bones. The Prince was dressed in a short Calmuc coat of blue cloth, white trowsers, a mottled silk waistcoat, and a thick velvet cap, trimmed with sable, and ornamented with a red tassel and gold loop.

The Princess wore a blue and white dress, over a red silk petticoat, ornamented with gold flowers; she had on her head a high square Calmuc cap of Persian gold muslin, trimmed (like her husband's) with sable, and with a large silk tassel. The tent was about ten yards in diameter, and as many in height, and furnished all around, in the inside, with carpets, for the accommodation of visitors. Opposite to the door was the Prince's throne or cushion, about an ell high, and covered with green cotton, and over it a kind of canopy of the same material. On each side was suspended an image: the left represented one of their dreadful idols, *Bansarakza*; the right was a collection of astrological circles, and many figures of different colours. Both were designed for the protection of the young prince, and to shield him from evil. To the left of the Prince's couch was the altar, with a bench in front of it, and on the altar were silver vessels, with rice and other offerings; behind it a number of chests piled upon one another, and covered with a Persian cloth. Above, was a wooden shrine, with a well-formed gilt image of one of their principal idol-deities, *Schagdschamuni*, the founder of their religion. On the right of the Prince, there was also a heap of chests, covered with Persian cloth, on which stood a few trinket-boxes belonging to the Princess. These chests probably contained the valuables of the royal family, and those on the left of the throne, the sacred writings, the idols, and other things pertaining to the altar. In the middle of the tent there was a hearth with a cresset and a common tea-kettle; on the left of the door stood a few pails and cans, ornamented with brass hoops, containing sour mare's milk, or *tschigan*; the chief subsistence of the Calmucs at this time of the year!—pp. 58—61.

The strangers having been favourably received by the Prince, were afterwards paid every mark of attention by the whole tribe, who had previously taken little notice of them. Thus are they as courtly in their character as the household lords of more civilized nations! They are wholly governed, in their demeanor towards foreigners, by that of their rulers. Not only were Mr. Zwick and his companion invited to a Calmuc tea-party, but to remain with the tribe during the remainder of their lives!



It would appear that the religion of the Calmucs was derived in early ages from India. The reputed founder, Schagdshamuni, is supposed to have lived long before the time of Christ, and to have delivered precepts, some of which were committed to writing by his disciples during his life, and some after that period. The world he held to be God, and it was his doctrine that every thing was produced by circular motion; that there is a gradation of beings from perfect divinity down to the lowest animal on earth, and to a brood of fiends which inhabit its interior; that by means of transmigration, and according to their good or bad actions, the souls of men may be elevated to perfect divinity, or debased to the state of fiends. This religion has its redeemer too, and a system of penance, discipline, and prayer, and an order of priesthood, at the head of which is the Lama. It has also its superstitions from the poets of Tangris and Assuris, such as good and evil spirits who dwell upon mountains and in streams, and busy themselves much in human affairs;—a fabulous mountain, in the centre of the earth, which is surrounded by seven golden hills, inhabited by men, and creatures resembling men, of different forms and habits;—and an earthly paradise, west of Thibet, where those who have arrived at a state of perfection dwell in the enjoyment of happiness. The Calmucs have images, to which, however, they pay no worship on their own account. ‘As the senses,’ they say, ‘cannot reach the invisible Deity, they like to have a visible representation before them in prayer. But this is not essential; when they cannot have images, (in travelling across the steppes for example,) they are accustomed to worship without any symbol addressed to the senses.’ ‘For,’ as the Princess said, ‘the All-wise knows and sees every thing, even the interior of the heart, and observes whether we pray to him at home, or on the steppes, with any image, or as the Invisible.’ The most curious part of the Calmuc system of religion is their mode of praying by means of machinery!

‘It consists of hollow wooden cylinders, of different sizes, filled with Tangud writings. The cylinders are painted with red stripes, and adorned with handsome gilt letters, in the Sanscrit character, commonly containing the formula *Omma-in-bad-mæ-chum*; each of these is fixed upon an iron axis, which goes through a square frame; this frame is capable of being shut up flat, and is formed upon a small scale, much like a weaver’s sheering machine. Where the lower parts of the frame cross, there is a hole, in which the axis of the cylinder turns; by means of a string which is attached to a crank in the spindle, the machine can be kept in motion, so that the cylinder turns in the frame like a grind-stone (only upright) upon its axis. Before the fire at Sarepta, we had two large Kurdus of this kind, with Tangud writings of all sorts, rolled one upon another round the spindle, in the inside of the cylinder, to the length altogether of some hundred feet. These prayer-mills perform a much more important office than a rosary, which only serves to assist the person who prays. The Moguls believe, that it is meritorious respectfully to set in motion (whether by the wind or otherwise,) such writings as con-

tain prayers and other religious documents, that the noise of these scraps of theology may reach to the Gods, and bring down their blessing. As these prayer-machines usually contain the Tangud formula, which is serviceable to all living creatures, (repeated it may be ten thousand times, so that there is a multiplication of power like that in the English Machines, equivalent to the labor of so many individuals,)—as prayer can, in this manner, be carried on like a wholesale manufactory, it is not very surprising that prayer-mills are so commonly to be found in the houses of the Moguls. An ingenious contrivance this, for storming Heaven with the least possible trouble.”—pp. 119, 120.

The progress of the Calmucs in literature is, it would appear, exceedingly limited.

‘ In the afternoon, we visited many of the Gellongs in the ecclesiastical circle of huts, and amongst many ignorant, we found one, a young man of nine-and-twenty, who was particularly distinguished by his acuteness and learning. When we entered his hut, he was employed in translating a Thibet book into the Calmuc language, and two Gezulls, his pupils, were looking over him. In conversing about the Tangud language and character, he tried our skill in reading both that and the Calmuc, and paid us many compliments on our proficiency, as few (even of the Gellongs) of his own nation possess this knowledge. He begged that we would grant him our friendship, for, said he, “ As we have similar learning, we are fitted to be friends.” To try the accuracy of his acquaintance with the Tangud language, we showed him the Lord’s prayer in that tongue, from the *Patris Georgii Alphabetum Tibetanum*, which he immediately translated correctly into the Calmuc language, as a proof of his knowledge. This was the only specimen of the kind which we met with during our travels, and it was the more surprising, as the Calmucs possess but very indifferent assistance for the acquisition of this language. The Tangud character is derived from the old Indian Sanscrit, and, like that, is written from left to right. Except in this particular, it has, on a superficial survey, much resemblance to the Chaldean or Hebrew. Most of the writings which remain amongst the Mogul tribes, are in the Tangud language and character, because the Moguls derived both these, together with their religion, from Thibet. It therefore behoves every young ecclesiastic to learn enough of this language to be able to join in the chorus of the Tangud litany; more is not required of them, and it is a rare thing to find one who knows any thing of the language. There is no original Mogul or Calmuc literature; a few ancient and rare historical writings excepted, it consists of translations from the Tangud. The greater part of the Gellongs are ignorant of the Mogul or Calmuc character; and they even boast that they know nothing of the Mogul, (which is the character of the blacks or plebeians, and only understand the Tangud, the character of the priests and the learned,) which is so highly esteemed, that it is unlawful to use it on common occasions.

‘ Our learned Gellong informed us, that the Lama had some old Burat-Mogul writings, which nobody in the horde could read. For that reason he wished us to give him an alphabet of this character, but we had not one with us.”—pp. 84—86.

The march of the horde, after the breaking up of its encampment, from one part of the steppes to another, is described by the author as highly animated and picturesque.



'The Lama, with his priests, headed the march, after which, every one followed according to his will and convenience. The Prince and his family remained by the side of their tents and goods (which were packed upon camels,) until the whole camp had broken up; he then followed rapidly, and took his place in the van. We mingled with the crowd, and permitted our tent, which had been packed upon a camel, by the Prince's order, to go on before us; the camel-driver had taken his place on the beast, and the unevenness of the steppes prevented us from keeping up with these long-legged animals. The main body of this moving multitude extended more than a verst in breadth, and consisted of single columns of camels, bearing tents, household goods, and children, who were stowed in baskets; next followed troops of horses, cattle and sheep, with a few drivers on horseback. Nobody performs a migration on foot; indeed, the Calmucs are seldom induced to walk any great distance—men, women, and elder children all ride; we even saw mothers on horseback, with infants, who were hardly out of the cradle, and babes at the breast. Elder boys and girls ride sometimes at full gallop, run races with one another, and practise hunting with dogs, and fencing. Sometimes a company of girls purposely wait till the whole train has left them behind by several versts, and then run races to join them. These marches are a kind of general show and rejoicing to the Calmucs, in which every one has an opportunity of displaying his wealth and splendour. The men ride forward in groups dressed in their state clothes, and armed with musquets; when they have considerably outstripped the main body, they encamp on the steppes till it overtakes them. The matrons ride in their best clothes on the finest horses, in front of the troop, and hold in their hand the bridle of the first camel, to which all the others are fastened. Large Persian or Russian carpets are spread over the packages on the camels, and hang down almost to the ground on both sides: the animals themselves are frequently ornamented with red ribbons. Poorer families, who possess no camels, load their cattle with children and goods, and ride upon them themselves. Some few employ Tartar cars, (or arbas,) to convey their moveables.'—pp. 95—97.

Mr. Zwick having seen as much of the tribe of Prince Erdeni as he wished, proceeded to visit that of the three brothers, Setter, Dschirgal, and Otschir, who had inherited from their father four hundred tents. The reception of the travellers was here very different from that which they had already experienced. The elder brother having been idiotic from his infancy, a part of the tribe was ruled by the second brother, who, at the very first interview, appropriated to himself a handsome dagger which Mr. Zwick had purchased for his own use from a Persian at Astracan. His companion's tobacco-pipe went next, and his coat, which Dschirgal had tried on, he would never have seen again, if the prince had not forgotten it when he was going away. The travellers soon found that they were in rather a dangerous neighbourhood; for, in addition to his other amiable propensities, the prince occasionally got drunk and murdered men for his amusement. Merchants took good care to keep far out of his way, for nobody came near him whom he did not ill-treat and plunder. The portion of the tribe

which he ruled consisted only of a motley rabble, which he had collected together, from whose presence the two travellers made their escape with the greatest possible expedition, and set out for the head quarters of the third brother, Prince Otschir, whose court in every respect, resembled that of Prince Erdeni. His conduct to the strangers was, however, no better than that of his brother, except that he did not rob them. In the principal temple of his tribe they saw as many as thirty-three large *pictures* of idols. Their prayer-machine was upon an improved plan, being set in motion like a horizontal mill by four large spoon-shaped sails turned by the wind!

In the course of their different journies to the encampments of various other tribes, the travellers observed frequent flights of locusts. Mr. Zwick's description of this formidable insect is worth transcribing.

\* The locust (*gryllus migratorius*) is from three to four inches in length, and, at its full size, is longer and narrower than other insects of the same species, the grasshopper for instance, which is known in Germany, and which has a more prominent breast, and shorter wing. The head is round, with short feelers, and like the breast, of a dingy green; the throat is dark brown, its large eyes black, the exterior case of the wing of a dirty yellowish green, with many dark spots, showing the black wings at a little distance; the body and the legs are pale yellow, with black marks on the side of the legs next the body. In their first state, the locusts have very imperfect wings, which do not cover the whole of the body, whereas, when they are full grown, they reach much beyond it. Well might the prophet Joel (chapters 1st and 2nd,) refer to the locusts, as the agents of a chastising Providence, for they are a real scourge to the nation in which they appear, laying waste whole districts in a very short time, by their dreadful rapacity and great numbers. Wherever they settle, they devour not only every thing green, but the stems of the shrubs, and the weeds of the sea: the Calmucs told us that the very felt on their tents was entirely consumed if they suffered a swarm of these enemies to descend unmolested. As they soon strip the position they have chosen, they are compelled to migrate in search of food, and this usually takes place about dusk. Their long wings enable them to traverse large districts. This species of locust, as well as the *gryllus cristatus*, which was the food of John the Baptist, and is still eaten in Arabia, is prepared in many different ways by the Oriental nations. In Morocco, they are so highly esteemed, that the price of provisions falls when the locusts have entered the neighbourhood. The Calmucs do not use them as food, but we were told that wolves, dogs, antelopes, sheep, and other animals which have fattened upon them, are much sought after. The wolves seldom or never attack the flocks of the Calmucs when the locusts are at hand, because they can satisfy themselves with these insects. A circumstance which happened some years ago at Sarepta, is sufficient to prove that locusts are excellent food: the hogs in that neighbourhood became unusually fat, by having been fed for some time entirely upon dead locusts which had been drowned in the Volga, and thrown in heaps on the shore.



'The swarm of locusts which I have just mentioned was so numerous, that the whole ground was covered with them, and looked as if it had been sprinkled with pea-shells. It was curious to observe, that their heads were all turned to the west, and that in this direction they were devouring every blade of grass with frightful assiduity. In the sunshine their wings appeared like silver or glass, and reflected a tremulous light. Where we passed through their ranks, they rose in thick clouds, with a loud rattling caused by the flapping of their wings against one another, and continued whizzing in irregular groups through the space around us, like snow when it falls in large flakes. The path which they left for us, was about twenty paces wider than our line of march, and it was immediately filled up at the same distance behind us, as if by falling clouds. They were so nimble, that we found it difficult to catch any of them, particularly as our journey took place in the heat of the day, and in the sunshine, when they are always most active. The dogs were highly delighted with chasing these swarms, and snapping at as many as they could out of the air, which they accomplished with more facility in the cool of the evening. Many of these locusts were in their first state, when they are of a dark orange colour, others had nearly reached their full growth. After a few days, they had almost all completed their change, and they were able to rise like their comrades into the air, to seek out new districts. Once when I went in search of insects at this place, (which I always did secretly, that I might give no offence to the Calmeucs, who consider it a great sin to kill any creature, and more particularly an insect,) I was observed by some Calmeucs, whose curiosity was excited by my stooping so often. They came slowly up to me, to see what I was looking for. I commonly satisfied all inquiries, with the pretext that I was looking for Medicinal herbs, which they thought the more probable, as they had a high opinion of our science in the art of healing. On this occasion, I took advantage of the transformation of the locusts, as they happened to be in sight. This spectacle they had never before remarked, and it occasioned the greatest astonishment. Such locusts as were ready for their transformation, were to be seen in numbers, climbing up the stalk of a plant, and then holding themselves in an inverted position with their long legs. After a little while, the creature begins to rock itself backwards and forwards, resting at intervals as if almost exhausted, and then shaking itself again with increasing violence, until the breast and head break through, the old covering by continued effort is thrown off, and the insect appears in its perfect state. The wings now grow to their full size, and appear to strengthen before the eyes of the observer, and acquire, by exposure to the air, their natural colour and splendour. While the boys were busied in seeking more blades of grass with locusts upon them, the spectators unceasingly repeated their exclamations of Dalai Lama! Dalai Lama! Chair Khan! Chair Khan! or Kuhrku! Kuhrku! at the sight of a process of nature which had been unknown to them, though it had passed under their eyes.'—pp. 145—149.

We have paid more attention to the information collected by Mr. Zwick during his residence among the Calmeucs, than to the object which had induced himself and his companions to undertake a journey so little inviting in the way of amusement. The fact is,

that they were employed by the Moravians of Sarepta, to distribute the Bible among the Calmuc tribes. They returned, however, without having succeeded in circulating more than *two copies*! The opposition of the Lamas and their priests to the introduction of a new religion was found utterly insurmountable, and even if it had not been so determined, what beneficial effect could the Bible have produced among a nation of wandering tribes, of whom not one person in a thousand can read? Besides, it is to be observed, that although the Russian government permits the free distribution of the Scriptures among its subjects, the Russian church allows no converts to be made throughout the empire, except to its own tenets, and all missionaries of a different religion, who are permitted to distribute the sacred book in that country or its dependencies, are prohibited to accompany it by a single syllable of explanation! We cannot, therefore, be surprised at the failure of Mr. Zwick, a young German of apparently respectable character. Even among the Calmucs who had been in the civilised parts of Europe in 1814, he found no disposition towards education or improvement of any description. One of these, who was constantly recounting the wonders he had seen in Paris, said, among other extravagant things, that "the English had wings,"—probably mistaking, says the author, on account of the resemblance of *Angli* and *Angeli*, "English" for "angels." The same travelled barbarian further assured his countrymen that he saw the moon so low down in the sky of France, that he could almost throw a noose over its horns!

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ART. III.—1. *The Retrospect, or Youthful Scenes: with other Poems and Songs.* By John Wright. 8vo. Edinburgh: Boyd. Glasgow: Atkinson and Co. 1830.

2. *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse, Moral and Religious.* By Richard Manley. 12mo. Southmolton: W. Paramore. 1830.

3. *The Mechanic's Saturday Night, a Poem in the Vulgar Tongue; humbly addressed to Sir Robert Peel.* By a Mechanic. 12mo. London: Printed for the Author. 1830.

THE three works whose titles we have here copied, are the productions, respectively, of individuals, whose fortune it has been to be placed in a situation of life which afforded them neither the means nor the opportunities of cultivating their minds. The volumes, we should observe, have been almost simultaneously sent to us by their various authors, and remembering the remoteness at which they live from each other,—one being an inhabitant of Glasgow, and another residing in the vales of Devonshire,—we cannot but be struck at the coincidence. We feel proud, however, of the conjoint compliment which we have thus received, for, no doubt, the authors were induced to place their works under our inspection, from the conviction, that as neither wealth nor rank ever extorted our approbation



in favour of a bad book, so would we never be prevented by the humility of its lot, from giving to merit ample applause.

We, at the same time, acknowledge, that we have never sat down to pen a criticism on any work that came before us under the circumstances which accompany the present volume, without feeling to irksomeness the extreme delicacy of our task. We read on with delight—we are astonished at the originality and power of the writer—we pause over the achievements of his unassisted mind, and yield to the excitement which his untutored eloquence produces upon us. But then, in most instances, this delight springs altogether from the remembrance of the relation which subsists between the performance and the means of execution. We think of the little degree of cultivation the author enjoyed—we think of the hasty glance which his narrowed circumstances have allowed him to snatch of the treasures of intelligence, and we wonder at the power of the natural genius which, with such a limited share of resources, could accomplish so much.

This then is a distinct pleasure from that which we should derive, in the abstract, from genuine poetry; and the great and delicate question with us on all these occasions is, whether or not we shall admonish the humble poet of the fact, that nothing but extreme excellence in his line will ever satisfy the reading world; that posterity do not enter into the domestic circumstances of bards, but that they will sternly decide upon the commodity that is before them, and keep a deaf ear, alike to the pleading of poverty, as to the influence of station and affluence. We have, however, always felt that it is by far the best course to give genius—more particularly genius that has to war against fortune—every encouragement in its onset. The danger of such encouragement, which is that it may drive the object of it to a literary occupation, where, alas! his hopes, either of fame or reward, may never be realized—this danger, we say, may, in most instances, be averted, by the exercise of that instinctive sagacity which almost always accompanies native strength of intellect; so that, on the whole, the chances of doing mischief by early incitement, are as dust in the balance, compared with the probabilities of doing good.

We shall allow the author of the first of these works to urge his claims to indulgence in his own unaffected accents:—

‘ TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

‘ SIR,

‘ *Glasgow, October, 1830.*

‘ I have taken the freedom of sending you a copy of the *Retrospect*, a poem of mine, newly published, to which I trust you will give a timely perusal; at the same time making much allowance for a young man, in the largest sense of the word—illiterate, who was never under the tuition of any one except for six months, at a very early age, though I am fully sensible that no circumstances whatever can apologize for insipid poetry. If you judge it worthy of being noticed in your periodical you will oblige

‘ Yours,

JOHN WRIGHT.’

The *Retrospect* is a poem of considerable length. It is evidently the production of a mind deeply imbued with the melancholy and querulous strains of a Byron. The stanza, too, is after the Childe Harold fashion, and the conduct of the poem is, in like manner, in close imitation of the same model. In the endeavour to concentrate his meaning in as few words as possible, the author has sometimes fallen into obscurities of expression. This is one of the principal faults which present themselves to us, and which we mark only for the purpose of recommending it to the author's attention. The most promising characteristic about this poem is the ardent and bold fancy which it displays—wild, indeed, and undisciplined, but not on that account the less consistent with the years of Mr. Wright. We quote the following stanzas on that month so dear to the poets.

- ' For ever lovely, thy deep thoughtful hue,  
Soft Autumn eve! these clouds thy spirit fair,  
Like necromantic chariots posting through  
The blue expanse, here life all, lifeless there,—  
As serpents billowing forth with speckled glare;—  
And there a serpent rests upon the snow  
Above, and belches down abrupt through air,  
A burning fire-flood to the plain below,  
And o'er an azure deep, where little skiffs float slow.
- ' Here towers a golden statue, borne in air  
By pebbly rock, and poised by gentlest wind;  
There witch-forms scamper 'mongst the moon-beams fair,  
Or sail along on hills, their charms unbind:  
As they withdraw relaxing, like the hind,  
In overseer's wished absence, or removed,  
An army, from its leader; now reclined  
On the horizon hills;—and now, unmoved,  
Unnerved, the cold, pale moon, less lovely, yet beloved.
- ' As lovers lingering in each other's sight,  
The more apart, more fixed the fettered eye;  
As bard the eagle, in its upward flight  
Surveys, through air, cleft clouds, and yielding sky;  
As mariner tossed on ocean, surging high,  
His bark o'er-set, hails land, afar unfurled;  
Thus greet we these fair forms, and still descry  
Enchantment there—live emblem of the world!  
Poetry and passion, thus, all subsultory whirled.
- ' Though fettered to the spot, we first begin  
To live—and die, unseen the world by sight,  
The beauty and sublimity therein;  
And though our hearts ne'er heaved on Alpine height,  
Nor sailed on iceberg through the Polar night,  
Oh! deem not thou, aloft where fortune shines,  
Our day-spring darkness, our enjoyments slight,—  
In lovelier, loftier dome the Bard reclines,  
These dread stupendous forms his Alps and Appenines.



'Kind Heaven, to reimburse the shackled limb  
 A world of wonders at our feet lets fall;  
 As is the light that gilds them as they skim,  
 As is the hand that shaped them—seen by all;  
 Obsequious still to fancy's forming call;  
 The pleasure ground of Poet's boundless home;  
 Spirits of thunder! and the lightning's pall!—  
 When dark from ocean's bed, abroad ye roam,  
 With half its waters drenched, o'er earth to fret and foam.

'Spring's verdure fades, and Summer's flowrets die;  
 Ye never—Nature still keeps watch o'er you,  
 Ministrant delegates of the Most High!  
 Still marked with joy and gratulation due,  
 Whate'er your embassy, or form, or hue:  
 To few a blessing, and to all a bane,  
 Who may avow! ye seek not to undo  
 Existence, but primeval life maintain;  
 Hope, Love, and Mercy bear these fire-bolts o'er the plain.'

pp. 35—37.

The reader will not fail to discover, in the description of the clouds of an autumnal evening, a bold and, we think, a very happy attempt to embody the fantastic shapes which they assume to a contemplative imagination. To such a vigorous fancy as Mr. Wright evidently possesses, some controul is essential, not, however, for the purpose of restraining its sallies, but in order to give them proper regulation. The best poets must submit to labour, nay, even to drudgery, in order to avoid offending in those smaller points in which they are expected to be as perfect, at least, as all other candidates for literary fame. There are some minor pieces, of various merit, in this volume, which our limited space alone prevents us from noticing.

Mr. Manley next claims our attention, in the following modest and candid epistle:—

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

'SIR,—I take the liberty of soliciting your opinion of the inclosed book. It may be necessary to inform you, its contents are the youthful productions of one moving almost in one of the humblest situations in life, whose scholastic advantages have not exceeded a country charity school education, and who, thus far through life, has had to struggle with poverty, and latterly with a lingering illness. It may be deemed a boldness in a poor and perfect stranger to make such a request; but, after a perusal, should you deem it worthy a review, your opinion of it will, perhaps, contribute to the welfare of your very humble servant,

'Southmolton, Devon, September 4, 1830.

'R. MANLEY.'

With less of fancy and depth of feeling than Mr. Wright, the author of the Miscellaneous Pieces is a good deal his superior in correct expression and melody of versification. Mr. Manley has not ventured upon any lengthened and sustained effort of his muse, but

contents himself with clothing the thoughts of the moment in very neat, and often very forcible language. A strain of tender and delicate feeling, with just so much of a religious spirit mixed up with it, as gives a solemn and almost affecting character to his lyrics, marks every line of this collection. We would challenge the whole body of the *Annals* for 1831 to produce an effusion upon a subject, which every one must admit to be nearly an exhausted one in poetry, at all comparable to the *Lines to Death*, which we shall now quote.

- ‘ How chilly thy bed, and how dreary thy regions !  
What darkness surrounds thee ! how boundless thy reign !  
How rueful thy wastes ! and, what numberless legions  
Go, shivering, down to thy gloomy domain !
- ‘ The sage and the hero thou takest, nor sparest  
The wife of the bosom, the child of the heart ;  
And often, alas ! are the friends we love dearest,  
The first who submit to thy terrible dart.
- ‘ How our nature starts back from that moment of anguish,  
And hope is the last that submits to the blow ;  
Even those who in sorrow and poverty languish,  
Are afraid of thy coming, and deem thee their foe.
- ‘ The Christian, alone, redeem’d from life’s errors,  
Can meet thee with courage, and cheerfully sing,  
O grave, thou art vanquish’d, and where are thy terrors ?  
O death, thou art conquer’d, and where is thy sting ?

pp. 33, 34.

Blush, ye scions of Aristocracy, you who are supplied with all the luxuries of life to excite your fancies, and all the opportunities that affluence can bestow to cultivate your minds, blush, that a village youth,—he seeks no better name,—struggling with poverty and illness, should thus outstrip you in the arena of the highest intellectual contention.

The simple beauty of the following very feeling lines will, we are sure, call forth the admiration of every reader :—

‘ EARLY FRIENDS.

- ‘ And where are those we valued once,  
When life was young and gay ?  
The friends of earlier years ? they’re gone  
To brighter worlds away :
- ‘ But still we love to think upon  
The time we’ve spent with them,  
And cherish feelings sweet, that grew  
On friendship’s sacred stem.
- ‘ The verdant meads, the purling streams,  
The peaceful woodland bowers,  
Where once we wander’d carelessly,  
Recall those happy hours ;



' Recall to mind, not to enjoy,  
 For, ah ! they're ever past ;  
 The joys of early friendship were  
 By far too sweet to last :  
 ' But shall not hearts, united here,  
 By strongest ties of love,  
 Still meet, when all life's ills shall close,  
 In brighter worlds above ?  
 ' I'll mourn not then my griefs below,  
 Nor all their baneful train,  
 So I, at last, may meet above,  
 My early friends again.'—pp. 59, 60.

Having dwelt so long on the saddening strains of two kindred votaries of the melancholy muse, we very willingly turn to a bard who seems very capable, if we mistake not, of striking up in our souls a merrier, though it may not be—a better, mood. And yet there is in this ' Saturday Night' enough to convince us, that the "Mechanic" mixes up a little scorn with his mirth, whilst he affects to laugh at the follies and excesses of the less prudent members of his class. The object of our author is to give a description of a Saturday night ; such, alas ! as that night is too often found to realise. It opens with a graphic representation of the tap-room, and the progress of the *score* during the evening. The interruption of the revels, which is described in the following stanzas, is both excellently well imagined and executed.

' And then came in a gentle looking creature,  
 Seeking her husband, modestly she stept,  
 Grief and dismay seem'd busy in each feature,  
 And in her arms a half-clad baby slept.  
 Handsome she had been, but a train of sorrows  
 Had chas'd the roses from her cheeks away,  
 And in their stead pale want had laid her furrows,  
 And dimm'd the lustre of her dark eye's ray,  
 And in their half-rai'd lids a tear did ling'ring stay.  
 ' She spoke not harshly, but assay'd to lure him  
 Unto his home with accents kindly mild,  
 Then angel-like she bent her knee before him,  
 And shew'd him his sweet sleeping lovely child ;  
 Pleading for home and child in vain she stood,  
 Her kind looks he return'd with angry frown,  
 And rais'd himself in shameful attitude,  
 Prepar'd to strike her and her infant down,  
 Poor thing ! she then retir'd, for she'd submissive grown.'—p. 9.

The picture of a *row*, far too natural not to be expected as a necessary scene in such a poem, then follows.

' A *row* across the tables now begins,  
 Three frowning ones on each side fierce engage,  
 The blood from twisted noses quickly spins,  
 And trembling neutrals redden into rage ;

Full in the centre of the room desery  
 A wrathful pair engag'd in combat dire,  
 With tongs and red-hot poker brandish'd high,  
 They beat each other's skulls with phrensied ire,  
 And for a *reg'lar row* the *company's* on fire.  
 Down go the tables, elbow-chairs, and benches,  
 The struggling combatants too "bite the dust,"  
 Alike foes, friends, whores, wives, and wenches,  
 Fly nt each other's throats like demons curst;  
 The light, beneath a blow meant for some neighbour,  
 "Gave one bright glance, then total darkness fell,"  
 Through the dark scuffle still they foam, they labour,  
 Then rose a scream, surpassing far the yell  
 The fiends in concert howl'd, when Clarence div'd to hell.  
 Then murder! thieves! fire! watch! ascended,  
 In deep infernal tones and mournfully,  
 A sound of sadness with the loud howl blended,  
 Of one half-strangled, "in his agony;"  
 The landlord then his myrmidons assembled,  
 In his brave hand the kitchen poker swung,  
 Beside him too the short fat pot-boy trembled,  
 Beneath a bludgeon o'er his shoulder flung,  
 And the good landlady around the landlord clung.'—pp. 12, 13.

We are sure that every man of well-directed mind will cordially concur with us, in congratulating the country upon the exhibition of such talents, taste, and feelings, as are displayed in these three works, by members of the industrious class. If there be any person now in existence who has a doubt as to the policy of diffusing that blessing, education, as far as the light of Heaven can penetrate to enable a human being to see the alphabet, let him only think what a crime would be committed against society, were such persons as the authors of the above effusions to be cut off from the pale of intellectual cultivation.

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ART. IV.—*The Morning Watch; or Quarterly Journal of Prophecy, and Theological Review.* Nos. VII. and VIII. London: Nisbett. 1830.

THE Scotch Chapel in Regent's Square, we grieve to say, is in imminent danger; the days of Mr. Irving's apostolic dominion are numbered: else why does the desperate minister call for miracles to sustain his threatened empire? He is the "head and front" of the *Morning Watch*, a periodical and a Review to boot, and both huge and dull enough to compete, in the court of the leaden goddess, with its quarterly colleagues of our time. This wonderful journal treats of divers sublime and awful matters; it takes the circumference of the universe, with as much ease as a mathematician can measure a mountain; it unfolds the mysteries of things; it explains the Apocalypse, and has a key for all that was hitherto



deemed impenetrable, inexplicable, hard to be done, or hard to be conceived!

Out of the manifold revelations, which Mr. Irving has vouchsafed in the *Morning Watch*, we shall select his account of the recent miracles which were performed in Scotland, and which so powerfully bear witness to the truth of the church whereof the preacher is, as he would say, an unworthy servant.

It appears, that some time ago, Mr. J. H. Stewart (a preacher, but of what particular doctrine we do not know) published a holy injunction, in which he urged the Christian church 'to pray, in especial meetings, for the *outpouring of the Holy Ghost*.' The well-meaning gentleman was laughed at for his pains, by a great number of the prophane, and so much even was the sanity of his mind brought into disrepute by the manifesto, that he was near losing his license for "prophesying," at the Quarter Sessions. However, the godly part of the public, who knew better, yielded at once to the pious challenge, and they met and prayed, 'so that,' says Mr. Irving, 'it is not to be doubted that the voices and hearts of many thousands ascended to the throne of grace, that the presence of the Holy Ghost might be made more manifest in the church of Christ, at present in these lands.'

Now as to the scoffings and the scornings, with which Mr. Stewart was treated by the wicked and worldly part of what is called the Christian community, Mr. Irving is of opinion, that these unworthy expressions proceeded from an impious belief, very much indulged in our days, that the supernatural powers with which the church was endowed, no longer remain with her. Wo to those who cherish such an idea!

'We have often,' writes Mr. Irving, 'had occasion to shew that the leading differences between the popish and the protestant apostasies—the apostasies of the *latter* and the *last* days—consist in this: that the former (the popish) smothered, obscured, and defaced the truth, while the latter (to wit, the protestant) *denies it altogether*. (!) Hence, too, there was long suffering, and offer to repentance, held out for the one; while nothing but *quick destruction* awaits the other.'

Fine prospects for the Church of England! But let us hearken to the preacher.

'In the present instance, as in all others, the continuance of supernatural powers in the church is *rightly maintained by the Church of Rome*! as a point of orthodox doctrine, although the liquefaction of Januarius's blood is an abominable falsehood.'—*Morning Watch*, No. 7, p. 609.

The reverend gentleman then proceeds to settle the question, as to the power of the church, at present in these lands, to do supernatural things; and as to the probability that, in members of the said church, the outpourings of the Holy Ghost may be manifested in a most extraordinary manner. Having thus prepared the minds of his readers upon the general subject, Mr. Irving next claims

their attention and, finally, their faith, to a few of the marvels which took place, in pursuance of the prayers of the united church. The cure which Mrs. Mary Campbell so suddenly experienced, in the west of Scotland, is really a wonderful affair; we have the very best authority for its truth, for we have it recorded by Mary herself. We beg to say, however, that there is no attempt made at a description of Mrs. Campbell; what rank of life she moves in, her education, parentage, and circumstances, form no part of the narrative. To a lively faith, however, such explanations are of little moment; let us hear, admire, and believe.

<sup>1</sup> *Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row, dated Fernicary, 4th April.*

\* My dear servant of the Lord Jesus Christ,—In attempting to state to you the circumstances connected with my being raised up, I feel my need of my being dwelt in by the Holy Ghost, yea, mightily dwelt in, in order to enable me to give unto the Lord the glory due to his great name, for so glorious a manifestation of his power and love.

\* On the Saturday previous to my restoration to health, I was very ill, suffering from pain in my chest, and breathlessness. On the Sabbath, I was very ill, and lay for several hours in a state of insensibility, but was considerably relieved towards the evening; *in answer, I have no doubt, to the prayers of some dear Christian friends, who were with me.* About eight o'clock, the Lord began to pour down his Spirit copiously upon us, for they had all, by this time, assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. The down pouring continued till about ten o'clock, when I felt so strengthened by the mighty power of God, as to be able to walk through the room several times. So long as I exercised faith in the almighty power of God, I felt my strength increase, as it is said, "be it unto thee according to thy faith." But I soon began to think of my own weakness, and losing sight of the power of God, felt returning pain and feebleness. Next day, I was worse than I had been for several weeks previous (the agony of Saturday excepted). On Tuesday I was no better; on Wednesday I did not feel quite so languid, but was suffering some pain from breathing and palpitation of the heart. Two individuals, who saw me about four hours before my recovery, said that I would never be strong; that I was not to expect a miracle to be wrought upon me; and that it was quite foolish for one, who was in such a poor state of health, even to speak or to think of going to the heathen. I told them that they would see and hear of miracles very soon; and no sooner were they gone, than I was constrained of the Spirit, to go and ask the Father, in the name of Jesus, to stretch forth his hand to heal, and that mighty signs and wonders might again be done, in the name of his holy child Jesus. The thing I was enabled to ask in faith, doubting nothing: which was that, next morning, *I might have some miracle to inform them of.* It was not long after, until I received dear brother James Macdonald's letter, giving an account of his sister's being raised up, and *commanding me to rise and walk.* I had scarcely read the first page, when I became quite overpowered, and laid it aside for a few minutes; but I had no rest in my mind until I took it up again, and began to read. *As I read, every word came home with power; and when I came to the command to arise, it came home with a power which no words*



can describe. It was felt indeed to be the voice of Christ; it was such a voice as could not be resisted. A mighty power was instantaneously exerted upon me; I just felt as if I had been lifted off from the earth, and all my diseases taken from off me at the voice of Christ. I was verily made, in a moment, to stand upon my feet, leap and walk, sing and rejoice. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wondrous works to the children of men.'

If it was only upon this essay, that 'dear brother Macdonald's' powers were to be tried, we should deem him a very respectable worker indeed; but he has other claims, as we shall see presently.

It must have been about the same time when this cure was effected, that Macdonald shone forth so conspicuously in Glasgow, with a wonderful faculty of speaking divers tongues. The account of his exhibition we have from a very remarkable quarter. It is written by Mr. James Cardale, a very respectable member of the fraternity of solicitors, and carrying on business in Gray's Inn. We must say that Mr. Irving deserves immortal honour for having overreached the patron of attorneys in this way, so as to be able to recruit his evangelical suite from the ranks of his arch enemy. This is quite a new feature in religion. Fishermen became apostles in former times. In the modern world, the "liberty of prophesying" appears to be common to all sorts of trades and callings. The distance from the lap-board to the pulpit is but a step, and is very commonly performed as a Sunday recreation; the curing of souls is only an easy, though a more exalted application of the cobbler's art. In short, to judge from the existing state of things, we might fairly conclude that many thousands of our countrymen, engaged in handicraft employments, are only preachers in the larva state, and want merely the heat and stimulus of encouragement, to rise before the world in all the broad dimensions and smooth costume of ministers of religion.

We were prepared, therefore, for a numerous variety of transformations, from the *working* to the *spiritual* condition. But we confess that the change of a lawyer into an evangelist, is a *lusus* that confounds us. John Doe in a surplice, Richard Roe declaring for the Gospel—no imagination, we thought, would be permitted to invent such a monstrous conception. But we live in vain, unless to be affected by new surprises; so we will venture to think it possible that Mr. Cardale may be serious. Reminding the reader that brother Macdonald is the hero of the hour, we proceed to give Mr. Cardale's statement respecting the "manifestations," of which the Scotchman appears to be the instrument, and which Mr. Irving declares he is convinced 'are, in truth, a work of the Holy Spirit.' The letter commences thus:—

\* TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING WATCH.

'Dear Sir,—You have requested me to state some particulars of what passed under the observation of my five fellow travellers and myself, during our recent stay at Port Glasgow. I do not hesitate to comply, earnestly

praying that the mere relation of facts may be made instrumental to the reception and understanding of the scriptural doctrine of the Holy Spirit, both in his power and in his love (for the Spirit is one), without which the manifestations, which we witnessed, of his gifts, will be but as an idle tale.

We spent three weeks, (some of us upwards of a month), arriving in the latter end of August, in Port Glasgow and the neighbourhood, and attended regularly, while there, at the prayer meetings, which meetings were held every evening, and, occasionally, (those only attending who were not engaged in business), in the morning. The history of one of those meetings is the history of all: I may probably as well relate what took place at the first which we attended. The mode of proceeding is, for each person who takes a part, first to read a psalm in metre, which is sung by the meeting: then a chapter from the Bible: and he then prays. On this occasion, after two other gentlemen, J. Mc'D., read and prayed. His prayer was most remarkable. The sympathizing with the mind of our Saviour: interceding for a world which tramples on the blood and rejects his mercy, and for the church which grieves the Holy Ghost: the humiliation for sin, and the aspirations after holiness, were totally different from any thing I had ever before heard. He then, in the course of his prayer, and while engaged in intercession for others, *began speaking in an unknown tongue*: and, after speaking for some time, he *sung*, or rather *chaunted*, in the same tongue. He then rose, and we all rose with him: and with a very loud voice, and with great solemnity, he addressed us *in the same tongue* (that is to say, the unknown tongue) for a considerable time: he then, with the same loudness of voice and manner, addressed us in English, calling on us to prepare for trial, for we had great trials to go through for the testimony of Jesus: to crucify the flesh: to lay aside every weight: to put far from us our fleshly wisdom, power, and strength, and to stay us in our God!

There is not the least clue given as to the meaning of the unknown language, which brother Mac addressed to his audience—and one is astonished that the precious ideas which he must have put forth in the new tongue, were not afterwards translated for the benefit of the audience. After having said and sung sufficiently to put his hearers into a very amiable state of toleration, the linguist now sat down to make way for a fresh candidate. This was one of Macdonald's own servants, who being of the female sex, we take it for granted, that her polyglot pretensions were very readily assented to by the company. We must let Mr. Cardale describe the apparition.

After he (Mc'D.) had concluded, a short pause ensued, when suddenly the *servant woman* of the Mc'D.'s arose, and spoke (for a space of probably ten minutes) in an *unknown tongue*, and then in English; the latter was entirely from Scripture, consisting of passages from different parts, and *connected together in a most remarkable manner*. The meeting concluded with a psalm, a chapter, and prayer, from *another gentleman*.

So much for Macdonald's servant woman, and the *other* 'gentleman.' The effect of their exhortations, both in the known and unknown tongues, was particularly striking.



‘Immediately on conclusion, Mrs. ———, one of the ladies who had received the Spirit, but had not received the gift of tongues, (she received the gift while we were in the country,) arose, went out of the room, and began speaking in a loud voice of the coming judgments. After she had spoken about five minutes, Mr. Macdonald commenced also speaking, and Mrs. ——— *instantly ceased speaking.*’

A marvellous proper woman did Mrs. ——— display herself to be, and a bright example of docility has she set to all her sex, in the cheerful readiness with which she yielded the parole to the first claimant. We continue our quotation.

‘It is impossible to describe the solemnity and grandeur, both of words and manner, in which she gave testimony to the judgments coming on the earth; but also directed the church to the coming of the Lord, as her hope of deliverance. When she had concluded, we left the house.’

Mr. Cardale follows up these details with some observations of a general nature, mingled with occasional additions to the foregoing statement of facts.

‘The prayer meetings,’ he goes on to say, ‘are strictly private meetings, and for prayer. The rules they lay down for themselves do not allow of exposition, but simply the perusal of the Scriptures.’

‘During our stay, four individuals received the gift of tongues; of these, two, Mrs. ——— and Mr. Mc’D. had repeatedly spoken in the Spirit, previously to their receiving the gift of tongues.’

‘The tongues spoken by all the several persons, in number nine, who had received the gift, are perfectly distinct in themselves, and from each other. J. Mc’D. speaks *two* tongues, both easily discernible from each other; I easily perceived when he was speaking in the one, and when in the other tongue. J. Mc’D. exercises his gift more frequently than any of the others, and I have heard him speak for twenty minutes together, with all the energy of voice and action of an orator addressing an audience. The language which he then, and indeed generally uttered, is very full and harmonious, containing many Greek and Latin radicals, and with inflections, also, much resembling those of the Greek language. I also frequently noticed that he employed the same radical with different inflections; but I do not remember to have noticed his employing two words together, both of which, as to root and inflection, I could pronounce to belong to any language, with which I am acquainted. G. Mc’D.’s tongue is harsher in its syllables, but more grand in general expression. The only time I ever had a serious doubt whether the unknown sounds, which I heard on these occasions, were parts of a language, was when Mc’D.’s servant spoke during the first evening. When she spoke on subsequent occasions, it was invariably in one tongue, which was not only perfectly distinct from the sounds she uttered at the first meeting, but was satisfactorily established, to my conviction, to be a language.’

Mr. Cardale is a learned Theban, no doubt. We should like to have a catalogue of the tongues which he understands. Could he likewise state the grounds of his conviction as to the certainty of the servant delivering herself in a real language, he would add to the obligations we are under to him, and would further the cause of truth.

'I conceive,' he goes on, 'that though a real language may possibly, to one unacquainted with it, sound like a jargon, yet a mere jargon unless put together with skill, in other words, unless actually formed into a language, will sound like a jargon and nothing else, to any person who is at all acquainted with the formation of languages; or, indeed, will consider that all the sounds of any given language are in the same key; and that a language is either inflected, or when uninflected, its roots must, in order to fulfil the purpose of a language, be combined with each other in an infinite variety. Now, the voices which we heard (except upon the occasion last alluded to) were, in connection with each other, euphonous; many of them evidently inflected; and they conveyed the impression of being well formed and cadenced languages.'

As we have given up the Apocalypse long ago in despair, we are certainly in no disposition to try and make out the meaning of the foregoing passage. Mr. Cardale is a little more practical in the following paragraphs:

'One of the persons thus gifted, we employed as our servant while at Port Glasgow. She is a remarkably quiet, steady, phlegmatic person, entirely devoid of forwardness or enthusiasm, and with very little to say for herself in the ordinary way. The language which she spoke was as distinct as the others; and in her case, as in the others, (with the exceptions I have before mentioned) it was quite evident to a hearer, that the language spoken at one time was identical with that spoken at another time.

'The chaunting or singing, was also very remarkable. J. Mc'D.'s ordinary voice is by no means good, and, in singing particularly, is harsh and unpleasing; but when thus singing in the Spirit, the tones and the voice are perfectly harmonious. On the morning after the day on which Mrs. —, (the lady to whom I have before referred) received the gift of tongues, I heard her sing stanzas with the *alternate lines rhyming*. The time was at first slow, but she became more and more rapid in her utterance, until at last syllable followed syllable as rapidly as was possible, and yet each syllable distinctly enunciated. The rapidity of utterance was such that a person would require considerable time to commit to memory stanzas in English so as to repeat or sing them with equal rapidity.

'These persons, while uttering the unknown sounds, as also while speaking in the Spirit in their own language, have every appearance of being under *supernatural direction*. The manner and voice are (speaking generally) different from what they are at other times, and on ordinary occasions. This difference does not consist merely in the peculiar solemnity and fervour of manner (which they possess), but their whole deportment gives an impression, not to be conveyed in words, that *their organs are made use of by supernatural power*. In addition to the outward appearances, their own declarations as the declarations of honest, pious, and sober individuals, may with propriety be taken in evidence. They declare, that their organs of speech are made use of *by the Spirit of God*; and that they utter that which is given to them, and not the expressions of their own conceptions or their own intention. But I had numerous opportunities of observing a variety of facts confirmatory of this. Whatever might have been the apparent exertion employed, I repeatedly



observed that it had *no exhausting effect upon them*: that neither loudness of voice, nor vehemence of action discomposed or exhausted them. And we had a remarkable instance of this in Mrs. Mc'D., who one morning, in consequence of *having a severe cold, so entirely lost the use of her voice, as to be unable to speak out of a whisper, yet on a sudden commenced, and from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. continued speaking in a loud voice*—sometimes in intercessory prayer in the Spirit, sometimes in denouncing the coming judgments, and occasionally speaking in an unknown tongue—and at the end of that time she relapsed exactly into her former state, neither better nor worse than she had been in the morning, but without the *slightest exhaustion* from her long continued efforts.'

Mr. Cardale concludes, by stating, that the result of his inquiries into the moral character, &c. of these prophets, is consistent with those expectations, which a true believer in their sanctity would entertain.

Such is the history of the notable Port Glasgow "miracles"—and though one may laugh, in ridicule or in scorn, at the mixture of fraud and folly of which this affair is, according to all human probability, composed,—yet the serious Christian will detect in it much that deserves his most anxious solicitude. A journeyman tailor tired of the sedentary occupation to which he is condemned, rises from his inglorious seat, affects a difficulty of breathing—and sometimes goes into convulsions; the crowd, forthwith recognizing, as they are instigated to believe, the presence of a divine power, salutes the ex-tailor as their appointed minister. The philosophy of this is plain. The consumption of costume is stagnant—the journeyman is dissatisfied with his labour and his reward—and he betakes him to a way of life where he shall have much less of the one, and a great deal more of the other. Inspiration is a more profitable and reputable trade than that of the needle. So far all is very natural, and, in this country, such an occurrence ought not to be condemned by any person. But then, when the emancipated operative affects to be a *Thaumaturgus*—when he pretends to a jurisdiction over the respiratory system, and offers to raise the dead to life—when he promises, under supernatural encouragement, to mend broken bones, and exorcise the viscera of the colic and other abdominal fiends—it is high time to take up the blasphemer, and try if he have the power of working himself out of a Bridewell or the stocks. For ought any government, or well wisher of his country, to be indifferent to the effect which such vulgar impostors as Macdonald, and his accessories, must make on the minds of the lower orders? One such fellow as this, is able to roll back a spring tide of knowledge, which any system of diffusion may send forth to the people. We have nothing like this in ancient history—extravagant as antiquity was in its notions of religion. The world, at that time, had an awe of the Divinity—they feared him, and trembled at his name. But we have learned, in this enlightened age, to throw off such wholesome apprehensions. A vile delver of the earth will presume to wield

the Almighty thunders. Who can believe that the divine oracles were ever destined to be interpreted in the worst of English, amid the cruellest violations of grammar and syntax? Ignorance is the most terrible of all criminals; it unteaches even instinct. To this dreadful cause, are to be attributed the impressions of the divine policy, of which we are now lamenting the existence. It is not as the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth, superintending the countless creatures of innumerable worlds, that some of us, in this paltry spot of the universe, are desired to consider the Deity. On the contrary, we are taught to regard him as a being endowed with our wretched passions and propensities. We strive to degrade him into a partizan of our silly interests and designs. Is it not impiety of the grossest kind, to suppose that the Almighty can invent no more unequivocal and striking method of manifesting his great purposes, than that of respiteing an old lady in Fernicary from an asthma—and prompting brother Macdonald to the utterance of a quantity of jabber, which no human being can understand? Is omnipotence driven indeed to such straits? If the Almighty intended to distinguish prophet Irving by some extraordinary mark of favour, why did he not with a breath, bury in the earth every edifice of false worship that stands in the neighbourhood of the orthodox Scotch temple? Why did he not declare, by signs and tokens not to be misunderstood, that Irving and his disciples were the chosen few, on whom alone he looked well pleased?

We have not thought the cases here spoken of worthy the dignity of critical examination, but lest there should be a human being to whom they can present a single difficulty, before he comes to a proper understanding of their nature, we shall take the liberty of offering a few words for the consideration of such a person. Let it be granted, that the Almighty chose to perform a miracle by the instrumentality of James Macdonald. Let it be that James was suddenly and obviously to exhibit a facility in diverse tongues, the knowledge of which it was well ascertained could come upon him in a supernatural manner only. Supposing, we say, that it was the intention of the Almighty to work a miracle of this sort, nothing seems more easy than to render the manifestation of it universally intelligible, and as universally undeniable. If, for instance, Macdonald, a poor uneducated body, all his life a workman, were to pour forth a first-rate sermon in choice Italian—or, if he were to approach the prose of Demosthenes—nay, we will go so far as to say, if James the labourer (notwithstanding his early proficiency at a National school) were to give us a homily in immaculate English, then we should say that he vindicated his claim to be considered as the chosen instrument of a miraculous operation. But when the simple man can go no farther than an abstract gibberish, which no mortal ears have ever experienced before, then we may be allowed to exercise a practical judgment on his pretensions. ‘The Deity,’ say Cardale and Co., ‘has given to Macdonald the gift of tongues,



in order to make manifest his power, and his partiality for the faithful amongst those who hear him.' "Then, James," we reply, "you have mistaken the region in which you are to exhibit—China, Timbuctoo, or the recently discovered island, east of Greenland, must be the place of your intended pilgrimage, for no one where you are, understands the tongues with which you are gifted." And such an answer would be strictly reasonable, because we presume, that any one language may be communicated with as much ease as another, when the process of endowment is performed by miracle. If such be the fact, why was not there imparted to the holy man, one of those tongues which could be understood by any persons in this country? Why leave the miracle subject to question and doubt, since it could have been placed beyond all cavil and incredulity with so much facility? Let us only compare such "gifts of tongues" (and we hope we are not profane in doing so) with the genuine power of languages with which the Apostles were endowed. Need we tell the reader, that when those illustrious preachers were prompted to exercise their miraculous faculty of tongues, they spoke only in the language which their audience could comprehend, and it was thus that they at once silenced all doubts as to the authority of their mission?

The observations which precede this paragraph, were nearly all committed to the press, when we received a brief, but very able and truly pious work; in which, on perusal, we found, as we anticipated from the title\*, some passages directly bearing on the subject of the present paper. We do not make any apology for citing the following apposite and striking remarks on the subject of "miracles."

'But how does the matter stand with reference to modern miracles? Who are the workers of them? and who, their avowed advocates and supporters?—Persons, all of them, more or less, of a wild, erratic turn of mind. Witness the high state of excitement—the ecstasy—the swoon—the rolling eye—the clasped hands—the agitated frame—the noisy convocation—the mystic utterance! Where is it possible to find an exhibition of fanatical extravagancies, if the recent scenes at Gareloch do not present some of its rankest specimens? Let us look a little more narrowly at these mushroom devotees. Shall we find the aged, experienced Christian among the infatuated tribe? Does the close, textual, enlightened, and judicious student of the Sacred Volume take his station at the feet of the maid of Fernicary? Do we find a Wardlaw there? a Brown? a Belfrage? a Ewing? a Gordon? a Russel? or any other divine profoundly acquainted with "the truth as it is in Jesus?"—No!—with the exception of two or three good men, concerning whom we did hope and expect better things, the followers of our fair visionary consist of young ladies full of ardour, and fond of novelty, or individuals whose minds, inexperienced and unpoised, are like the gallant merchantman that has just left port with, it may be, some precious freight on board, but with too little ballast to give it the

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\* *Modern Fanaticism Unveiled*, 8vo. pp. 247. London: Holdsworth and Ball, 1831.

proper and necessary ponderance. Let it not be said that we are re-echoing the cry, "Have any of the rulers believed on him?" for, in matters of faith, we are among the last to call any man master upon earth. It is not because these men "sit in Moses' seat," that we appeal to their views and conduct in reference to modern miracles—but because of the eminent and deserved estimation which they have acquired among the brethren in Christ, by their solid learning, sanctified talents, and consistent piety. It is not presumed that this reasoning can, in itself, prove conclusive; but as an auxiliary argument it is deserving of consideration, and ought to have its due weight. A deduction fairly drawn from indisputable premises, speaks loudly as to the merits of the question; but we need not rest them here, for there is much stronger data by which a definitive judgment may be formed.

There is, however, very little hope that any thing can be said with advantage to those who have already succeeded in palming upon their own minds the persuasion that modern miracles are a work of God, and that they themselves, or others, are moved by the Holy Ghost to perform them; and who scruple not to put down sound reason and scriptural argument with, "*that's from the devil!*"—a sort of oracular decision from which there can be no appeal, without incurring the guilt of blasphemy; but happy shall we be, if our endeavours avail but to fence the ground with cautions and statements of the truth, that may be the means of keeping one youthful mind from venturing within the range of a falsely fascinating influence. And with this view, it is of importance to point out how naturally those surprising circumstances, now ascribed to miraculous agency, and which, in a few solitary instances, are not, certainly, to be regarded as absolute fabrications, may be accounted for upon natural principles. There are some supposable cases in which it would be impossible, without a dereliction of common sense, to explain the occurrence upon any such principles: thus, for example, if Miss Mary Campbell would once favour us by *walking on the sea, raising the dead, or drying up the waters of the Gareloch* by her word—even a single act of the kind, well authenticated, must put the stamp of credibility on her supernatural pretensions, because nothing within the limits of known natural causation could enable mankind to put any other construction upon it. But what is the utmost stretch of ability, of which this mighty pretender and her compeers have given proof? Why, the whole amount of their executive commission seems to be, the partial healing of two or three invalids; the utterance of unintelligible sounds; and a few instances of interpretation, which, it might be presumed from their rareness, convey some message gravely essential to the interests of the church; though, alas for us! we have not been able to discover in them any thing, certain well-known passages of Scripture excepted, but what is calculated to make a large demand on that kind of sufferance of which the Apostle Paul speaks, when he is showing how men ordinarily used to bear with fools. 2 Cor. xi. 19, 20. It is true, we are not without intimations that "greater things than these" are hatching. In the mean time, let us analyse what we have in hand, by tracing the effects actually produced, to their very simple causes, without going beyond the revealed arcana of nature for their solution. This, however, we cannot attempt, without danger of dispelling some of that spirit of wonderment which shrouds from the view of many, especially of the young, the true



native character of these apparently mystic events. Much of the astonishment excited by hearing of sudden and miraculous cures, "done in a corner," arises from not duly considering the intimate connexion and reciprocal actings of mind and matter in the constitution of human nature. The powerful operations of thoughts, feelings, wishes, purposes, and resolves, in rousing, stimulating, and strengthening the frame, are lost sight of. Is it not a fact, however, that a man, under suitable and sufficient excitement, can overcome difficulties, which, in the absence of such excitement, he would deem insurmountable? And does not the energy elicited by peculiar circumstances, and forcible motives, enable persons very far to outstrip their ordinary powers of action? Observation alone is sufficient to confirm this general proposition, which might easily be carried into detail, and exhibited in its more transcendental modes and influences. The subject of the cure is, not a cold, calculating genius, with a frame naturally athletic, though, it may be, debilitated by disease—but a young, delicate female, reclining on the couch, and nursed with all the tenderness of maternal or sisterly attention. "The breath of heaven" is not allowed "to visit her face," lest its salutation should hail her "too roughly." Not an ache or pain is complained of, but sympathy hastens to relieve, if possible, by some medical application. The slightest attempt to put her feet to the ground is found impracticable, even though aided by the encircling arm of a kind father, and the assisting hand of devoted friendship. The pensive invalid still droops; and month after month rolls on, without any mitigation of her ailment. At length a pious stranger is introduced to the domestic circle, and the interest which every Christian feels, or ought to feel, in a pious stranger, is kindled in their minds. In grave and solemn accents, he asks the interesting patient, "Do you believe that God is able to heal you?" She replies in the affirmative. He prays with her. The pointed interrogation, the prayer, the thought of Divine omnipotence and goodness, rush conjointly into her heart, and thrill through every fibre of her frame. Emotions are excited of a character perfectly pure, and, at the same time, as perfectly influential, as passions of a less unequivocal kind are known to be in numberless daily instances. "Believe," he says, "only believe"—and again he bends his knees in prayer for her restoration. "Did you not feel," he asks, "a strange sensation while I was praying, as if strength were diffused over you?" "I think I did," is her reply. "Then," he adds, "in the name of Jesus Christ, arise and walk." Excitement is now at its climax; and, by one powerful effort, she rises, stands, walks! This resolute plunging into active locomotion is the very remedy prescribed by Dugald Stewart, in his "*Philosophy of the Human Mind*," when pointing out the best correctives of a disordered imagination: and though the phrase, "a disordered imagination," may seem too strong to be applicable to some instances we have in view, yet there has doubtless existed, even in those instances, a degree, though in milder form, of the same complaint—a morbidity of the fancy, diffusing its enervating influence through the system, and which required nothing more as a counteractive than some sufficiently powerful stimulant to revive and energize the latent powers of action.

'The disease, however, may be real, and not in the slightest degree imaginary; and its sudden removal may, nevertheless, have nothing in it of the marvellous, except in appearance. We have recently heard of an

individual who languished, for a considerable time, under some internal and debilitating sickness, which baffled all the efforts of professional skill, till at length the beloved patient sunk in exhaustion, and her happy spirit winged its flight to that region where suffering and death are no more. On a *post mortem* examination, it was found that all the vital parts were free from disease, and that the cause of death originated in a deranged state of one of the cartilages of the larynx—"which cause," it was observed by a medical friend of the family, "might have been removed, if there had been a possibility of ascertaining the precise nature of the case;" and he farther added, "a strong cough, or sudden and violent emotion, might have proved a cure, by restoring the cartilaginous membrane to its wonted state and proper action." Here, then, is an instance in which, if it had pleased God to interpose the requisite local excitement, and if it had been possible for us to judge of the case according to its true nature, we should have seen the folly and credulity of believing that every sudden cure must, of necessity, be miraculous.—*Modern Fanaticism Unveiled*, pp. 101—112.

The latter anecdote constitutes a simple, but most conclusive commentary on the whole history of modern miracles.

The work from which we take the above quotation, is, as we have observed, very unpretending, at least as to its dimensions. We think that it reduces the pretence of miracle working, and, indeed, the whole of the presumptuous doctrine of the immediate interference of God, to an absurdity. The author has divided his work into five chapters. The first is on the doctrine of Assurance, the true Scriptural meaning of which he explains.—Miracles form the subject of the next chapter—and then he goes on to discuss Pardon, and Prophecy, concluding with a bitter, but very just attack on some modern fanatics, under the title of Profane and Vain Babblings. The dignity, modesty, integrity, and simplicity of the Christian religion, are upheld by this writer in a manner which proves that he is thoroughly imbued with its spirit.

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ART. V.—*Letters and Journals of Lord Byron; with Notices of his Life.* By Thomas Moore. Volume II. 4to. pp. 823. London: Murray. 1831.

IN the course of our Review \* of the former volume of this work, we expressed our regret that Mr. Moore had not used his pruning knife more freely, with regard to the materials which he had before him; as we conceived that many passages were allowed to remain, which were by no means calculated to improve the public morals, or to exalt the character of Lord Byron. It is with great pain we observe, that still stronger grounds for complaint and re-monstrance, in this respect, are presented in the volume recently published. We do not refer, altogether, to the almost indispensable introduction into a memoir of Lord Byron, of the name and the

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\* Monthly Review, vol. xiii. p. 218.



errors of the Countess Guiccioli, although we might justly remark that Mr. Moore has done every thing in his power to disguise those errors, in language of the most indulgent and palliating nature. Compassion and gallantry, whatever morality might do, would perhaps offer a plausible excuse, for all that he has said in favour of that lady, as well as for the quotation of several passages from her passionate journal. But whatever may be the verdict of the critics upon this point, they cannot hesitate, we apprehend, to condemn Mr. Moore in his capacity of editor, for giving to the world most of the letters which Lord Byron wrote from Venice, soon after his departure from England. They detail, in the most unblushing manner, vices of the most degrading nature; they exhibit a nobleman, yet young in years, bringing upon himself premature imbecility and age, by the variety and extent of the wickedness in which he indulged. He paints himself as a frequent adulterer, as keeping open house for the most profligate women of the most profligate town in Italy; and while he narrates his crimes, he openly exults in them as if they were virtues.

We confess that we were wholly ignorant of this part of Lord Byron's career, and were it not for the evidence of his own letters, we never could have believed that he had, in fact, exceeded in profligacy his own *Don Juan*. Against the publication of the poem under that title, both Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray strongly protested, upon the grounds of its immorality; if they were sincere upon these occasions, we are wholly at a loss to conjecture the train of reasoning, by which they could have since reconciled it to themselves, to unite in laying before the world—not indeed the cantos of *Don Juan*, but the Venetian letters of Lord Byron, which, from their contents as well as their suppressions, are calculated to be infinitely more injurious to public morals, than any thing which *Don Juan* contains. In the latter, the effect of licentious thought is a good deal lessened by the atmosphere of poetry, through which it is refracted; whereas, in the epistles, vice is transparent, not only in the language, but in the asterisks beneath which, for very shame, Mr. Moore has been sometimes compelled to take momentary shelter. Does he, indeed, think that these asterisks are hieroglyphics, which cannot be decyphered? Does he flatter himself with the hope, that they will afford no occupation to prurient minds—no encouragement to depravity?

We are surprized, and—considering our regard for Mr. Moore's character and talents—sincerely grieved, by the sophistry with which he has laboured to defend the disclosure of Lord Byron's Italian transgressions. He says, that so long as he had to deal with his friend's gallantries in England, he was obliged to throw as decent a veil over them as possible, out of respect to the public sentiment of the country; but that he no longer feels the same restraint, when the scene of crime is transferred to a foreign climate, where it is in harmony with every thing around it. If Mr.

Moore, upon following his hero to a distant country, alien from his own in manners and in language, were to confine his narrative and illustrative letters to the language of that country, so long as they should be fitted exclusively for the perusal of its inhabitants, his argument, however indefensible in itself, would, at least, have the merit of consistency. But vice is vice in every part of the world, and there is quite as much of it in England as elsewhere; there can be no more harm in describing, in the English language, depravities perpetrated at Newstead or in London, than those which have taken place at Venice. The impression arising from both, or either, upon the public mind, is precisely the same in degree; with this difference, that crime is, like all other objects, softened by distance. Indignation comes to our aid, when we read of atrocities committed near our own doors, polluting our own hearths; and destroying the happiness of our friends and neighbours; but there is nothing, save the presence of virtue itself, to cause a reaction in the mind, upon hearing of iniquities that have taken place in a distant community, with which we have little intercourse.

It is impossible that Mr. Moore can have reflected upon the consequences, which may be drawn from his extraordinary argument. May it not be made use of by the Duncombes, the Carliles, and the Stockdales of the day? Does not the impure matter, which he has allowed to go forth in this second volume, strip the publisher of all legal copy-right in the work? We cannot imagine that an injunction would be granted, or maintained, by any Chancellor, against any person who might choose to pirate every word of these two volumes, seeing that there are many letters, in the second volume especially, which would put Mr. Murray at once out of court. We hope the question will not be tried, because we think that the number of copies already published, will be sufficiently mischievous; but if it be tried, we know not how it can be effectually resisted.

Mr. Moore, we really believe, intended to do no more than to present the world with a true portrait of Lord Byron's character; a character which, it may be admitted, is more accurately delineated in his own journals and letters, than it could possibly be by any third person. But it is no justification of scandal, to say that it was promulgated for the sake of truth; truth itself is too expensive an acquisition, when purchased at so great a sacrifice. It would be much better for the living generations and posterity, not to know every feature of Lord Byron's character, than, by attaining that knowledge, to become acquainted with all the seductions of his example. We cannot believe that the Venetian letters have been inserted, after deliberation, in order to give an impetus to the sale of the work; this would be a motive, which we cannot ascribe either to Mr. Moore or Mr. Murray. Indeed, we could not imagine the possibility of its existence, seeing that, independently of these letters (and we much wish that they were



wholly left out), the work contains more interesting details than, perhaps, any other memoir in our language. We can only glance at a few of those, which we find in the volume before us, passing by such as are unfit to meet the eyes of those who usually read this journal.

Mr. Moore's first volume closed with the departure of Lord Byron from England, a departure that took place under circumstances, at once distressing and humiliating. He had, 'in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery; had seen his hearth eight or nine times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank. He had alienated, as far as they had ever been his, the affections of his wife; and now, rejected by her, and condemned by the world, was betaking himself to an exile, which had not even the dignity of appearing voluntary, as the excommunicating voice of society seemed to leave him no other resource.' It is remarked of him, however, that it was at a period when his domestic prospects were most clouded, he produced the "*Siege of Corinth*" and "*Parisina*," thus justifying the criticism of Goethe, that Lord Byron was inspired by the Genius of Pain. It certainly does appear, that all his great efforts were made under circumstances, which would have depressed ordinary minds to a state that would altogether unfit them for the nobler flights of imagination; and there are passages in his writings, which show that he was not unconscious of the power, by which he was thus enabled to rise superior to every attack, that was directed against his personal or literary fortunes. On leaving his native shores for the last time, he proceeded, by Flanders and the Rhine, to Switzerland, a line of road which his biographer justly says, 'he strewed over with all the riches of poesy.' While staying in Switzerland, he lived at Diodati, near Geneva, and had frequent opportunities of seeing Madame de Stael at Copet. Here he finished the third canto of "*Childe Harold*," so full of the beautiful scenery which he had just traversed. Accompanied by Mr. Hobhouse, he visited all that is worth seeing in Switzerland, and although the journal of this little tour, which he communicated to his sister, and which is inserted in the present volume, may be said to be quite an extempore composition, yet it gives a more lively picture of the mountain grandeur of that country, than most of the elaborate descriptions which we have seen. It is written in a half humorous, half poetical style, somewhat after the manner which he subsequently adopted in "*Don Juan*;" a style of which he appears, from a very early stage of his intellectual progress, to have been a complete master. The higher glacier of the Grindelwald he places at once before us, as 'a frozen hurricane.' 'Starlight,' he goes on, 'beautiful, but a devil of a path! Never mind, got safe in: a little lightning, but the whole of the day as fine, in point of weather, as the day on which Paradise was made. Passed whole

woods of withered pines, all withered ; trunks stripped and barkless, branchless, lifeless,—done by a single winter. Their appearance reminded me of me and my family.’ This scene he afterwards made a fine use of in *Manfred*. Indeed most of the impressions which he received among the Alps, he introduced into that extraordinary poem. A torrent in the Jungfrau, nine hundred feet in height, suggested to him an image as sublime as itself.

‘ And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro, like the pale courser’s tail,  
The giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the *Apocalypse*.’

‘ Standing on the Wengen Alp,’ says the journal, ‘ we had in view, on one side, the Avalanches, which were falling nearly every five minutes ; on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell, during a spring tide—it was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance.’ How infinitely improved does this scene appear in *Manfred*, after passing through the alembic of his potent imagination !

‘ Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
In mountains overwhelming, come and crush me !  
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘ The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell !’

One should have thought that objects which were capable of making such deep impressions upon the mind of Lord Byron, might have excluded from it, for a while, the recollection of his recent miseries :—miseries indeed, which, it was at the time pretty generally believed, he had already laughed at and forgotten. We find, however, from the conclusion of his journal of this little tour among the Alps, that he felt his desolate situation most intensely.

“ In the weather for this tour (of thirteen days,) I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. H.)—fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journies in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue, and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this—the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here ; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me.”—vol. ii. p. 22.



On his arrival at Geneva, Lord Byron, for the first time, became acquainted with Mr. Shelley—a circumstance which affords to his biographer, an opportunity for drawing an interesting and accurate comparison between the peculiar tendencies of the two poets, which, on many points, were as opposite as the poles. This difference, however, seemed to link them in a more intimate friendship, thus realizing the theory of St. Pierre, (of the truth of which there are many examples daily to be witnessed) that the ties of friendship, and even of love, if not originally formed, are generally made stronger by contrast of genius and disposition between the parties. Polidori—that vain literary empiric, who, under the title of physician, now constantly attended Lord Byron—the two poets, and Mrs. Shelley, were much together at this period. During a whole week of rain, they amused themselves with reading German ghost stories, and with inventing some of their own. It is to such exercises, we are told, that we are indebted to Polidori for that horrid story of the Vampire, which, upon its first appearance, was attributed to Lord Byron, and attracted for the first time, it is asserted, attention to his writings amongst our Gallic neighbours. The noble poet wrote, indeed, something of the kind less extravagant than Polidori's tale, which has long since been forgotten. Mrs. Shelley's German muse was more successful, in the production of *Frankenstein*, which leaves behind it an impression never to be forgotten. Shelley, though in other respects so different from Lord Byron, shared with him in all his fondness for boating. They made a tour round the Lake together, and with the "*Heloise*" before them, (which by the way Shelley then read for the first time), visited the well-known scenes round Meillerie and Clarens—scenes to which the genius of Rousseau has added so many ideal charms.

During one of Lord Byron's visits to Copet, Madame de Stael, in her own frank and privileged style, gave him a lecture upon his matrimonial conduct, which had the effect of inducing him to enter upon a negociation, with the view of being reconciled to his lady. From reasons which are not explained, it wholly failed at the very commencement. This failure it was, Mr. Moore believes, which, after the violence he had done his own pride in the first overture, first infused any mixture of resentment or bitterness into the feelings hitherto entertained by him, throughout these painful differences. He had, indeed, since his arrival in Geneva, invariably spoken of his lady with kindness and regret, imputing the course she had taken, in leaving him, not to herself, but others, and assigning whatever little share of blame he would allow her to bear in the transaction, to the simple, and doubtless true cause—*her not at all understanding him*. "I have no doubt," he would sometimes say, "that she really did believe me to be mad." He had resolved, though his pecuniary means were at this time so limited, that he could not afford to keep a carriage, never to touch a farthing of his wife's fortune; a resolution, however, which he had not the fortitude to keep.

Besides the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, he now produced the *Prisoner of Chillon*, and his two poems "Darkness" and the "Dream," 'the latter of which,' says Mr. Moore, 'cost him many a tear in writing, being indeed, the most mournful, as well as picturesque "story of a wandering life," that ever came from the pen and heart of man.' Besides the Vampire fragment, he commenced another romance in prose, founded upon that of the *Marriage of Belphegor*, with the view of relating his own matrimonial misfortunes. This, however, he put into the fire, upon hearing from England that Lady Byron was ill. Mr. Moore gives two other poems, which were written at this period, and had not hitherto been published. The longer of these, addressed by Lord Byron to his sister, breathes the purest and most fervent fraternal affection, though written in an unpolished style. In the other, he seems to have shadowed out those unhappy notions concerning death, which afterwards became a fixed doctrine in his mind.

"What is this Death?—a quiet of the heart?  
The whole of that of which we are a part?  
For Life is but a vision—what I see  
Of all which lives alone is life to me,  
And being so—the absent are the dead,  
Who haunt us from tranquillity and spread  
A dreary shroud around us, and invest  
With sad remembrancers our hours of rest.

"The absent are the dead—for they are cold,  
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;  
And they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet  
The unforgotten do not all forget,  
Since thus divided—equal must it be  
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;  
It may be both—but one day end it must  
In the dark union of insensate dust.

"The under-earth inhabitants—are they  
But mingled millions decomposed to clay?  
The ashes of a thousand ages spread  
Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?  
Or do they in their silent cities dwell  
Each in his incommunicative cell?  
Or have they their own language? and a sense  
Of breathless being?—darken'd and intense  
As midnight in her solitude?—Oh earth!  
Where are the past?—and wherefore had they birth?  
The dead are thy inheritors—and we  
But bubbles on thy surface; and the key  
Of thy profundity is in the grave,  
The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,  
Where I would walk in spirit, and behold  
Our elements resolved to things untold,  
And fathom hidden wonders, and explore  
The essence of great bosoms now no more."—vol. ii. p. 37.



Having "repeopled his mind with nature" as he expresses it, among the mountains and vallies of Switzerland, Lord Byron, accompanied by Mr. Hobhouse, proceeded to Italy. It may seem strange, that with all his fancy, he had no great relish for paintings. The Flemish school he could not tolerate. Nothing in this way had any attraction for him, that did not tell its own story in an irresistible manner. At Milan, he made the acquaintance of Monti, and heard an anecdote of Beccaria, which shews how widely, sometimes, philosophy may differ from practice. Every body has read his treatise against the punishment of death. Well, "as soon as his book was out, his servant (having read it I presume) stole his watch; and his master, while correcting the press of a second edition, did all he could to have him hanged by way of advertisement!" From Verona, Lord Byron writes to Mr. Moore, "I found on the Benacus the same tradition of a city still visible in calm weather below the waters, which you have preserved of Lough Neagh, 'When the clear cold eve's declining.' I do not know that it is authorized by records; but they tell you such a story, and say, that the city was swallowed up by an earthquake." Tradition is an invisible spirit, that has haunted every land, and like the games of boys, seems to have left every where similar traces of its presence. How delightful it would have been to read Lord Byron's letters to Mr. Moore and his other literary friends in England, if they were conversant only, or chiefly, with such topics as these! But already they begin to present a formidable array of asterisks. In the epistle from Verona, we have three lines of these symbols of impurity; not to speak of allusions to the Theban dynasty, which it would have shown much better taste to have veiled under the same disguise.

We have already sufficiently referred to Lord Byron's career in Venice, and shall now pass at once from it without apology, observing only that, in the midst of his dissipations, with that strange mixture of good and evil which his character frequently exhibits, he occasionally found leisure to repair to the Armenian monastery, where he received instructions from the monks in the Armenian language, his mind wanting, as he expresses it, "something craggy to break upon." One of the friars was employed, at the time, upon an English and Armenian grammar, in which the poet gave him considerable assistance. When it was nearly ready for publication, he wrote a brief and admirable preface to it, with the view of introducing it to public attention in this country. We forget how the project ultimately terminated. Some unexplained, and much higher speculations, seem also at this period (the early part of 1817) to have occasionally floated through his brain. "If I live," he writes to Mr. Moore, "ten years longer, you will see that it is not over with me—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other—the times and fortune permitting—that, 'like the cosmogony, or creation of the

world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.' But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out. I have at times exorcised it most devilishly." We collect, from subsequent passages in his letters, that this something, which he hoped to achieve, was connected with South America, which was then engaged in the first stage of the revolution, that has since terminated in her independence. It is not at all improbable, that he entertained views of personal ambition with reference to the new states—views which he afterwards transferred to Greece.

As a trait of his personal habits, it may be mentioned that, in his letters to Mr. Murray, he frequently begs of him to send out parcels of tooth-powder and magnesia; which, by some odd fatality, Murray almost always forgot. "For the sake of my personal comfort," he writes, "I pray you send me immediately, to Venice—*mind Venice*—viz. *Waites' tooth powder, red, a quantity; calcined magnesia, of the best quality, a quantity; and all this by safe, sure, and speedy means; and, by the Lord! do it.*" This is often the burthen of his letters to Albemarle-street. Sometimes he enlarges his order in this way, "Tooth-powder, magnesia, tincture of myrrh, tooth-brushes, diachylon plaster, Peruvian bark, are my personal demands."

It is not generally known, that, in consequence of a private and friendly criticism from Mr. Gifford, Lord Byron re-wrote the whole of the third act of *Manfred*. It is a striking proof of the natural superiority of his mind, that he saw at once, and acknowledged the faults, which that modern Aristarchus had pointed out in this act, which was written while he was yet recovering from a fever, by which he was attacked at Venice. He thus frankly and humorously speaks of it to his publisher:—

"The third act is certainly d——d bad, and like the Archbishop of Grenada's homily (which savoured of the palsy), has the dregs of my fever, during which it was written. It must, on *no account*, be published in its present state. I will try and reform it, or re-write it altogether; but the impulse is gone, and I have no chance of making any thing of it. I would not have it published as it is on any account. The speech of *Manfred* to the Sun is the only part of this act I thought good myself; the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be, and I wonder what the devil possessed me." —p. 104.

Mr. Moore has preserved the act in its original form, thus enabling the poetical aspirant to compare it with the act which was substituted for it, and to trace some of the springs by which a fearless and fertile imagination may lift itself above the earth to which it may have fallen.

On sending over the third canto of *Childe Harold*, (1816,) Lord Byron left all matters of pecuniary arrangement connected with it, to Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Shelley, and his respectable publisher. By this time (May, 1817), the spirit of money-getting, seems, however, to have taken possession of him. He had in the interval, no doubt,



discovered in his straitened means, the value of pounds sterling, and under an assumed levity, he chaffers for his poetical wares, with the keenness of a Jew. Literary productions, it must be admitted, deserve to be paid for as well as any other commodity; nevertheless, we cannot read such passages as the two following ones, in Lord Byron's letters to Mr. Murray, without feeling that they indicate a propensity to avarice and meanness.

"The Lament of Tasso, which I sent from Florence, has, I trust, arrived; I look upon it, as 'these be good rhymes,' as Pope's papa said to him when he was a boy. For the *two*—it and the drama (*Manfred*), you will disburse to me (*via Kinnaird*) *six* hundred guineas. You will perhaps be surprised that I set the same price upon this as upon the drama; but, besides that I look upon it as *good*, I won't take less than three hundred guineas for any thing. The two together will make you a larger publication than the "*Siege*" and "*Parisina*," so you may think yourself let off very easy; that is to say, if these poems are good for any thing, which I hope and believe."—p. 107.

"Now to business; \*\*\*\*\* I say unto you, verily, it is not so; or, as the foreigner said to the waiter, after asking him to bring him a glass of water, to which the man answered, "I will, Sir." "You *will*!—G—d d—n, I say you *must*!" And I will submit this to the decision of any person or persons to be appointed by both, on a fair examination of the circumstances of this as compared with the preceding publications. So, there's for you. There is always some row or other previously to all our publications; it should seem that, on approximating, we can never get quite over the natural antipathy of author and bookseller, and that more particularly the ferine nature of the latter must break forth."—p. 126.

We might cite several other passages of a similar tendency. While engaged upon the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, it is curious to observe with what keenness of appetite he looked forward to its golden results. "I have done," he writes on the 9th of July, 1817, "*fifty-six* (stanzas) of canto fourth; so down with your ducats;" and, in six days afterwards, he says, "I have finished (that is written—the file comes afterwards) ninety and eight stanzas of the fourth canto \* \*.—I look upon parts of it as very good \* \*,—rather a different style from the last—less metaphysical \* \*—so you may be thinking of its arrival towards autumn, whose winds will not be the *only ones to be raised*, if *so be as how*, that it is ready by that time." After the completion of the canto in question, his proposal for the sale of it, borders closely upon the puffing of an auctioneer. After several letters upon the subject, he says, "You offer 1500 guineas for the new canto: I won't take it. I ask 2500 guineas for it, which you will either give or not, as you think proper." After magnifying its poetical merits as much as he could, he speaks, also, of the great value that would be added to it by Mr. Hobhouse's notes, and of the tear and wear of mind and body which it cost him. This is all very unworthy of the noble poet, whose opinion of modern verse was, at the same time, not very exalted.

“With regard to poetry in general,” he writes to Mr. Murray, “I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he (Moore) and *all of us*,—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, I,—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, or systems, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free: and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this, by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly *Pope*, whom I tried in this way. I took Moore’s poems and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope’s, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne’s man, and us of the lower empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly. Crabbe’s the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject, and \* \* is retired upon half pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly.”—p. 147.

It appears that on this paragraph, in the MS. copy of the letter from which it is taken, Mr. Gifford wrote the following note:—‘There is more good sense, and feeling, and judgment, in this passage, than in any other I ever read, or Lord Byron wrote.’ Mr. Moore, however, to whom it was (as Lord Byron permitted with respect to all his letters) shown by Murray, did not much relish it; and concluded a remonstrance to the noble poet, by comparing him to the Methodist preacher, who, sure of going to Heaven himself, told his congregation that they must not hope to get there by taking hold of his skirts, for that he would, upon that occasion, wear a spencer! Upon which Lord Byron returned to the charge.

“I don’t know what Murray may have been saying or quoting. I called Crabbe and Sam the fathers of present Poesy; and said, that I thought—except them—*all of ‘us youth’* were on a wrong tack. But I never said that we did not sail well. Our fame will be hurt by *admiration* and *imitation*. When I say *our*, I mean *all*, (Lakers included,) except the postscript of the Augustans. The next generation (from the quantity and facility of imitation) will tumble and break their necks off our Pegasus, who runs way with us; but we keep the *saddle*, because we broke the rascal and can ride. But though easy to mount, he is the devil to guide; and the next fellows must go back to the riding school and the manège, and learn to ride the ‘great horse.’”—vol. ii. p. 160.

In writing Beppo, Lord Byron acknowledges that he had an eye to Berni, but that Whistlecraft (supposed to be Frere) was his immediate model. This was followed, as all the world too well knows, by Don Juan, which, he says, he intended ‘to be a little quietly facetious upon every thing.’ He had, or feigned that he had, an intention of following it up to the extent of fifty cantos! The letter in which he communicates this scheme to Mr. Murray, is full of amusing badinage.

“The Second Canto of Don Juan was sent, on Saturday last, by post, in four packets, two of four, and two of three sheets each, containing in



all two hundred and seventeen stanzas, octave measure. But I will permit no curtailments, except those mentioned about Castlereagh and \* \* \* \* \*. You sha'n't make *canticles* of my cantos. The poem will please, if it is lively; if it is stupid, it will fail: but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing. If you please, you may publish *anonymously*; it will perhaps be better; but I will battle my way against them all like a porcupine.

"So you and Mr. Foscolo, &c., want me to undertake what you call 'a great work?' an Epic Poem, I suppose, or some such pyramid. I'll try no such thing; I hate tasks. And then 'seven or eight years!' God send us all well this day three months, let alone years. If one's years can't be better employed than in sweating poesy, a man had better be a ditcher. And works, too!—is Childe Harold nothing? You have so many *divine* poems, is it nothing to have written a *human* one? without any of your worn-out machinery. Why, man, I could have spun the thoughts of the Four Cantos of that poem into twenty, had I wanted to book-make, and its passion into as many modern tragedies. Since you want *length*, you shall have enough of *Juan*, for I'll make Fifty Cantos.

"And Foscolo, too! Why does *he* not do something more than the Letters of *Ortis*, and a tragedy, and pamphlets? He has good fifteen years more at his command than I have: what has he done all that time?—proved his genius, doubtless, but not fixed its fame, nor done his utmost.

"Besides, I mean to write my best work in *Italian*, and it will take me nine years more thoroughly to master the language; and then if my fancy exists, and I exist too, I will try what I *can* do *really*. As to the estimation of the English which you talk of, let them calculate what it is worth, before they insult me with their insolent condescension.

"I have not written for their pleasure. If they are pleased, it is that they chose to be so; I have never flattered their opinions, nor their pride; nor will I. Neither will I make 'Ladies' books' '*al diletta le femine e la plebe*.' I have written from the fulness of my mind, from passion, from impulse, from many motives, but not for their 'sweet voices.'

"I know the precise worth of popular applause, for few scribblers have had more of it; and if I chose to swerve into their paths, I could retain it, or resume it. But I neither love ye, nor fear ye; and though I buy with ye and sell with ye, I will neither eat with ye, drink with ye, nor pray with ye. They made me, without my search, a species of popular idol; they, without reason or judgment, beyond the caprice of their good pleasure, threw down the image from its pedestal; it was not broken with the fall, and they would, it seems, again replace it,—but they shall not.

"You ask about my health: about the beginning of the year I was in a state of great exhaustion, attended by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it; and I was obliged to reform my 'way of life,' which was conducting me from the 'yellow leaf' to the ground, with all deliberate speed. I am better in health and morals, and very much yours, &c.

"P. S. I have read Hodgson's 'Friends.' \* \* \* \* He is right in defending Pope against the bastard pelicans of the poetical winter day, who add insult to their parricide, by sucking the blood of the parent of English *real* poetry—poetry without fault—and then spurning the bosom which fed them."—vol. ii. pp. 203—205.

The allusions, in the latter part of this letter, to the effects of the libertine course of life which he had led, are sufficiently marked. It was about this time that he exchanged it for one of somewhat less guilt, in the society of the Countess Guiccioli, whose story is already sufficiently notorious. It was also about the same time that Mr. Moore, during a hasty tour in Italy, had an opportunity of spending a few days with his noble friend. The reader will be interested in a few anecdotes, taken from this portion of the journal.

‘ Having parted, at Milan, with Lord John Russell, whom I had accompanied from England, and whom I was to rejoin, after a short visit to Rome, at Genoa, I made purchase of a small and (as it soon proved) crazy travelling carriage, and proceeded alone on my way to Venice. My time being limited, I stopped no longer at the intervening places than was sufficient to hurry over their respective wonders, and, leaving Padua at noon on the 8th of October, I found myself, about two o'clock, at the door of my friend's villa, at La Mira. He was but just up, and in his bath; but the servant having announced my arrival, he returned a message that, if I would wait till he was dressed, he would accompany me to Venice. The interval I employed in conversing with my old acquaintance, Fletcher, and in viewing, under his guidance, some of the apartments of the villa.

‘ It was not long before Lord Byron himself made his appearance, and the delight I felt in meeting him once more, after a separation of so many years, was not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered doubly touching by the evident rarity of such meetings to him of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality and gaiety with which he gave way to his feelings. It would be impossible, indeed, to convey to those who have not, at some time or other, felt the charm of his manner, an idea of what it could be when under the influence of such pleasurable excitement, as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment.

‘ I was a good deal struck, however, by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change,—having lost, by the enlargement of the features, some of that refined and spiritualized look that had, in other times, distinguished it. The addition of whiskers, too, which he had not long before been induced to adopt, from hearing that some one had said a “*faccia di musico*,” as well as the length to which his hair grew down on his neck, and the rather foreign air of his coat and cap,—all combined to produce that dissimilarity to his former self I had observed in him. He was still, however, eminently handsome; and, in exchange for whatever his features might have lost of their high, romantic character, they had become more fitted for the expression of that arch, waggish wisdom, that epicurean play of humour, which he had shewn to be equally inherent in his various and prodigally gifted nature; while, by the somewhat increased roundness of the contours, the resemblance of his finely formed mouth and chin to those of the Belvidere Apollo had become still more striking.

‘ His breakfast, which I found he rarely took before three or four



o'clock in the afternoon, was speedily despatched,—his habit being to eat it standing, and the meal in general consisting of one or two raw eggs, a cup of tea without either milk or sugar, and a bit of dry biscuit. Before we took our departure, he presented me to the Countess Guiccioli, who was at this time, as my readers already know, living under the same roof with him at La Mira; and who, with a style of beauty singular in an Italian, as being fair complexion, and delicate, left an impression upon my mind, during this our first short interview, of intelligence and amiableness such as all that I have since known or heard of her has but served to confirm.'—vol. ii. pp. 247—249.

The two poets were as much together as possible, during the few days of Mr. Moore's stay. The latter he prevailed upon to live in his deserted house at Venice, coming to dine with him every day, but returning in the evenings to La Mira. On one of these occasions, while dinner was in preparation at a neighbouring *Tratteria*, they were standing out in the balcony, when, says Mr. Moore,

'Happening to remark, in looking up at the clouds, which were still bright in the west, that "what had struck me in Italian sun-sets was that peculiar rosy hue,—" I had hardly pronounced the word "rosy," when Lord Byron, clapping his hand on my mouth, said, with a laugh, "Come d—n it, Tom, *don't* be poetical." Among the few gondolas passing at the time, there was one at some distance, in which sat two gentlemen, who had the appearance of being English; and, observing them to look our way, Lord Byron, putting his arms a-kimbo, said, with a sort of comic swagger, "Ah, if you John Bulls knew who the two fellows are, now standing up here, I think you *would* stare!" I risk mentioning these things, though aware how they may be turned against myself, for the sake of the otherwise indescribable traits of manner and character which they convey.'—vol. ii. p. 252.

It was but at the very moment of their separation, that Lord Byron presented to Mr. Moore the manuscript journals which, with certain necessary mutilations, form the basis of the present work. His account of this incident is as follows:

'A short time before dinner he left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. "Look here," he said, holding it up,—“this would be worth something to Murray, though *you*, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it. "What is it?" I asked,—“My Life and Adventures,” he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. “It is not a thing,” he continued, “that can be published during my life-time, but you may have it, if you like—there, do whatever you please with it.” In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly; I added, “This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it.” He then added, “You may show it to any of our friends you think worthy of it:”—and this is, nearly word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject.'—vol. ii. p. 273.

Count Guiccioli having been prevailed upon by his friends, to put an end to the open scandal, to which his wife's residence at La Mira necessarily gave rise, effected her removal to Ravenna.

For awhile this circumstance seems to have disposed Lord Byron to return to England, in order that he might no more place himself within the sphere of attractions, which he knew not how otherwise to resist. Upon the eve of his setting out, he, however, received unexpectedly an invitation, sanctioned by the Count himself, to Ravenna. He hesitated between passion and duty; a female friend of Madame Guiccioli, who witnessed the scene, has painted his irresolution, upon this occasion, in a characteristic manner, in a letter which she addressed to that lady. 'He was ready dressed for the journey, his gloves and cap on, and even his little cane in his hand. Nothing was now waited for, but his coming down stairs, his boxes being already on board the gondola. At this moment, my lord, by way of pretext, declares that if it should strike one o'clock before every thing was in order, (his arms being the only thing not yet quite ready), he would not go on that day. The hour strikes, and he remains.' She added, 'he has not the heart to go,' and she was quite right. He hastened to Ravenna, where he soon appeared in public, as the Countess's regularly installed cicisbeo.

A translation of the "*Morgante Maggiore*," of Pulci, and the composition of the "*Prophecy of Dante*," gave him literary occupation for some time. At Ravenna, also, he wrote his pamphlet in defence of Pope, which every body remembers; and his "*Marino Faliero*," which, we are afraid, every body has forgotten. Proceedings were taken by Madame Guiccioli for her separation—not from Lord Byron, as one would have expected, but from her husband—which terminated in a regular divorce. After this, she was removed to the house of her father, Count Gamba, about fifteen miles from Ravenna, where Lord Byron was permitted to visit her once or twice a month. The time not devoted to her society, he is said to have spent in perfect solitude. The political state of Italy at that period (1820) was a good deal agitated; a constitutional government having been established at Naples, Lord Byron made no secret of his sympathy in the cause of freedom, and frequently mentions, in his letters, that if an opportunity should offer, he would take a part in the struggle. He was, in fact, enrolled amongst the Carbonari, and drew up a magnificent address to the new Neapolitan government, which, however, was intercepted on the way. Although he had long been accustomed to decry England and "all that it inherits," to use a phrase which he often introduces, yet he never ceased to feel a nervous anxiety as to what was said and thought of himself and his writings in that country. *Galignani's Messenger* was sufficient for his politics; but with the English critical journals, and Scott's novels, he could not dispense; and he often scolds Murray for not transmitting them to him regularly. "You need never trouble me," he says, (October, 1820), "with any periodical publication, except the *Edinburgh Quarterly*,



and an occasional Blackwood, or now and then a Monthly Review; for the rest I do not feel curiosity enough to look beyond their covers. \* \* \* Books of travels are expensive, and I don't want them, having travelled already; besides, they lie. Pray send me *no more* poetry but what is rare, and decidedly good. There is such trash of Keats, and the like, upon my tables, that I am ashamed to look at them. I say nothing against your parsons, your S\*\*s, and your C\*\*s—it is all very fine—but pray dispense me from the pleasure. Instead of poetry, if you will favour me with a few soda-powders, I shall be delighted. \* \* The Abbot has just arrived, many thanks; as also for the *Monastery*—*when you send it.*”

Mr. Moore has inserted extracts from a very curious pamphlet, which Lord Byron wrote in answer to an attack made in Blackwood, upon Don Juan, and his own matrimonial conduct, which, though put to press by Mr. Murray, has never been published. With respect to his domestic affairs it says nothing new. He complains that no specific charge was ever made against him, or at least communicated to him, on the part of Lady Byron's friends; and he accounts for his departure from England, by imputing it to the true cause, that, in this country, he had become generally obnoxious on account of the reports,—he calls them slanders,—which were propagated against him by a large majority of the upper circles of society. The pamphlet is neatly and frankly written. It betrays a deeply wounded spirit, in reference to his personal situation; it contains, also, an amplification of his opinions upon the poetry of the age, and a renewal of his pledges of invariable allegiance to the school of Pope.

Before Lord Byron embarked in the abortive scheme of the “Liberal,” which he contributed for a while to support, it would appear that he had serious thoughts of coming to England, and of establishing, in partnership with Mr. Moore, a weekly newspaper. A portion of his letter on this subject is worth extracting.

“The project, then, is for you and me to set up jointly a *newspaper*—nothing more nor less—weekly, or so, with some improvement or modifications upon the plan of the present scoundrels, who degrade that department,—but a *newspaper*, which we will edit in due form, and, nevertheless, with attention.

“There must always be in it a piece of poesy from one or other of us *two*, leaving room, however, for such dilettanti rhymers as may be deemed worthy of appearing in the same column; but *this* must be a *sine quâ non*; and also as much prose as we can compass. We will take an *office*—our names *not* announced, but suspected—and, by the blessings of Providence, give the age some new lights upon policy, poesy, biography, criticism, morality, theology, and all other *ism, ality, and ology* whatsoever.”—vol. ii. p. 386.

We venture to say, that if the project had been put into execu-

tion, it would have decidedly failed. It would have been a great deal too good a publication, for the general mass of readers of *weekly periodicals*. Nothing but trash and slander can succeed in that way; of the former Moore could not have been guilty, and to the latter he would never have descended.

During Lord Byron's residence at Ravenna, he occupied some of his leisure hours in writing a memoir of himself, which he transmitted to Mr. Moore, and which is inserted in this volume. It commences with the 4th of January, 1821, and reflects strongly the political agitation which then prevailed in that part of Italy, as well as his own desire for a universal republic. To this he thought the world was fast wending,—and “so it ought,” he emphatically adds. We shall give one or two extracts from this memoir, in order to let the reader see of what sort of materials it is composed.

“Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest—fired pistols. Returned home—dined—dipped into a volume of Mitford's Greece—wrote part of a scene of ‘Sardanapalus.’ Went out—heard some music—heard some politics. More ministers from the other Italian powers gone to Congress. War seems certain—in that case, it will be a savage one. Talked over various important matters with one of the initiated. At ten and half returned home.

“I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore, (‘the poet,’ *par excellence*, and he deserves it) and I were going together, in the same carriage, to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining whigs. Murray, the magnificent, (the illustrious publisher of that name,) had just sent me a Java Gazette—I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out by way of curiosity, we found it to contain a dispute (the said Java Gazette) on Moore's merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But, there is *fame* for you at six and twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

“It was great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest—*pleasure*, at least—to be *with* him; and, surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

“Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters, (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patrician thorough-bred look* of her father, which I dote upon), play on the harp, so modestly and ingeniously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

“The only pleasure of fame is, that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl's harp after.”—vol. ii. pp. 409, 410.

The next extract shall be a political one.



“To-day (Feb. 18.) I have had no communication with my Carbonari cronies; but, in the mean time, my lower apartments are full of their bayonets, fusils, cartridges, and what not. I suppose that they consider me as a *depôt*, to be sacrificed, in case of accidents. It is no great matter, supposing that Italy could be liberated, who, or what is sacrificed. It is a grand object—the very *poetry* of politics. Only think—a free Italy!!! Why, there has been nothing like it since the days of Augustus. I reckon the times of Cæsar (Julius) free; because the commotions left every body a side to take, and the parties were pretty equal at the set out. But, afterwards, it was all prætorian and legionary business—and since!—we shall see, or, at least, some will see, what card will turn up. It is best to hope, even of the hopeless. The Dutch did more than these fellows have to do, in the seventy years’ War.

“February 19th, 1821.

“Came home solus—very high wind—lightning—moonshine—solitary stragglers muffled in cloaks—women in masks—white houses—clouds hurrying over the sky, like spilt milk blown out of the pail—altogether very poetical. It is still blowing hard—the tiles flying, and the house rocking—rain splashing—lightning flashing—quite a fine Swiss Alpine evening, and the sea roaring in the distance.

“Visited—*conversazione*. All the women frightened by the squall: they *won’t* go to the masquerade, because it lightens—the pious reason!

“Still blowing away. A. has sent me some news to-day. The war approaches nearer and nearer. Oh, those scoundrel sovereigns! Let us but see them beaten—let the Neapolitans but have the pluck of the Dutch of old, or the Spaniards of now, or of the German protestants, the Scotch presbyterians, the Swiss under Tell, or the Greeks under Themistocles—all small and solitary nations (except the Spaniards and German Lutherans), and there is yet a resurrection for Italy, and a hope for the world.”—vol. ii. pp. 429, 430.

It would appear from this journal, which, in truth, is a strange compound, that Lord Byron had latterly indulged in drinking ardent liquors occasionally, and that his poetical faculties were becoming low and tame, in comparison with what they had been. His spirits were generally bad, and the life he led seems to have been indeed miserable. The following picture of himself is distressing.

“February 2d, 1821.

“I have been considering what can be the reason why I always wake at a certain hour in the morning, and always in very bad spirits—I may say, in actual despair and despondency, in all respects, even of that which pleased me over night. In about an hour or two, this goes off, and I compose either to sleep again, or, at least, to quiet. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst, that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty; calculating, however, some lost from the bursting out and effervescence and overflowing of the soda-water, in drawing the corks, or striking off the necks of the bottles, from mere thirsty impatience. At present I have *not* the thirst, but the depression of spirits is no less violent.

“ I read in Edgeworth’s *Memoirs*, of something similar (except that his thirst expended itself on *small beer*) in the case of Sir F. B. Delaval; but then he was, at least, twenty years older. What is it? liver?—In England, Le Man (the apothecary) cured me of the thirst in three days, and it had lasted as many years. I suppose that it is all hypochondria.

“ What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse, it is into fury. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) like Swift—“dying at top.” I confess, I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did, for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun life* at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.

“ Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz, which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing.”—vol. ii. pp. 424, 425.

We agree with Mr. Moore, in feeling that there is something peculiarly affecting ‘in this little incident of the music in the street, thus touching so suddenly upon the nerve of memory, and calling away his mind from its dark bodings, to a recollection of years and scenes the happiest, perhaps, of his whole life.’

The failure of the Carbonari, and the banishment of the Guiccioli family to Pisa, obliged the Countess to repair thither, as by the Papal decree of divorce, she was to reside either in her father’s house or a convent. Lord Byron, of course, followed, though he had already fixed his mind, as the game of liberty was up in Italy, to see what he could do for it in Greece. *Sardanapalus* and *Cain* were, in the mean time, written and published, with what slender success we need not state. Before leaving Ravenna for Pisa, he entertained a strong presentiment, that “the principle of life in him, did not tend to longevity,” and that although Moore was eight years older, he would nevertheless survive him. He moreover predicted, that his removal to Pisa, would be “the forerunner of a thousand evils.” In fact, he had not resided long there, when his unlucky quarrel with the Serjeant Major, and its consequences, rendered his sojourn in that city any thing but comfortable. This, followed up by his servant’s attempt upon the life of the young Count Gamba, brought the whole party under the immediate notice of the government, which ordered both the father and son to quit Tuscany. As the Countess was under the necessity of remaining under her father’s protection, Lord Byron now removed to Genoa, whither he was accompanied by the whole family.

Having already, on more than one occasion, noticed the connexion of Lord Byron with the “*Liberal*,” and the *Hunts*, as well as his voyage to Greece, and the premature termination, in that region, of his strange and passionate life, we shall only here attend to one or two curious particulars, connected with the latter part of his



career, which Mr. Moore's resources have enabled him to add to the accounts already published.

\* For an insight into the true state of his mind at this crisis, the following observations of one, who watched him with eyes quickened by anxiety, will be found, perhaps, to afford the clearest and most certain clue. "At this time," says the Contessa Guiccioli, "Lord Byron again turned his thoughts to Greece; and, excited on every side by a thousand combining circumstances, found himself, almost before he had time to form a decision, or well knew what he was doing, obliged to set out for that country. But, notwithstanding his affection for those regions—notwithstanding the consciousness of his own moral energies, which made him say always that 'a man ought to do something more for society than write verses,'—notwithstanding the attraction which the object of this voyage must necessarily have for his noble mind, and that, moreover, he was resolved to return to Italy within a few months,—notwithstanding all this, every person who was near him at the time, can bear witness to the struggle which his mind underwent (however much he endeavoured to hide it), as the period fixed for his departure approached."

\* In addition to the vagueness which this want of any defined object so unsatisfactorily threw round the enterprise before him, he had also a sort of ominous presentiment—natural, perhaps, to one of his temperament under such circumstances—that he was but fulfilling his own doom in this expedition, and should die in Greece. On the evening before the departure of his friends, Lord and Lady B\*\*, from Genoa, he called upon them for the purpose of taking leave, and sate conversing for some time. He was evidently in low spirits, and, after expressing his regret that they should leave Genoa before his own time of sailing, proceeded to speak of his intended voyage in a tone full of despondence. "Here," said he, "we are all now together—but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece." Having continued a little longer in this melancholy strain, he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and, bursting into tears, wept for some minutes with uncontrollable feeling. Though he had been talking only with Lady B\*\*, all who were present in the room observed, and were affected by his emotion, while he himself, apparently ashamed of his weakness, endeavoured to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical laugh, upon the effects of "nervousness."—vol. ii. pp. 663—665.

It was the wish of Madame Guiccioli to attend Lord Byron to Greece, but that, of course, he could not think of permitting. Mr. Moore has been able to add very little to the details of Lord Byron's death, which have been given by Count Gamba, Fletcher, Millingen, and others. With respect to the Memoranda, which Mr. Moore placed at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister and executor, for the suppression of which he has been by some of our contemporaries much, and most unjustly censured, we perceive, what, indeed, we had already suspected and stated, that there was nothing in those papers worthy of being published, which has not

been found in other journals, or in letters over which Mr. Moore has exercised his own discretion. Whether that discretion has been properly used, in all cases, the public will decide. We complain, that it has given more of the immoral features of Lord Byron's character to the world, than there was any sort of necessity for. At the same time, we must do Mr. Moore the justice to say, that, in all other respects, he has acquitted himself of the task which his noble friend had, in some measure, imposed upon him, in a manner as creditable to his personal independence, as it is to his literary reputation.

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ART. VI.—*The Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the Year 1830. Part II. 4to. London: Taylor. 1830.*

THIS portion of the Royal Society's publication for the past year, contains a number of papers, which particularly recommend themselves to our attention, by their practical and useful tendency. We are not insensible to the advantages which may be derived from the propagation of ingenious, although merely speculative, suggestions. But we think that those compositions, which are thought most calculated to promote the arts of life, should always obtain a preference in the pages of the Philosophical Transactions. To a few of the articles in the work before us, we now invite the consideration of the reader.

*Dr. Daubeny on the occurrence of Iodine and Bromine in certain Mineral Waters of South Britain.*—In this paper, the learned author has given the results of his experiments on some of our mineral springs, which he tested, with the view of discovering the proportion of iodine or bromine, which they might contain. The enquiries of some continental chemists had led to the establishment of an opinion that all saline springs, as well as the waters of the ocean, were impregnated, more or less, with the two principles or either of them, we have mentioned. It was a natural, and might have proved a very important, object of curiosity, to ascertain the quantities of these powerful ingredients, bromine and iodine, which the visitors of our watering-places were unconsciously consuming every year. Iodine is at present much used in medicine, and, though very powerful, is certainly not dangerous. Bromine is the reverse. It is a very active poison, in even minute doses. We have, however, great satisfaction in stating, that the analysis of the principal saline springs of England has shown, that neither of the powerful principles named, exists in those waters, except in a proportion, and under circumstances of combination, that forbid the apprehension of danger from its use in any reasonable quantity. We give a catalogue of the English springs in which iodine or bromine were found, arranging them according to their geological position.



Geological Position.	Spring.	Proportion of	
		Iodine.	Bromine.
Transition Slates	Llandrindod Pure Saline, Radnorshire	1 grain in 343 gallons.	A trace, but not estimated
	Bualt Do.	Do.	Do.
Coal Formation	Moirs Spring, Ashby de la Zouch	None	4.68 grains in 1 gallon
	Northwich Brine Spring	None	1.2 grains in 1 gallon
	Middlewich Brine Spring	1 grain in 343 gallons.	9.36 grains in 1 gallon
	Nantwich Brine Spring	1 grain in 12 gallons	6.32 grains in 1 gallon
	Shirleywitch Brine Spring	None	4.32 grains in 1 gallon
	Leamington (Robbins's Well)	1 grain in 10 gallons	1 grain in 10 quarts
Lias Clay	Gloster Sulphureous Saline	1 grain in 50 gallons	1 grain in 10 quarts
	Walton Spring, Tewkesbury	1 grain in 36 gallons	None
	Pittville Pure Saline, Cheltenham	None	1 grain in 6 gallons
	Sherborne, Do.	1 grain in 90 gallons	None
	Thomson's, Do.	1 grain in 30 gallons	None
	Old Well, Do.	1 grain in 60 gallons	None
	The Sea off Portsmouth	None	1 grain in 1 gallon

Dr. Daubeny concludes by the expression of his opinion, that Bromine may be collected in abundance from some of our native Brine Springs. This hint we hope will not be lost on some of our practical chemists.

*Mr. Daniel on a new Register-Pyrometer for Measuring the Expansion of Solids.*—A very ingenious Pyrometer, invented by Mr. Daniel, has already been some time in the hands of scientific experimentalists. It was intended, by the inventor, as a means of correcting the errors which were so generally entertained, with respect to the degrees of temperature, beyond the boiling point of mercury. The instrument has answered the proposed purpose very satisfactorily—but its use appears to be very materially limited, in consequence of its being applicable only to furnaces of a very peculiar construction.—Mr. Daniel, by a long course of experiments, has produced a Pyrometer, to which no objection of this nature applies; and he states, that whilst it is a practical instrument, capable of being employed by the potter, smelter, enameler, and others, in measuring the higher degrees of heat; it is also suited to those delicate researches into the expansion of metals, which occupy, so properly, the time of the first philosophers.

The Pyrometer, he states, consists of two distinct parts, which I shall designate as the Register, and the Scale. The first, is a solid bar of blacklead earthenware, eight inches long, seven-tenths of an inch wide, and of the same thickness, cut out of a common blacklead crucible. In this, a hole is drilled, three-tenths of an inch in diameter, and seven inches and a half deep. At the upper end of this bar, and on one of its sides, about six-tenths of an inch in length of its substance is cut away, to the depth of half the diameter of the bore. When a bar of any metal six inches and a half long, is dropped into this cavity, it rests against its solid end; and a cylindrical piece of porcelain, about one inch and a half long, which I shall call the Index, is placed upon the top of it, which projecting into, and beyond the open part, is firmly confined to its place, by a ring or strap of platinum; which, passing round the blacklead bar, and over the piece of porcelain, is made to press on the latter with any required degree of tension, by means of a small wedge of porcelain, inserted between the bar and the strap, on the side of the former. It is obvious, that when such an arrangement is exposed to a high temperature, the metallic bar will force the index forward, to the amount of the excess of its expansion over that of the blacklead, and that when again cooled, it will be left at the point of greatest elongation. It may also be observed, that the exact indication of this amount, is not in the slightest degree interfered with by any permanent contraction, which the blacklead may undergo at high degrees of heat; as any such contraction will take place at the moment of greatest expansion of the metal, and the index will still mark its point of furthest extension upon this contracted basis.

‘The problem now consists in the accurate measurement of the distance which the index has been thrust forward from its original position: and although the amount can, in any case, be but small, there is no reason why it may not be determined with the same precision as is now



commonly attained in similar quantities, in astronomical and geodetical operations. For this purpose, the scale is constructed of two rules of brass, accurately joined together, at a right angle, by their edges, and fitting square upon two sides of the blacklead bar, and of about half its length. At one end of this double rule a small plate of brass projects at a right angle, which plate, when the two sides of the former are applied to the two sides of the register, is brought down upon the shoulder, formed by the notch cut away at its upper end, and the whole may be thus firmly adjusted to the blacklead bar, by three planes of contact.

On the outside of the frame another brass rule is firmly screwed down, which, projecting beyond it, and bending a little, so as to bring its end opposite to the cavity in the blacklead bar, when applied to it, supports a moveable arm exactly five and a half inches long, turning at its fixed extremity upon a centre, and at its other carrying an arc of a circle, accurately divided into degrees and thirds of a degree, whose radius is exactly five inches. At the centre of this circle upon the arm, and of course at the distance of half an inch from the centre of motion, another lighter arm is made to turn, one end of which being the exact radius of the circular arc, carries a nonius with it, which moves upon the face of the arc, and subdivides the former graduation into minutes. The other end crosses the centre; and at the exact distance of one length of the radius, or the distance between the two centres of motion, terminates in an obtuse steel point, turned inwards at a right angle. These graduations and distances are laid down, with the greatest precision, by Mr. Troughton's dividing engine. This part of the apparatus may be regarded as a pair of proportional compasses, attached to the end of the brass rule and frame, whose longer legs, carrying the arc and nonius, are to its shorter as ten to one: and the opening of the latter, being regarded as a chord of a small circle, is magnified in the same proportion by the former, and measured upon the scale. A small steel spring let into the larger arm is made to press upon the smaller, so as to adjust the nonius to the commencement of the graduation; and, when forced back, it tends to restore it to its original position.'

Mr. Daniel then proceeds to give an interesting account of the experiments which he made with this instrument. He concludes as follows:

'Those who might object to the expence of a platinum bar, may substitute an iron one for ordinary purposes, and the cost of the blacklead register can never be an obstacle to its general use. Other substances might obviously be employed in its construction: but the facility with which it can be worked, its small expansion, its infusibility, and the impunity with which it bears the most sudden changes of temperature (as when red hot it may be quenched even in water without injury,) will probably always give the blacklead ware the preference. The only precaution to be taken with it, is to expose it previously out of the contact of air, to a heat at least as great as that in which it is intended to employ the instrument.'

*On the Illumination of Light-houses.*—By Lieut. T. Drummond. The Corporation of the Trinity House having been induced, upon reading Lieut. Drummond's account of a method of producing intense light, to invite that gentleman to make a trial of the method,

he accepted the proposal, and, after a due period had elapsed, he produced the apparatus, of which the present paper contains a description. The first part of this composition consists of an historical account of light-houses, and the mode in which their illumination was maintained in this country, and also in France. This retrospect embraces a very curious series of facts, which, therefore, we shall transcribe.

‘The more rude and ancient methods of illuminating light-houses with open coal fires, with common lamps or candles, sometimes aided by reflectors, composed of small facettes or plane mirrors\*, have, in this country, been completely superseded, even in light-houses of secondary importance: and it may be said, that there is only one method now in use, for this purpose, along the coast of Great Britain and Ireland. This consists in the use of a parabolic reflector, of about three or four inches focal length, and from twenty-one to thirty inches in diameter, illuminated by an Argand lamp, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, placed in the focus. The reflector is hammered out of a plane surface, consisting of two plates of silver and copper rolled out together, and though executed with great skill, considering the means, cannot be regarded as a very perfect instrument. This description must be understood as applying only to light-houses under the management of public bodies; with respect to those which have been let to private individuals, I have no very accurate information: but if they should, on examination, prove to be of an inferior order, it would only be the natural consequence of such a system.

‘In fixed lights, the number of these reflectors varies according to the portion of the circumference required to be illuminated: but it should not be less than this arc divided by the angle of divergence of the reflected light. At the Eddystone, where the whole circle requires to be illuminated, the number should not be less than  $\frac{360}{17} = 21$ : if it be less than this there must be dark spaces, diverging from the light-house as a centre, in which nothing but the unassisted light of a single Argand will be visible.

‘In revolving lights, there are five, seven, and even ten reflectors on a side, the number of sides being usually three or four. In the light-houses lately erected on Beachy Head, and on the Perch Rock at the mouth of the river Mersey, there are thirty reflectors in each, disposed on three sides, each bearing ten reflectors. These are the latest, and may be considered as the best specimens of this method of illumination; being about ten times more powerful than the ordinary fixed lights. In some few instances oil gas has been introduced, but the intensity of the flame being very little, if at all, superior to an Argand lamp supplied with the best spermaceti oil, little or no advantage can be expected from this introduction, as far as regards the brilliancy of the light, when reflectors are used.

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\* ‘The Eddystone, till the year 1811, was lighted with twenty-four wax candles. Up to that time it was in the hands of private individuals: but, on the expiration of the lease, the Trinity House took it under their own management, and immediately substituted lamps and reflectors. The Bidstone, a leading light to Liverpool, consisted of a large reflector, about ten feet in diameter, lighted by an immense spout lamp, with a wick about twelve inches wide, from which a volume of smoke arose that completely intercepted the light from the upper part of the reflector.’



About thirty-eight years ago the experiment was tried, in three or four light-houses, of substituting glass lenses instead of metallic parabolic reflectors. These lenses were twenty inches in diameter, of nineteen inches focal length, and about five inches thick : but from the imperfection of form and the badness of material, the light transmitted by them appears, by our late experiments, to be about one-third of that of the reflectors now in use, while their divergence is so small that one-third of a degree on each side of the axis they cease to be visible. With a view probably to remedy these defects, a somewhat extraordinary arrangement was adopted, *viz.*—the addition of parabolic reflectors behind the lenses. It is true that by this means some addition is made to the direct light of the lens, and, what is of more consequence, the divergent light is increased ; so that, at an angle of about three degrees with the axis, it is equal to about thirteen times the light of an Argand. So far, therefore, the reflector, though but a small portion of it comes into use, contributes to the effect of the lens ; but the converse experiment does not appear to have been tried, *viz.*—how far the reflector was improved by the lens being placed before it : otherwise it would quickly have been perceived that the effect of the reflector alone was about double the united effects of the reflector and lens ; while at the same time, its effective divergence was also greater, being about eight times that of the combined lens and reflector, at an angle of three degrees on either side of the axis.

This plan was, fortunately, never very extensively adopted : and in those light-houses belonging to the Trinity House, where it was tried, it has subsequently been discontinued, and the lenses replaced by reflectors. The North Foreland, however, under the management of the Governors of Greenwich Hospital, still remains a solitary example of a method which cannot be too soon abandoned, more especially since the remedy seems so easy,—merely to remove the lenses, and leave a free and unobstructed passage to the light of the reflectors.

Another mode, differing from these now described, has lately been introduced into France by MM. Arago and Fresnel, which rivals the most powerful of our lights in brilliancy, and surpasses them in economy and facility of management. A large Argand lamp, with four concentric wicks, the exterior of which is three and one-third inches in diameter, occupies the centre of the light-house. Around this powerful light, eight magnificent lenses, thirty inches square, are disposed, touching each other at the edges, and forming a hollow octagonal prism about the lamp. Above these, smaller lenses of a similar construction, but in the form of trapezoids, are placed, inclining towards the centre, till their axes form angles of about fifty degrees with the horizon, at which inclination their sides come into contact, and thus completely inclose the central light. By the intervention of plane mirrors, the beams of light issuing from the secondary lenses, are rendered parallel to those of the principal ; but, by the same means, a horizontal deviation of about seven degrees is given to them, so that this addition to the light is made to contribute to the divergence and consequent duration of light when revolving, rather than to add to its brilliancy. The lens, which is plano-convex, is of a peculiar construction, being formed of separate rings or zones, whose convex surfaces preserve nearly the same curvature, as if they constituted portions of one complete lens, the interior and useless part of the glass being removed ; so that a section of these zones resembles a wedge placed with the edge uppermost,

one side, that next the lamp, being a straight line, the other an arc of a circle.

‘The idea of such a lens appears first to have occurred to the celebrated Buffon, when engaged in some experiments on burning-glasses; but he supposed, what is not possible, that it might be ground out of one large piece of glass. Dr. Brewster, in an article on the same subject, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, in 1811, showed that it might be built of separate pieces; and this was an important step, inasmuch as it rendered of easy execution, what was before impracticable. To Dr. Brewster, therefore, the priority of suggesting this improvement is due. To MM. Arago and Fresnel, obviously unacquainted with what had been previously done or recommended, belong the praise of having first got such a lens constructed, of combining it with a very powerful lamp, and, above all, of giving it a most useful and beneficial practical application.

‘The Cordouan light-house, at the mouth of the Garonne, the difficult entrance to Bordeaux, has been fitted up in this manner; and as the lens and lamp, used in our experiments, were purchased at Paris of the same makers, a pretty accurate estimate may be formed of its merits, when compared with the light-houses of this country.’

Lieutenant Drummond’s invention departs widely from these various plans of illumination, as it derives the light from a ball or cylinder of *lime*, intensely ignited. He had already used this sort of light for purposes of survey, and, on such occasions, the intense heat was communicated by directing a stream of oxygen through a flame of alcohol. But the use of alcohol, on such a large scale as a light-house would require, must necessarily be very expensive. Lieutenant Drummond has therefore proposed to substitute for it hydrogen gas, which answers the purpose in the most satisfactory manner. He has, accordingly, contrived an apparatus, by which the oxygen and hydrogen gas shall pass through separate avenues, until they approach the ball or cylinder of lime; near that point the gases mingle, and the united stream poured upon the ball, keeps it in a permanent state of intense ignition. The invention was tried at the Trinity-house, and the astonishing result was obtained, that the light emitted by a lime-ball, only three-eighths of an inch in diameter, heated by two jets of the compound gas, is equal to that sent forth by thirteen Argand lamps. The expense of this light, provided with all the advantages which it is capable of receiving, would not exceed two shillings and sixpence an hour. We are glad to see that this ingenious and very successful plan has been very warmly and eagerly entertained by the authorities, to whose departments such subjects more especially belong; and we hope that, ere long, the country will fully enjoy the benefits to be derived from so very creditable and useful a discovery.

The able and very interesting paper of Dr. Yelloly, on the tendency to calculous disorders, with which the volume concludes, we shall reserve for a separate notice.



ART. VII.—*Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus.*  
By Washington Irving. 12mo. pp. 337. London: Murray. 1831.

THIS interesting little work forms one of the volumes of Mr. Murray's "Family Library," a title which, from the valuable and entertaining matter the collection contains, as well as from the careful style of its execution, it well deserves. No family, indeed, in which there are children to be brought up, ought to be without this "Library," as it furnishes the readiest resources for that self-education, which ought to accompany or to succeed that of the boarding-school or the academy, and is infinitely more conducive than either to the cultivation of the intellect.

Mr. Irving very naturally feels not a little enthusiasm as to every subject that is, in any way, connected with the discovery of America. We have already noticed, with applause, his voyages of the great navigator, whom he almost idolizes, and we are glad to observe, that that production has been epitomised for the "Family Library." His present volume relates the voyages and discoveries of the companions of Columbus, the disciples of the admiral, who, enkindled by his zeal, and instructed by his example, sallied forth, separately, in the vast region of adventure, to which he had led the way! The acquisition of gold and precious stones, concerning the abundance of which, in the new world, so many exciting rumours prevailed in Europe, and especially in Spain, in the early part of the sixteenth century, was, no doubt, the principal object which stimulated the enterprize of most of these successive bands of maritime adventurers. Some expected to monopolize the pearl fisheries of Paria and Cubaga; and some to occupy the golden Chersonesus of antiquity, which was then supposed to be situated near the coast of Veragua, and to have furnished the gold which Solomon used in building the temple of Jerusalem; while others, animated by a nobler ambition, addressed their hopes and energies to the accomplishment of that discovery, grander than every thing he had yet achieved, with which Columbus expected to crown the glories of his life. It was in pursuit of this object,—a continent in the South Sea,—that he made his last and most disastrous voyage; the wayward fate, by which he had been guided and harassed, from the commencement of his career, not permitting him to penetrate more than a few steps beyond the vestibule of that temple of future liberty and wealth, which he had disclosed to mankind.

The indefatigable labours of Navarrete have enabled Mr. Irving to trace the history of the followers of the admiral, in an authentic and satisfactory manner. Oviedo's General History, which unfortunately exists only in manuscript, in the library of the Seville cathedral; the Archives of the Indies, in Madrid, and the historical works of Herrera, Las Casas, Gomara, and Peter Martyr,

have also rendered him considerable assistance. The voyages of Alonzo de Ojeda, of Nino and Guerra, of Vicente Pinyon, and other small and not very successful adventurers, having been more or less touched upon in Mr. Irving's former production, we shall confine our attention principally to the adventures of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. His life has recently been written, with great elegance, by M. J. Quintana, one of the few living authors of whom Spain can boast, and a scholar of whom any nation might be proud.

Vasco Nunez was one of the early adventurers, who hoped to better his fortunes by settling in the colony which was planted in St. Domingo. He belonged to one of those poor noble families which abound in Spain; was a good swordsman, and a person of considerable ability, though of loose and profligate habits. He had fixed himself upon a farm at Salvatierra, but having involved himself in debts which he had no prospect of discharging, he gladly availed himself of an opportunity which presented itself, of taking his departure from the island, as well as of gratifying his passion for change of scene, and enterprize. On the eve of the Bachelor Euciso sailing upon his expedition from St. Domingo, Vasco Nunez, in order to escape the vigilance of his creditors, who kept a close watch on the shore, to prevent him, as well as several others who owed large sums in the colony, from getting free, in this manner, from their obligations, concealed himself in a cask, which was removed from his farm on board Euciso's vessel, as if it were only filled with provisions for the voyage. When the vessel was fairly out at sea, Vasco Nunez emerged, like an apparition, from his cask, to the great surprise of Euciso, who had been totally ignorant of the stratagem. They soon, however, became good friends, although the fugitive afterwards repaid his protector with the ingratitude that usually forms part of the character of all adventurers. Having raised himself, by intrigue and talent, to the government of the settlement which was formed at Darien, he was determined to preserve his command by making large remittances to the Spanish treasury, and in order to accomplish his object, it was necessary to explore and plunder new territories. His arms were first directed against Careta, the cacique of Coyba, in the isthmus of Darien, from whose residence he returned with two brigantines, loaded with booty and captives. Among the latter, was the daughter of the cacique, a young and beautiful girl, of whom the Spaniard became enamoured. She became his wife, after the fashion of the country, and to his excessive fondness for her, he subsequently owed his ruin. Thus, in every region, we see that love exercises, upon the fortunes of man, an irresistible influence.

The father of the fair captive, induced Nunez to assist him in a war which he was carrying on against a neighbouring cacique; after chastising and plundering the foe, he paid a *friendly* visit to another cacique, the lord of Comagree, a province situated in a



beautiful plain, at the foot of a lofty mountain. The scene of his interview with the cacique, which ultimately led to his discovery of the Pacific, is described by Mr. Irving with his usual graphic power.

‘ On the approach of Vasco Nunez, the cacique came forth to meet him, attended by seven sons, all fine young men, the offspring of his various wives. He was followed by his principal chiefs and warriors, and by a multitude of his people. The Spaniards were conducted with great ceremony to the village, where quarters were assigned them, and they were furnished with abundance of provisions, and men and women were appointed to attend upon them.

‘ The dwelling of the cacique surpassed any they had yet seen for magnitude, and for the skill and solidity of the architecture. It was one hundred and fifty paces in length, and eighty in breadth, founded upon great logs, surrounded with a stone wall; while the upper part was of wood-work, curiously interwoven, and wrought with such beauty as to fill the Spaniards with surprise and admiration. It contained many commodious apartments. There were store-rooms also; one filled with bread, with venison, and other provisions; another with various spirituous beverages, which the Indians make from maize, from a species of the Palm, and from roots of different kinds. There was also a great hall in a retired and secret part of the building, wherein Comagree preserved the bodies of his ancestors and relatives. These had been dried by the fire, so as to free them from corruption, and afterwards wrapped in mantles of cotton, richly wrought and interwoven with pearls and jewels of gold, and with certain stones held precious by the natives. They were then hung about the hall with cords of cotton, and regarded with great reverence, if not a species of religious devotion.

‘ Among the sons of the cacique, the eldest was of a lofty and generous spirit, and distinguished above the rest by his superior intelligence and sagacity. Perceiving, says old Peter Martyr, that the Spaniards were a “wandering kind of men, living only by shifts and spoil,” he sought to gain favour for himself and family by gratifying their avarice. He gave Vasco Nunez and Colmenares, therefore, four thousand ounces of gold, wrought into various ornaments, together with sixty slaves, being captives that he had taken in the wars. Vasco Nunez ordered one-fifth of the gold to be weighed out and set apart for the crown, and the rest to be shared among his followers.

‘ The division of the gold took place in the porch of the dwelling of Comagree, in the presence of the youthful cacique who had made the gift. As the Spaniards were weighing it out, a violent quarrel arose among them as to the size and value of the pieces which fell to their respective shares. The high-minded savage was disgusted at this sordid brawl among beings whom he had regarded with such reverence. In the first impulse of his disdain he struck the scales with his fist, and scattered the glittering gold about the porch. Before the strangers could recover their astonishment at this sudden act, he thus addressed them, “Why should you quarrel for such a trifle? If this gold is indeed so precious in your eyes, that for it alone you abandon your homes, invade the peaceful lands of others, and expose yourself to such sufferings and perils, I will tell you of a region where you may gratify your wishes to the utmost. Behold those lofty

mountains," continued he, pointing to the south; "beyond these lies a mighty sea, which may be discerned from their summit. It is navigated by people who have vessels almost as large as yours, and furnished, like them, with sails and oars. All the streams which flow down the southern side of those mountains into that sea abound in gold; and the kings who reign upon its borders eat and drink out of golden vessels. Gold, in fact, is as plentiful and common among those people of the south, as iron is among you Spaniards." —*Family Library*, No. xviii., pp. 146—148.

It may be imagined, that this intelligence was not lost upon Nunez. He eagerly enquired into the means of penetrating to such a paradise of riches, and was told that he would find it a task attended with many difficulties; as he would have to pass through the territories of several caciques, who would oppose him with hosts of warriors, and also be exposed to the attacks of cannibals, and lawless hordes of other wandering savages. These difficulties had no terrors for Nunez; they rather nerved his courage with new strength, and his whole mind was now devoted to the discovery of the sea beyond the mountains, to which he looked forward as the source of fortune, as well as of fame. Anxious as he was to commence his enterprise, he did not quit the cacique, without baptising him and his whole family—'thus singularly,' as Mr. Irving truly observes, 'did avarice and religion go hand in hand, in the conduct of the Spanish discoverers.'

Upon returning to the seat of his own government, Nunez wisely reflected, that he had not sufficient force to conquer his way to the new ocean; he, therefore, remitting at the same time a considerable sum of money, made application to the colony, established at St. Domingo, for assistance. While waiting the result of his request, he undertook a minor expedition, in search of a golden temple, which was reported to him as existing in the province of Tobayba—so called, according to Indian tradition, from 'a mighty female of the olden time, the mother of the god who created the sun and moon, and all good things.' In the course of his search for this famous temple, he encountered a thousand difficulties and misfortunes. On ascending one of the minor streams of the Rio Negro, he discovered a whole nation, living in huts, built among the branches of immense and lofty trees, who, having drawn up the ladders by which their dwellings were made accessible from below, refused to enter into any communication with the invader. By threatening to cut up their houses, root and branch, Nunez, however, prevailed upon them to surrender. He demanded gold, which they had not, as they assured him that they stood in no need of it; but, upon being pressed, their cacique promised, if he were allowed to visit a distant mountain, to return laden with the desired metal. He was allowed to take his departure, but he never returned. Although Nunez was thus baffled in his thirst for booty, and in his searches for the golden temple, yet the discovery of the



latter, for a long time, continued to be a favourite object of pursuit among the adventurers of Darien.

Having received a small reinforcement from St. Domingo, Nunez at length set out, in the month of September, 1513, upon his grand expedition in quest of the southern sea. In order to compensate, in some measure, for the paucity of his forces, he was attended by a number of Indians, and of ferocious blood-hounds. By means of these animals, and his fire-arms, Nunez overcame the opposition of several hostile caciques, and although he lost a majority of his followers by sickness and fatigue, he penetrated to the neighbourhood of the mountain, from the top of which, they were told, they would see the ocean spread before them. Here they rested for the night. The result is told by Mr. Irving in his best style.

‘ The day had scarce dawned, when Vasco Nunez and his followers set forth from the Indian village, and began to climb to the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn : but they were filled with new ardour at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

‘ About ten o’clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended ; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence from which they said the southern sea was visible.

‘ Upon this Vasco Nunez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannahs and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

‘ At this glorious prospect Vasco Nunez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that discovery. He then called his people to ascend : “ Behold my friends,” said he, “ that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honour and advantage. Let us pray to him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favour of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies ; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord ; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith.”

‘ The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nunez and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vera, who lifted up his voice and chaunted *Te Deum laudamus*—the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The rest, kneeling down,

joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar, than from that wild mountain summit. It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts, Was this the great Indian ocean, studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the East? or was it some lonely sea locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the savage? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous and powerful and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, though differing from Europe in their civilization; who might have peculiar laws and customs, and arts and sciences; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, intercommuning by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents; but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

\* Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nunez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the sovereigns of Castile, and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of sixty-seven men, signed their names. He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot from whence he had first beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved on the neighbouring trees. The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder, and, while they aided to erect the cross and pile up the mound of stones, marvelled exceedingly at the meaning of these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land.

\* The memorable event here recorded took place on the 26th of September, 1513; so that the Spaniards had spent twenty days in performing the journey from the province of Carreta to the summit of the mountain, a distance which at present, it is said, does not require more than six days' travel. Indeed the isthmus in this neighbourhood is not more than eighteen leagues in breadth in its widest part, and in some places merely seven; but it consists of a ridge of extremely high and rugged mountains. When the discoverers traversed it, they had no route but the Indian paths, and often had to force their way amidst all kinds of obstacles, both from the savage country and its savage inhabitants. In fact, the details of this narrative sufficiently account for the slowness of their progress, and present an array of difficulties and perils, which, as has been well observed, none but those "men of iron" could have subdued and overcome.—*Family Library*, No. xviii., pp. 173—176.

Nunez took possession of the sea, with the chivalrous and religious formalities, practised on such occasions by the Spanish



adventurers of those days. After some time spent in exploring the coast, he obtained the most exciting information concerning the kingdom of Peru, and returned to Darien with a considerable booty which he had collected during his expedition. Although he was peculiarly successful in winning the regard and attachment of the native Indians and their chiefs, with whom he had intercourse, nevertheless he was more than once guilty of treating those who resisted him, with extreme cruelty. There was one cacique, especially, named Ponera, upon whom he inflicted a horrid punishment. This chieftain was famed for his riches; upon the approach of Nunez, he and his people fled from their habitations, in which the Spaniards found booty, to the value of three thousand crowns in gold. Not content with this, they sought out the cacique, whom they discovered in his retreat, and in whom, it is represented, they beheld a monster of deformity. They pressed him to disclose the place where his treasures were concealed, but he denied that he had any. He was put to the torture, with no better success, and in the end, when they saw that his obstinacy, as they called it, was invincible, they gave him and three of his companions to be torn in pieces by the blood-hounds. The character of the victor is well delineated by the author.

‘ Thus ended one of the most remarkable expeditions of the early discoverers. The intrepidity of Vasco Nunez in penetrating, with a handful of men, far into the interior of a wild and mountainous country, peopled by war-like tribes; his skill in managing his band of rough adventurers, stimulating their valour, enforcing their obedience, and attaching their affections, show him to have possessed great qualities as a general. We are told that he was always foremost in peril, and the last to quit the field. He shared the toils and dangers of the meanest of his followers, treating them with frank affability; watching, fighting, fasting, and labouring with them; visiting and consoling such as were sick or infirm, and dividing all his gains with fairness and liberality. He was chargeable at times with acts of bloodshed and injustice, but it is probable that these were often called for as measures of safety and precaution; he certainly offended less against humanity than most of the early discoverers; and the unbounded amity and confidence reposed in him by the natives, when they became intimately acquainted with his character, speak strongly in favour of his kind treatment of them.

‘ The character of Vasco Nunez had, in fact, risen with his circumstances, and now assumed a nobleness and grandeur from the discovery he had made, and the important charge it had devolved upon him. He no longer felt himself a mere soldier of fortune, at the head of a band of adventurers, but a great commander conducting an immortal enterprise. “Behold,” says old Peter Martyr, “Vasco Nunez de Balboa, at once transformed from a rash royster to a politic and discreet captain;” and thus it is that men are often made by their fortunes; that is to say, their latent qualities are brought out, and shaped and strengthened by events, and by the necessity of every exertion to cope with the greatness of their destiny.”—*Family Library*, No. xviii., pp. 199, 200.

Mr. Irving relates, also, the fortunes of Valdivia and his companions, and of Juan Ponce de Leon, in a style that imparts a new interest to their voyages of discovery. In the Appendix, he has inserted an interesting account of a visit, which, in the spirit of a pilgrim, he paid a few leagues from Seville, to the now deserted village of Palos, whence Columbus sailed upon his first expedition in search of the new world. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting a single passage from this little sketch, which makes us regret that Mr. Irving has not bestowed upon the world, or even promised to it, a description of his late tour in Spain. We need only premise that he was accompanied, on this occasion, by a member of the Pinzon family, the same which, three centuries ago, had given more than one companion to Columbus.

‘As the tide was out we drove along the flat grounds bordering the Tinto. The river was on our right, while on our left was a range of hills, jutting out into promontories, one beyond the other, and covered with vineyards and fig-trees. The weather was serene, the air soft and balmy, and the landscape of that gentle kind calculated to put one in a quiet and happy humour. We passed close by the skirts of Palos, and drove to the hacienda, which is situated at some little distance from the village, between it and the river. The house is a low stone building, well white-washed, and of great length; one end being fitted up as a summer residence, with saloons, bed-rooms, and a domestic chapel; and the other as a bodega, or magazine for the reception of the wine produced on the estate.

‘The house stands on a hill, amidst vineyards, which are supposed to cover a part of the site of the ancient town of Palos, now shrunk to a miserable village. Beyond those vineyards, on the crest of a distant hill, are seen the white walls of the convent of La Rabida rising above a dark wood of pine trees.

‘Below the hacienda flows the river Tinto, on which Columbus embarked. It is divided by a low tongue of land, or rather the sand bar of Saltes, from the river Odiel, with which it soon mingles its waters, and flows on to the ocean. Beside this sand bar, where the channel of the river runs deep, the squadron of Columbus was anchored, and from hence he made sail on the morning of his departure.

‘The soft breeze that was blowing scarcely ruffled the surface of this beautiful river; two or three picturesque barks, called mysticks, with long latine sails, were gliding down it. A little aid of the imagination might suffice to picture them as the light caravels of Columbus, sallying forth on their eventful expedition, while the distant bells of the town of Huelva, which were ringing melodiously, might be supposed as cheering the voyagers with a farewell peal.

‘I cannot express to you what were my feelings on treading the shore which had once been animated by the bustle of departure, and whose sands had been printed by the last footstep of Columbus. The solemn and sublime nature of the event that had followed, together with the fate and fortunes of those concerned in it, filled the mind with vague yet melancholy ideas. It was like viewing the silent and empty stage of some great drama when all the actors had departed. The very aspect of the landscape, so tranquilly beautiful, had an effect upon me; and as I paced the deserted



shore by the side of a descendant of one of the discoverers, I felt my heart swelling with emotions and my eyes filling with tears.

What surprised me was, to find no semblance of a sea-port; there was neither wharf nor landing-place—nothing but a naked river bank, with the hulk of a ferry-boat, which I was told carried passengers to Huelva, lying high and dry on the sands, deserted by the tide. Palos, though it has doubtless dwindled away from its former size, can never have been important as to extent and population. If it possessed warehouses on the beach, they have disappeared. It is at present a mere village of the poorest kind, and lies nearly a quarter of a mile from the river, in a hollow among hills. It contains a few hundred inhabitants, who subsist principally by labouring in the fields and vineyards. Its race of merchants and mariners are extinct. There are no vessels belonging to the place, nor any show of traffic, excepting at the season of fruit and wine, when a few mysticks and other light barks anchor in the river to collect the produce of the neighbourhood. The people are totally ignorant, and it is probable that the greater part of them scarce know even the name of America. Such is the place from whence sallied forth the enterprise for the discovery of the western world!

We were now summoned to breakfast in a little saloon of the hacienda. The table was covered with natural luxuries produced on the spot—fine purple and muscatel grapes from the adjacent vineyard, delicious melons from the gardens, and generous wines made on the estate. The repast was heightened by the genial manners of my hospitable host, who appeared to possess the most enviable cheerfulness of spirit and simplicity of heart.

After breakfast we set off in the calesa to visit the Convent of La Rabida, which is about half a league distant. The road, for a part of the way, lay through the vineyards, and was deep and sandy. The calasero had been at his wit's end to conceive what motive a stranger like myself, apparently travelling for mere amusement, could have in coming so far to see so miserable a place as Palos, which he set down as one of the very poorest places in the whole world: but this additional toil and struggle through deep sand to visit the old Convent of La Rabida, completed his confusion—"Hombre!" exclaimed he, "es una ruina! no hay mas que dos frailes!"—"Zounds! why it's a ruin! there are only two friars there!" Don Juan laughed, and told him that I had come all the way from Seville precisely to see that old ruin and those two friars. The calasero made the Spaniard's last reply when he is perplexed—he shrugged his shoulders and crossed himself.

After ascending a hill and passing through the skirts of a straggling pine wood, we arrived in front of the convent. It stands in a bleak and solitary situation, on the brow of a rocky height or promontory, overlooking to the west a wide range of sea and land, bounded by the frontier mountains of Portugal, about eight leagues distant. The convent is shut out from a view of the vineyard of Palos by the gloomy forest of pines which I have mentioned, which cover the promontory to the east, and darken the whole landscape in that direction.

There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the convent: part of it is Gothic, but the edifice, having been frequently repaired, and being white-washed, according to the universal custom in Andalusia, inherited

from the Moors, it has not that venerable aspect which might be expected from its antiquity.

' We alighted at the gate where Columbus, when a poor pedestrian, a stranger in the land, asked bread and water for his child ! As long as the convent stands, this must be a spot calculated to awaken the most thrilling interest. The gate remains apparently in the same state as at the time of his visit, but there is no longer a porter at hand to administer to the wants of the wayfarer. The door stood wide open, and admitted us into a small court-yard. From thence we passed through a Gothic portal into the chapel, without seeing a human being. We then traversed two interior cloisters, equally vacant and silent, and bearing a look of neglect and dilapidation. From an open window we had a peep at what had once been a garden, but that had also gone to ruin ; the walls were broken and thrown down ; a few shrubs, and a scattered fig-tree or two were all the traces of cultivation that remained. We passed through the long dormitories, but the cells were shut up and abandoned ; we saw no living thing except a solitary cat stealing across a distant corridor, which fled in a panic at the unusual sight of strangers. At length, after patrolling nearly the whole of the empty building to the echo of our own footsteps, we came to where the door of a cell, being partly open, gave us the sight of a monk within, seated at a table writing. He rose, and received us with much civility, and conducted us to the superior, who was reading in an adjacent cell. They were both rather young men, and, together with a novice and a lay-brother, who officiated as cook, formed the whole community of the convent.'—*Family Library*, No. xviii., pp. 316—321.

The object of Mr. Irving's visit to the Convent, was to discover if it contained any records connected with the history of Columbus, but he was informed, that the archives of the Institution were destroyed by the French, who, to the eternal dishonour of their commanders, carried a Vandal desolation into every quarter of Spain, of which they had even an hour's possession. Not contented with robbing the churches of their plate and pictures, they often barbarously mutilated what they could not take away.

ART. VIII.—*Antiquities of Mexico; comprising Fac-similes of Ancient Mexican Paintings and Hieroglyphics, preserved in the Royal Libraries of Paris, Berlin and Dresden; in the Imperial Library of Vienna; in the Vatican Library; in the Borgian Museum at Rome; in the Library of the Institute at Bologna; and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford: together with the Monuments of New Spain by M. Dupaix, with their respective Scales of Measurement and accompanying Descriptions. The whole illustrated by many valuable inédited Manuscripts.* By Augustus Aglio. Seven volumes imperial folio. Price £120, and coloured, £175. London: Aglio, Newman Street; and Whittaker and Co. 1830.

IT forms almost an era in one's life, to have had an opportunity of inspecting such a splendid series of volumes as are now placed before us, under the title of "*Antiquities of Mexico.*" We should have supposed, after we had contemplated the superb materials of



which they consist, that they were the results of some State enterprise, undertaken by a spirited and ambitious government, which aimed at exalting the national character, and its own, by the munificence of its patronage of the fine arts.

Our admiration, however, was not a little heightened for the great work, when we found, that the herculean task was altogether the proposal, as it was the execution of mere individual impulse, talent, and perseverance. We are sure that every reader will partake of our surprise, when he understands something of the details of the vast undertaking, to which we have now called his attention.

We find in history, a great many allusions to the existence of Mexican antiquities. It was always understood, that the first Christian missionaries to Mexico, discovered, and became possessed of, various interesting relics, relating to the ancient state of that province. In some instances, it was known that these relics were, from time to time, transmitted to Europe, where they were always regarded as objects of great consideration. From the effects of political vicissitudes, these curious objects were scattered through the different countries of Europe, and to this circumstance it may probably be owing, that so little use has been made of those documents, towards illustrating the genuine history of ancient Mexico. Hence it is, that the early inhabitants of that interesting country, have been so strangely misrepresented; hence do they appear in history, as only a band of rude barbarians, who were indebted to their invaders for all the knowledge which they possessed of the arts of civilization.

Justice, however, though tardily, has been rendered to the aborigines of Mexico. The dispersed paintings and hieroglyphics of ancient Mexican execution, and which—seen in their separate condition, as they were preserved in countries remote from, and unconnected with, one another—are, in the present publication, brought into one brilliant collection, forming not merely an object of interest for the curious in art, but a subject of necessary and profound study for the historian. In the details of these extraordinary productions, will be found traces of a highly cultivated state of society; of an acquaintance with refined morality, with an influential religion, with laws, arts, sciences, and even the more delicate habits of domestic life. Thus, then, the union of these various performances of Mexican skill—the display of them in one unbroken series, will have the important effect of repealing, as it were, the early history, as it now stands, of Mexico; of shewing that civilization was not so bounded in its diffusion, as we have been led to suppose; but that the human mind had, even in the remote times to which we allude, vindicated its power of progressive advancement, without any other stimulus than what it derived from its own energy. The importance and interest belonging to the considerations, to which these facts give rise, are too obvious to require that they should be more particularly dwelt on.

It will then be understood by the reader, that the volumes before us consist, for the most part, of *Fac-similes* of the known collections of old Mexican paintings and hieroglyphics, which have been preserved in any of the Libraries or Institutions of Europe. The contents of each volume we shall, however, specify, premising that the four first consist entirely of *Fac-similes* of paintings, hieroglyphics, or drawings, whilst the three last are occupied with comments and explanations, in different languages.

In the First Volume: Copy of the Collection of Mendoza, from the Bodleian Library at Oxford.—Of the Codex Telleriano-Remensis, from the Royal Library at Paris.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Hieroglyphical Painting, from the Collection of Boturini.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, from the Collection of Sir Thomas Bodley in the Bodleian Library.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, from the Selden Collection of MSS. in the Bodleian Library.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Hieroglyphic Painting, from the Selden Collection in the Bodleian Library.

In the Second Volume: Copy of a Mexican MS., from the Library of the Vatican.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, from the Bodleian Library.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, from the Library of the Institute at Bologna.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, from the Imperial Library at Vienna.—Fac-similes of Original Mexican Paintings, from the Royal Library at Berlin; and of a Mexican bas-relief, from the Royal Cabinet of Antiques.

In the Third Volume: Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, from the Borgian Museum, at the College of Propaganda in Rome.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, from the Royal Library at Dresden.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, in the possession of M. de Fejérváry, at Pess, in Hungary.—Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, from the Library of the Vatican.

In the Fourth Volume: Monuments of New Spain, by W. Dupaix, from the Original Drawings, executed by order of the King of Spain, in Three Parts.—Specimens of Mexican Sculpture, in the possession of Mr. Latour Allard, in Paris.—Specimens of Mexican Sculpture, preserved in the British Museum.—Plates copied from the Giro del Mondo of Gemelli Carreri; with an Engraving of a Mexican Cycle, from a Painting formerly in the possession of Boturini.—Specimen of Peruvian Quipus, with Plates representing a Carved Peruvian Box, containing a collection of supposed Quipus.

The Fifth Volume contains: Commentaries of early French, Spanish, and Italian, on the Hieroglyphical Paintings in the First Three Volumes.—Commentary of Dupaix, on the Monuments of New Spain, displayed in the Fourth Volume.—The Sixth Book of the inedited MS. of Sahagun's History of New Spain, treating of the Rhetoric, Philosophy, Morals, and Religion of the Mexicans.



The Sixth Volume is a Translation of the Fifth, with copious Notes, by the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Kingsborough.

The Seventh Volume contains the whole of the MS. of the History of New Spain by Sahagun, in the Original Spanish, with the exception of the Sixth Book, printed in the Fifth Volume.

The reader, whose knowledge of the geography of Europe enables him to appreciate the length of the pilgrimage which the artist must have accomplished, in order to inspect the original collections, in the various places above enumerated, will, after all, have a very inadequate impression of the toil, the inconvenience, and the numerous difficulties, with which he was beset in his interesting journey. To surmount such obstacles, as he must undoubtedly have met with, required a rare provision of the virtues of patience and fortitude. Mr. Aglio, however, seems to have united those qualities, in an eminent degree, to the peculiar genius and skill, which would enable him to take advantage of his facilities; and to him, to his perseverance, and professional ability, we owe the present complete and truly beautiful copy, of the most singular pictorial records, that were ever traced by human ingenuity. It appears that this distinguished artist devoted the whole of six years—almost the term of an apprenticeship—in travelling and copying for this great work. So much time, employed by the master of such a pencil as Mr. Aglio commands, ought to have secured a fortune, at any rate; but we doubt much if he has chosen the sort of performance, that will be popular enough to produce that desirable consequence; and, therefore, we can only regard the present, as one of those rare instances of disinterested enthusiasm in the pursuit of a favourite employment, in which the artist is stimulated, much less by the hope of enlarging his estate, than his reputation.

We are informed that Mr. Aglio was encouraged and assisted, in this work, by Lord Kingsborough, the son of the Earl of Kingston. A taste so legitimate and rational, as this statement implies, in a young noble of Ireland, is a novelty that we were not prepared for. His lordship seems to have taken the letter-press under his active jurisdiction; and, judging from the copious notes, which, by their extensive occupation of the pages, leave the unhappy text, at a complete minimum of space, we should say, that his lordship was profoundly and variously learned; and that sacred or profane history was alike familiar to his memory. It is, however, a question, how far the recondite, though able disquisitions, in which the noble editor thus indulges, are calculated to add popularity to the great work itself. A folio of metaphysics, is an awful companion in the nineteenth century; and we own, that for once that we have peeped at his lordship's lucubrations, we have turned fifty times to the variegated pages of Mr. Aglio's department.

It is time, however, that the reader should be introduced, more particularly, to the nature and the execution of this splendid per-

formance. The portion of the work, which we select for illustration, is that called, the "Collection of Mendoza," since it is more connected with the manners and habits of the Mexican people, than any other. The paintings, in general, may be stated to be hieroglyphical narrations or descriptions, by means of painted symbols or objects familiarly known, which, by their relative arrangement in the picture, represent a certain set of ideas—thus performing the common use of words. We select some examples from the commentaries on the collection of Mendoza.

\* The description of what was customary with the native Mexicans at the birth of a male or female infant; the rite and ceremony of naming the children, and of afterwards dedicating and offering them at their temples, or to the military profession, according to the signification of the figures which follow on the other side of the leaf, which are accompanied with brief explanations, in addition to the description given in this page of all the said figures, which is as follows.

\* As soon as the mother was delivered of the infant, they put it into a cradle, as is represented; and when it was four days old, the midwife took the infant in her arms naked, and carried it into the court of the mother's house, in which court were strewed reeds, or rushes, which they call *Tule*, upon which was placed a small vessel of water, in which the said midwife bathed the said infant; and after she had bathed it, three boys being seated near the said rushes, eating roasted maize mixed with boiled beans, which kind of food they named *Yxcue*, which provision or paste they set before the said boys, in order that they might eat it. After the said bathing or washing, the said midwife desired the said boys to pronounce the name aloud, bestowing a new name on the infant which had been thus bathed; and the name which they gave it was that which the midwife wished. When they first carried out the infant to bathe it,—if it was a boy they carried him holding his symbol in his hand, which symbol was the instrument which the father of the infant employed, either in the military profession, or in his trade, whether it was that of a goldsmith, jeweller, or any other; and the said ceremony having been gone through, the midwife delivered the infant to his mother. But if the infant was a girl, the symbol with which they carried her to be bathed was, a spinning wheel and distaff, with a small basket and a handful of brooms, which were the things which would afford her occupation when she arrived at a proper age.

\* They offered the umbilical cord of the male infant, together with the shield and arrows, the symbols with which they had carried him to be bathed, in that spot and place where war was likely to happen with their enemies, where they buried them in the earth; and they did the same with that of the female infant, which they in the same way buried beneath the Metate or stone on which they ground meal.

\* After the above-mentioned ceremonies, when the period of twenty days had expired, the parents of the infant went with the infant to the temple or Mezquita, which they called *Calmecac*, and in the presence of their Alfaquis presented the infant with its offering of mantles and maxtles, together with some provision; and after the infant had been brought up by its parents, as soon as it arrived at the proper age, they delivered him to the



superior Alfaqui of the said Mezquita, that he might be there instructed, in order that he might afterwards become an Alfaqui: but if the parents of the infant resolved that when he attained a fit age, he should go and serve in the military profession, they immediately offered him to the master, making a promise of him, which master of the young men and boys was named Teachcauh, or Telpuchtlato; which offering they accompanied with a present of provisions and other things for its celebration: and when the infant attained a fit age, they delivered him to the said master.

\* *PLATE LVIII.*—1. The woman lately delivered. 2. These four roses signify four days, at the completion of which period the midwife carried forth the new-born infant to be bathed. 3. The cradle with the infant. 4. The midwife. 5. The symbols. 6. 7. 8. The three boys who named the new-born infant. 9. The rushes, with the small vessel of water. 10. The brooms, distaff, spinning-wheel, and basket. 11. The father of the infant. 12. The superior Alfaqui. 13. The infant in the cradle, whose parents are offering it at the Mezquita. 14. The mother of the infant. 15. The master of the boys and of the young men.

\* The explanation of the plate which follows, and of the figures contained in it, which treats of the time and manner, in which the native Indians instructed their children how they ought to live, according to the signification of the figures successively represented in the plate: which comprises the four sections which follow.

\* The first section shows how parents corrected their children of three years old, by giving them good advice, and the quantity of food which they allowed them at each meal was half a roll.

\* *PLATE LIX. First Section.*—1. Three years of age. 2. The father of the boy. 3. The boy. 4. The half of a roll. 5. The mother of the girl. 6. The half of a roll. 7. The girl of three years of age.

\* The second section represents the parents employed in the same way, in instructing their children when they attained four years of age, when they began to exercise them by bidding them to do a few slight things. The quantity of food which they gave them at each meal was a roll.

\* *Second Section.*—8. The father of the boy. 9. The boy of four years of age. 10. A roll. 11. The mother of the girl. 12. A roll. 13. The girl of four years of age.

\* The third section shows how the parents employed and exercised their sons of five years of age in tasks of bodily strength; for example, in carrying loads of wood of slight weight, and in sending them with light bundles to the Tianquez or market-place; and the girls of this age received lessons how they ought to hold the distaff and the spinning-wheel. Their allowance of food was a roll.

\* *Third Section.*—14. The father of the boys. 15. Two boys of five years of age. 16. A roll. 17. A roll. 18. The mother of the girl. 19. A roll. 20. The girl of five years of age.

\* The fourth section shows how parents exercised and employed their sons of six years old in personal services, that they might be of some assistance to their parents: as also in the Tianquez or market-places, in picking up from the ground the grains of maize which lay scattered about, and the beans and other trifling things which those who resorted to the market had dropped;—this was the occupation of the boys. The girls were set to spin, and employed in other useful tasks, that they might

hereafter, through the said tasks and works, sedulously shun idleness, in order to avoid the bad habits which idleness is accustomed to cause. The allowance of food which was given to the boys at each meal, was a roll and a half.

*Fourth Section.*—21. The father of the two boys. 22. Two boys of six years old. 23. A roll and a half. 24. The mother of the girl. 25. A roll and a half. 26. The girl of six years old.

\* The explanation of the figures contained in the following plate, which treats of the time and manner in which the native Mexicans instructed and corrected their sons; that they might learn to avoid all kinds of sloth, and to keep themselves constantly exercised in profitable things, according to the signification of the figures successively represented in the plate, which is divided into four sections, which four sections are explained in their proper order and are as follow.

\* The first section, wherein is shown how fathers employed their sons of seven years old in giving them nets to fish with; and mothers occupied their daughters in spinning, and in giving them good advice; in order that they might always be diligent, and employ their time in something to avoid all sloth. The allowance of food which they gave to their sons at each meal was a roll and a half.

\* *PLATE LX. First Section.*—1. The seven blue points signify seven years. 2. The father of the boys contained in this division of the plate. 3. A roll and a half. 4. The boy of seven years old, whose father is instructing him how to fish with the net which he holds in his hands. 5. The mother of the girls contained in this division of the plate. 6. A roll and a half. 7. The girl of seven years of age, whom her mother is teaching how to spin.

\* The second section, wherein is declared how fathers chastise their sons of eight years of age, intimidating and threatening them with thorns of the aloe, that in case of negligence and disobedience to their parents, they should be punished with the said thorns; the boys accordingly weep for fear, as is represented and signified by the figures contained in this section. The quantity of food which they allowed them, consisted of a roll and a half.

\* *Second Section.*—8. These eight points signify eight years. 9. The father of the boys contained in this division of the plate. 10. A roll and a half. 11. The boy of eight years of age, whose father threatens him in case of ill-behaviour to inflict public punishment upon him with thorns. 12. Thorns of the aloe. 13. The mother of the girls contained in this division of the plate. 14. The girl of eight years of age, whose mother threatens her with thorns of the aloe in case of ill-behaviour. 15. Thorns of the aloe.

\* The third section, wherein is declared how fathers punished, with the said thorns of the aloe, their sons of nine years of age, when they were incorrigible and rebellious towards their parents, by running the said thorns into their shoulders and bodies. They corrected their daughters by pricking their hands with thorns, as is represented in the third section. The allowance of food which they gave them was a roll and a half.

\* *Third Section.*—17. These nine points signify nine years. 18. A roll and a half. 19. The father of the boys contained in this division of the plate. 20. A boy of nine years old being found to be incorrigible, his



the two old men and women gave good advice to the married pair, telling them how they ought to conduct themselves and live, and by what means they might best preserve the state and obligations which they had taken upon them, in order that they might pass their lives in tranquillity.

\* *Second Section.*—9. The apartment. 10. The old man. 11. The hearth of fire. 12. The wife. 13. Copal. 14. The husband. 15. The old woman. 16. The old man. 17. Food. 18. A mat. 19. Food. 20. An old woman. 21. A pitcher of pulque. 22. A cup. 23. 24. These women light the bride on her way with torches, when on the first night of the wedding they accompany her to leave her at the house of the bridegroom. 25. The female negociator, the bride. 26. 27. These women light the bride and bridegroom on the first night of their wedding.

\* The explanation of what is contained in the first section of the following plate.—Since each of the figures respecting the novice Alfaqis are accompanied with explanations signifying in what their fathers and superiors employed them, it will be unnecessary to repeat these explanations, further than by saying that as soon as they commenced being Alfaqis, personal services for the Mezquitas were immediately allotted to them, in order that when they became superior Alfaqis, they might at a future time know how to employ the novices in the same routine of tasks as they had themselves been engaged in.

\* *PLATE LXIII. First Section.*—1. A Tlamacazq, or novice Alfaqui, whose task it is to sweep. 2. A novice Alfaqui, who brings branches from the mountain for the purpose of strewing the mezquita. 3. A novice Alfaqui, who returns loaded with thorns of the aloe for the mezquita, in order to offer a sacrifice with them of his own blood to the devil. 4. A novice Alfaqui, who brings a load of green canes for the mezquita, for the purpose of making fences and to scatter on the pavement.

\* The explanation of what is represented in the second section of the following plate; in which section likewise, under each of the figures, are declared the employments and occupations which were allotted to the young men, in order that they might afterwards know how, when they attained a proper age and station, to command other young men like themselves, that they might not turn out idle and abandoned persons, but always apply themselves to virtuous things.

\* *Second Section.*—5. A young man who carries a large log of timber for the purpose of keeping light burning in the mezquita. 6. A servant who carries wood for the abundant supply of light in the mezquita. 7. A servant carrying the said wood. 8. A young man with a load of boughs for the purpose of strewing the mezquita.

\* The explanation of what is represented in the third section of the following plate; in which section likewise, under each of the figures, are declared the punishments and chastisements which the superior Alfaqis inflicted on those who were subject to them, correcting them either because they were negligent or inattentive to their duties, or on account of some excesses which they had committed, in the manner represented in the plate.

\* *Third Section.*—9. A superior Alfaqui, who is chastising a novice Alfaqui for being neglectful of his duty. 10. A novice Alfaqui. 11. A superior Alfaqui. 12. A novice Alfaqui. 13. A superior Alfaqui, who is chastising a novice Alfaqui by piercing him with thorns of the aloe as incorrigible. 14. This house signifies, that if the novice Alfaqui went to

his own house to sleep for three successive days, they inflicted on him the punishment which is declared and represented.

\* The explanation of what is represented in the fourth section of the following plate; in which section likewise, under each of the figures, is declared how soldiers of valour trained to the military profession young men who had attained a fit age, according as their fathers had intrusted them to their care, and the youths were led by their own inclinations. Their fathers in this manner placed them with persons who were skilled in the arts and occupations to which their own inclinations disposed them.

\* *Fourth Section.*—15. The Teguigua, who is a man of valour in war. 16. The young man. 17. The father of the young man, who confides his son to the soldier of valour, that he may train him to the military profession and carry him along with him to the wars. 18. The young man, the pupil of the soldier of valour, who goes with him to the wars, carrying his baggage on his back, together with his own arms. 19. The Teguigua, a soldier of valour, who goes ready armed to the wars.

\* The explanation of what is represented in the first section of the following plate; in which section, under each of the figures, are declared the employments and occupations of the superior Alfaqis; some went by night to the mountain to offer sacrifices to their gods, other played on musical instruments, others counted the hours by the stars of the sky, and others exercised themselves in other services of their mezquitas.

\* *PLATE LXIV. First Section.*—1. A novice Alfaqui. 2. A superior Alfaqui, who goes with a blazing light by night to a mountain to perform penance, and carries in his hand a bag of copal for incense to offer a sacrifice to the devil, and on his back henbane in a vase for the same sacrifice, as likewise boughs for the purpose of strewing the place of sacrifice; and behind him is a novice Alfaqui, with other things. 3. This painting with eyes signifies the night. 4. A superior Alfaqui, who is playing on the teponaztli, which is a musical instrument, which is his occupation during the night. 5. This painting with eyes signifies the night. 6. A superior Alfaqui, who watches by night the stars and the sky, in order to see what the hour is, which is the task and duty allotted to him.

\* The explanation of what is represented in the second section of the following plate; in which section, under each of the figures, is declared its signification, explanatory of the punishments which they inflicted on the young men, as represented by the figures, which were executed according to the laws and ordinances of the kings of Mexico.

\* *Second Section.*—7. A young man who proceeds on a military expedition, carrying a load of provisions and weapons of war. 8. The Telpuchtlato. 9. A woman. 10. A young man. 11. The Telpuchtlato. The officers deputed to watch over the conduct of the young men, are here signified, who, when any young man had criminal connection with any woman, chastised the young man by inflicting blows upon him with half-burnt as fiery logs of wood, and separated the parties from further intercourse, as is represented by the figures contained in this division of the plate.—pp. 45—70.

We next give some curious illustrations of the course of public justice, in Mexico—that being always a nice criterion of the state of civilization in different countries.



' The explanation of what is represented in the following plate; the plan of the halls of council belonging to the king of Mexico, and of his palace with its courts, and the steps by which they entered, and the throne and seat of Motecucuma. In the empty spaces of the figures representing them, are written the names and the explanations of each particular thing; and accordingly that which has already been explained is not repeated in this description, further than that those who in the way of appeal from the judges appeared at the one council hall, as a party aggrieved, obtained redress, if their causes were just; but this not being the case, the decision and the sentence of the judges were confirmed. If it was a matter for the council in the first instance to take cognizance of, an appeal lay, on the plea of grievance, before Motecucuma, where the cause was concluded. The hall, which is named the council-hall of war, was that in which deliberations were held for providing officers and armies in time of war, according to arrangements made by Motecucuma himself; and in all the affairs of state, order, regularity, and judgment prevailed, that the government might thereby be well administered. But before the reign of Motecucuma, so much order had not been introduced by his predecessors into the public affairs, as Motecucuma introduced after his accession to the throne; for being endowed with excellent parts and prudence, by his own free will he prescribed order and the rule of good government, which he commanded to be maintained and preserved under heavy penalties; and accordingly offenders suffered, without any mitigation of their sentence, the punishment which he had prescribed for their particular case of delinquency; which punishments were rigorous; and since they underwent no modification in their execution, his subjects were always on their guard, attentive to their duty; and they accordingly with fear applied themselves to profitable things, and to such as were in no wise prejudicial to the public liberty which they enjoyed.

' PLATE LXX.—1. The throne and state of Motecucuma, where he sat in council and in judgment. 2. Motecucuma. 3. The house in which the lords of Tenayuca, Chichenauhtla, and Colhuacan, who were friends and allies of Motecucuma, were entertained as guests. 4. The house in which the great lords of Tezincó and Tacuba, who were friends of Motecucuma, were entertained as guests. 5. The court of Motecucuma's palace. 6. The court of Motecucuma's palace. 7. The council-hall of war. 8. These lines gradually ascending lead to the court of Motecucuma's palace, which is here represented. 9. These four persons are, as it were, judges of Motecucuma's council, and learned men. 10. Suitors who, in the way of appeal from the judges, appear and present themselves before the judges of Motecucuma's council.

The explanation of what is represented in the following plate:—The father and son, who are seated opposite to each other, signify that the father is giving good advice to his son, that he may not turn out ill; setting before him the example of those who attained complete virtue, who afterwards joined in dances with the lords and caciques, when they bestowed honourable offices upon them, employing them as their messengers, and were admitted by the musicians and singers to their feasts and wedding entertainments, on account of the favour which they enjoyed.

' This painting represents the place where they were accustomed to assemble, to consider and provide for the public works. The overseer, who is there seated, signifies that the two young men before him are weep-

ing, because he has proposed and offered to employ them in manual labour; and the overseer is occupied in giving them good advice, admonishing them to lay aside idleness and to forsake a vagabond life, which occasioned and caused them to become robbers, or players of the ball, or gamblers with patol, which resemble dice; the losses sustained in which games they recruited themselves for by stealing to satisfy and gratify such vices, which only led to bad consequences, as that which is signified by the figures, with their titles, declares.

\* The trades of a carpenter, jeweller, painter, goldsmith, and embroiderer in feathers, accordingly as they are represented and declared, signify that the masters of such arts taught these trades to their sons from their earliest boyhood, in order that when grown up to be men they might attend to their trades and spend their time virtuously, counselling them that idleness as it is the root and mother of vices, as well as of evil-speaking and tale-bearing, whence followed drunkenness and robberies, and other dangerous vices, and setting before their imaginations many other grounds of alarm that hence they might submit to be diligent in every thing.

PLATE LXXI.—1. A messenger. 2. The father who advises his son to apply himself to the practice of every virtue, and to avoid turning out ill. 3. The son. 4. A singer and a musician, who invite guests and entertain them with music. 5. A Coaguacal. 6. A young man. 7. A vagabond. 8. A player of ball. 9. The house where they assemble about the public works. 10. Texancalco. 11. The Petlacalcate, or overseer. 12. A Coaguacal. 13. A young man. 14. A robber. 15. A gambler with patol. 16. A kind of dice. 17. A carpenter. 18. The son of the carpenter. 19. A jeweller. 20. The son of the jeweller. 21. An evil-speaker and tale-bearer. 22. A painter. 23. The son of the painter. 24. A goldsmith. 25. The son of the goldsmith. 26. A master of the art of embroidering in feathers. 27. The son of the master of that art. 28. A drunken man. 29. A drunken woman. 30. From the vice of drunkenness ensues that of robbery.

\* The explanation of what is represented in the first section of the following plate.—That which is there painted, declared, and described, signifies the punishments awarded by the laws and statutes of the kings of Mexico, to those who committed such offences, which were put in force without any remedy, as appears by the painting.

\* PLATE LXXII. *First Section.*—1. 2. These two figures signify, that young men who intoxicated themselves with wine, died for the same, according to their laws and ordinances. 3. If a young woman intoxicated herself, she was put to death by the laws of the kings of Mexico. 4. A robber was stoned to death by the laws of the kings of Mexico. 5. These two figures, lying side by side and covered with a garment, denote that whosoever had criminal intercourse with a married woman, was stoned to death according to the laws of the kings of Mexico.

\* The explanation of what is represented in the second section: wherein it is shown that drunkenness was prohibited by the laws and statutes of the kings of Mexico, to men as well as to women who were under seventy years of age; persons of that age being permitted and allowed to indulge in it, provided such old persons had sons and grandsons, as is demonstrated by the figures; and he who transgressed this law died for his offence, as is represented in the first section that precedes this.



' *Second Section.*—An old man of seventy years of age was privileged, both in public and in private, to drink wine and to become drunk, on account of his great age, and of his having sons and grandsons, by reason of which age he was not forbidden to drink wine and to become intoxicated. The old wife of the old man represented above, was, for the same reason, privileged and allowed to become intoxicated like her husband, since she had sons and grandsons: drunkenness was prohibited to none who had attained such an age.—pp. 80—87.

Still more curious is the series of emblematical descriptions of the months of the year, which we shall now quote from another part of the collection—that called the Codex Telleriano-Remensis. This Codex is the copy of a very interesting Mexican calendar, taken by a Dominican friar. We cannot possibly abridge the account of the months and festivals, as observed by the ancient Mexicans.

' *PLATE I.*—1. *Tecuilvontl.* The lesser festival commenced on the —of June,—; it was the Festival of all the Lords, that is to say, of all the lords in their calendar. They said on the arrival of this festival, that the kids would not rule during the entire year; or if they did, that they would be applied to merchants. The lords gave food and drink on this festival to all the people: it was the lesser festival.

' 2. *Veytecuilvill.*—The principal festival commenced on the 14th of July; the name signifies The Principal Festival of the Lord, resembling the preceding. This was the greatest festival of all that were celebrated in the entire year. The great festival was kept in this month, on which the Indians drove the Spanish Christians out of Mexico, when the great slaughter took place; and I am informed by many old men, that their indignation against the Christians was in consequence of many Christians mixing among them whilst they were engaged in dancing and celebrating the festival, who turned it into ridicule; and that the Indians on this account determined to massacre them all. This event took place in the year of Two Flints. This month was that of the general fast which they called *Atamal*, which means bread and water. They neither ate salt during the period of this fast, or any thing else but bread and water.

' The greatest festival of all that were celebrated in the entire year.

' 3. *Michaylhuil.*—The Festival of All the Dead commenced on the 3d of August. They made offerings on this festival to the dead, putting food and drink upon their sepulchres, which custom they continued for the space of four years; for they believed that during this entire period their souls had not arrived at the place of repose, according to their notions; and they therefore buried them with all their apparel, vestments and shoes: for they believed that until souls had arrived at the destined place at the expiration of these four years, they had to encounter much hardship, cold, and toil, and that they had to pass through places full of snow and of thorns; and on this account, when any principal person died, they killed at the same time a slave, and buried him with the deceased, in order that he might serve him. The Mixtecas, Capotecas, and Mixes, performed the honours of the dead almost in the manner of the Spaniards, for they placed over them a tomb covered with black, and around it a quantity of food. Their manner of burying the dead was quite conformable to our custom, the feet of the diseased were turned towards the east. After the bodies had been buried, they removed the bones from the sepulchre, and put them

into charnel-houses, which they had in the courts of the temples, made of mortar. This was the custom of the Mixtecan and Capotecan nations; since the Mexicans did not bury, but burned the bones of the dead; and this custom the Mexicans borrowed from the Otomitles or Chichimecas, who were the most ancient inhabitants of that country. a. A knife.

‘ 4. *Hueymiccaylhuittl*.—This festival began on the 23d of August. They celebrated again in this month the Festival of the Dead; and it was much greater than the former, since the name *Hueymiccaylhuittl* signifies the great festival of the dead.

‘ During the three last days of this month the living all kept a fast to the dead, and went out into the plain to celebrate rejoicings.

‘ The Marquis Don Ferdinand Cortes terminated in this month the war which he carried on with Mexico, when he entirely conquered it.

‘ Each year, on the celebration of the Festival of the Dead, whilst the priests were engaged in performing sacrifices, the entire people, every individual in his own house, ascended on the terraces of the houses, and looking towards the north, made earnest supplications to the dead, each of them to those of his own lineage, and ejaculating aloud, exclaimed, ‘ *Come quickly, since we expect you.*”

‘ The slaves whom they killed along with the lords when they died, were for the purpose of assisting them in the hardships which they had to encounter in a future state.

‘ PLATE II. 5. *Ochpaniztli*.—*Ochpaniztli* commenced on the 12th of September. They here celebrated the Festival of the Woman who sinned by eating of the fruit of the tree. The festival held on this occasion was properly named *Otlacotleutli*, *our beginning*: or the festival of our Mother *Tutzin*, or *our end*, or the termination of our lives. *Ochpaniztli* is interpreted purification; and accordingly in this month, all carefully swept their houses and the roads. They fasted on the first four days of this month, and during the entire of it they sacrificed to plants; and after adoring them they carried them to the temples. This purification originated in the belief which they entertained, that by the performance of this ceremony every evil would depart from the city.

‘ They kept many fasts; but the priests fasted during every month: not however all at the same time: but a general assembly of the priests having taken place, three or four of them made a vow to fast a certain number of days; at the expiration of which the others in their proper order proceeded to make a similar vow to fast, until the entire number had been reckoned, and all had fasted on bread and water, in order that every evil might depart from the city; and likewise because she introduced evil into the world. *Suchiquecal* was the first who sinned; she is here named *Yzpapatlotle*, the goddess of filth or of sin; and on this account they celebrated a festival to the fate which awaits man after death. In the course of these twenty days Ferdinand Cortes arrived in the country.

‘ 6. *Pactontly*.—*Pactontly*, (or Humiliation,) commenced on the second of October. It was the festival of *Tetzcatlipoca* and the rest of his companions, *Tehatlettlachinatti*, which name signifies a conflagration of fire and water.

‘ In this month the water usually freezes and ice appears, whence they say that the natives consider the festival of the glorious Saint Francis as highly ominous, because it occurs in this month, since their fruits are at



this season attacked by the frost. They accordingly paint this month dangerous like that of May, with the same symbols. They paint likewise these footsteps behind the month to signify that now the waters are left behind. Tetzcatlipoca is he who appeared to that nation on the Mountain of the Mirror, as they say; and is he who tempted Quecalcoatl the penitent.

\* They paid Tetzcatlipoca great reverence, for they kept lights and fire burning in his honour in the temples. Whenever they worshipped him they addressed him, "Lord, whose servants we are, grant us this." They accordingly called this festival the Lesser Festival, or that of Humiliation. In this month the inhabitants of Matalzingo celebrated a festival to the god Suchiqueal.

\* *a.* Xiuatlatli. *b.* A Quiver. *c.* A Serpent. *d.* Water and Flames. *e.* Footsteps. *i.* A Flint.

\* 7. *Veypactli*.—Veypactli commenced on the twenty-second of October. It was named the Festival of Humiliation, for each individual had his own advocate, whosoever he thought proper, and this advocate stood in the relation of a guardian angel to him. The festival itself was that of the advocates. This festival was the great festival of humiliation; they celebrated in it the Festival of All the Gods, which corresponds in phraseology to that of All Saints.

\* 8. *Quecholi, or the Serpent of the Clouds*.—Quecholi, or the Serpent of the Clouds, commenced on the eleventh of November. It was the festival of the fall of Miquitlatecotli and of Zontemoqui, and the rest. They paint him on this account with these instruments of war, since he introduced it into the world. They celebrated in this month the festival of animals, and made ready their weapons of war, which is the reason why they represent it with these insignia. The first entrance of Don Ferdinand Cortes, Marquis of the Valley, into Mexico, occurred in this month. The proper signification of this name is the fall of the demons, who they say were stars; and even still there are stars in heaven called after their names, which are the following: Yzacatecuytli, Tlahvizcalpantecuytli, Ceyacatl, Achitumetl, Xacupancalqui, Mixauhmatl, Tezcatlipoca, and Contemotli. These were their appellations as gods before they fell from heaven, but they are now named Tzitzimitli, which means something monstrous or dangerous.

\* *a.* Xiuatlatli. *b.* Arrows. *c.* A Bag of provisions for war.

\* PLATE III. 9. *Panquetzalitzli*.—Panquetzalitzli commenced on the first of December, being another celebration of the festival of Tezcatlipoca, which they kept three times in the year.

\* They do not here paint Tezcatlipoca with a foot formed of a serpent, since they say that this festival refers to a time previous to his sinning, whilst still in heaven; and that hence happened the war in heaven, from whence sprung wars below. Panquetzalitzli may be interpreted "the lifting up of banners," for every individual in this month placed upon his house a paper banner; and the captains and soldiers sacrificed a certain number of those whom they had made prisoners in war, to whom they gave arms similar to their own, to defend themselves with, and in this manner fought with them until they killed them. The Mexicans celebrated in this month the festival of their first captain, whom they worshipped as a god, and named Vichilupuchitl; and the province of Chalcho sacrificed to their captain Tezcatlipoca, who was so called.

' They celebrated in this month the Festival of the Loaf, which was in this manner. They made a large loaf of the seed of *bledos*, which they called *tzoalli*, and of honey; and after having made it, they blessed it in their manner and broke it, and the high priest put it into a very clean vessel, and took a thorn of *maguey*, with which he with great reverence took up a morsel and put it into the mouths of every one of the Indians, as if in the manner of a communion. They also celebrated in this same month the festival which they called *Xiutecutli*, the Saviour of Fire. They celebrated it in this manner: Four priests took each of them a handful of *ocotl*, and descended from the upper area of the temple, and with certain ceremonies which they performed, first towards the east, and then towards the north and towards the west, and lastly towards the south, threw the *ocotl* into a cauldron which they kept in the temples, where it burned; and this served them with light, as it never was extinguished either by night or day. *a. A Banner.*

' 10. *Atemoztli*.—*Atemoztli* commenced on the twentieth of December. They celebrated in this month the festival of the descent of the waters of the deluge. They kept the festival for this reason; I mean on account of the earth's having become visible, or on their finding themselves secure from the danger of the deluge. *Atemoztli* signifies the descent of the waters, as it rains surprisingly in this month.

' 11. *Tititl*.—*Tititl* commenced on the tenth of January. They here kept the festival of *Mixcoatl*, which means the Serpent of the Clouds. Women likewise, who followed the occupation of weaving and washing, celebrated a festival in this month to the Goddess *Ychpuihtl*, which name signifies the Virgin Goddess, who is the same as *Suchiquecal*.

' 12. *Yzcalli*.—*Yzcalli* commenced on the thirtieth of January. It was the Festival of Fire, for at this season of the year the trees, becoming sensible of warmth, shoot forth. It was likewise the Festival of *Pilquixtia*, or of Human Nature, which was never destroyed in the various destructions of the world. This month *Utzalli* has the same signification as the living principle, or vital power; and accordingly on the arrival of this month, each mother took hold of her son by the head, and lifting him upwards, addressed him frequently with the words, *Ytzcalli, Ytzcalli*, as if saying to him, Hail, Hail. They paint this month only with a crown, as being the month of vegetation, or rather of returning thanks to Nature, which is the cause of this vegetation. The year here ended: for they reckoned in it eighteen months, of twenty days each, as appears by these paintings; and they named the five superfluous days dead days, for they neither celebrated any sacrifices nor undertook any affairs of importance on these days. They kept every four years another fast of eight days in memory of the three destructions which the world had undergone; and accordingly when this period arrived, they exclaimed four times, "Lord, how is it that the world having been so often destroyed, has never been destroyed?" And they named it the Festival of Renovation; and further declared, that at the expiration of this fast and festival men imitated the frolicsome sports of children, wherefore to represent this festival they led children by the hands through the dance.

' *a. A Crown. b. A Tlacochitl with a Quiver. c. A Shield.*

' 13. *The five dead days*.—The five dead days, in which no sacrifices were performed, commenced on the nineteenth of February. These were



the days which were over and above the vicenary computation of the days of the year; and they always, on the completion of the full period of three hundred and sixty-five days, left out these days, and proceeded to the commencement of the new year in the sign which entered."—pp. 95—104.

The records of the religion, or superstition, of the ancient Mexicans, are peculiarly interesting. They are found in the *Codex Vaticanus*. We extract the following descriptions, from this part of the work.

‘PLATE III. & IV.—The second place in which these unfortunate people believed, was Hell, where they affirmed that the souls of those who died by the hands of justice, or by disease, or by any other kind of natural or violent death, were conducted; the souls of those who perished in war excepted, which passed to heaven. In this region of Hell they supposed that there existed four gods, or principal demons, one of whom was superior, whom they called Titzimiltl, who is the same as Miquitlamtecotl, the great god of hell. Yzpuzteque, the lame demon, was he who appeared in the streets with the feet of a cock. Nextepesua was the scatterer of ashes. Contemoque signifies he who descends head foremost; an allusion being made to the etymology which learned men assign to the name of the Devil, which signifies “*deorsum cadens*,” which mode of descent after souls they attributed to him from this name and Zon. Yzpuzteque is he whose abode is in the streets, the same as Satan, he who on a sudden appears sideways. It appears that they have been acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, although clearer arguments in proof of this fact are adduced in the course of the following pages. They say that these four gods or demons have goddesses, and they affirm the same of all the gods of heaven; that each has a goddess—not as a wife but as a companion: perhaps there may be some allusion to the four fates, or goddesses of hell, that the poets feign, Alethio, Megara, Tesiphonte, and Proserpine.

‘1. Miquitlantecotli, the god of hell, otherwise called Titzimiltl, who is the same as Lucifer. 2. Miquitecacigua. 3. Yxpuzteque, the lame demon who appeared in the streets with the feet of a cock as he is here represented; he is the same as Satan or the adversary. 4. Nexoxocho. 5. Nextepesua, the scatterer of ashes. 6. Micapetlacoli. 7. Contemoque, he who descends head foremost from the sky. The signification of this name is the same as that of Diabolus, viz. *deorsum cadens*, falling downwards; for they say that he descends for souls as the spider lowers itself with its head downwards from the web. 8. Chalmecaciatl.

‘PLATE V.—This was the third place for souls which passed from this life, to which the souls alone of children who died before attaining the use of reason went. They feigned the existence of a tree from which milk distilled, where all children who died at such an age were carried; for the Devil, who is so inimical to the honour of God, even in this instance has wished to show his rivalry: for in the same way as our holy doctors teach the existence of limbo for children who die without baptism, or without the circumcision of the old law, or without the sacrifice of the natural man, so he has caused these poor people to believe that there was such a place for their children; and he has superadded another error—the persuading them that these children have to return from thence to re-people the world after

the third destruction which they suppose that it has to undergo, for they believe that the world has already been twice destroyed.

\* 1. Chichialquanitl, which signifies the tree of milk which nourishes children who die before attaining the use of reason.

\* PLATE VI.—Tezcatlipoca, here represented, was one of their most potent deities: they say that he appeared in that country on the top of a mountain called Tezcatepec, which signifies the mountain of Mirrors. They paid him great reverence and adoration, and addressed him in their prayers with the appellation of Titlaclahuan, which means, Lord, whose servants we are. They paint in his hands a certain sort of weapon, together with a shield and a quiver of arrows; and at his feet a serpent and a heap of fire, denoting that he is the creator of the elements: alluding, perhaps, to the error of the Manicheans, who considered these wretched portions of matter as the principle of visible things. They believed him, likewise, to be the originator of wars: as they affirm that he was one of those who fell from heaven. The old people of the country say, that those who entered where his idol stood, “*cecidebant in facies suas*,” fell on their faces and thus adored him; and that they took a little earth from the ground, which they swallowed with the greatest reverence, and addressed him “*Lord, since we are thy servants, grant us all which we may stand in need of.*”

\* 2. Tezcatlipoca. 3. Serpent. 4. Water. 5. Fire.

\* PLATE VII.—This is the first age which they record, in which Water reigned, till at last it destroyed the world which these two first of the human race had peopled, whom the great triune God had in the beginning placed in it. This age, according to their computation, lasted four thousand and eight years; and on the occurrence of that great deluge, they say that men were changed into fish; these large fish they named Tlacamichin, which signifies Men-fish. Most of the old people of Mexico say that a single man and a single woman escaped from this deluge, from whom, in course of time, mankind multiplied. The tree in which they saved themselves was called the Ahuehueté; and they say that this deluge happened in the tenth sign, according to their computation, which they represented by Water, which on account of its clearness they place in their calendar. They say that during the first age men ate no bread, but only of a certain kind of wild maize which they call Atzitzitli. They name this first age Coniztal, which signifies the White Head; others say that not only did these two who were preserved in the tree escape, but that seven others remained hid in a certain cave, and that the deluge having passed away, they came forth and restored the population of the earth, dispersing themselves over it; and that their descendants in course of time worshipped them as gods, each in his own nation; and thus the Tepanechi adored one whom they call Hulhueteotli; and the Chishimeche, Quetzalcouatl; and the Culhue, Tzinacouatl,—for from these their generations had descended. For this cause they held lineage in great account, and wherever they chanced to be, they said, “*I am of such a lineage.*” They likewise worshipped their first founder, and offered him sacrifice, and called him the Heart of the People, to whom they made an idol, which was preserved in a very secure place, and covered with vestments: and all their descendants deposited in that place rich jewels, such as gold and precious



stones. Before this idol, which they called their Heart, wood was always burning, with which they had mixed copal or incense.

‘ In this first age, giants, of whom the accompanying figure is the representation, existed in that country, who were those whom they called Tzocuillicxeque, of such vast stature that a monk of the order of Saint Dominic, named Brother Peter de los Rios, who is the person who copied the greatest part of these paintings, relates that he beheld with his own eyes a molar tooth from the jaw of one of these giants, which was discovered by the Indians of Amaquemecam whilst repairing the streets of Mexico in the year 1556, which he himself weighed, and found to be three pounds wanting one ounce: he presented it to the Viceroy Don Luis De Velasco; and other persons saw it; whence an opinion may be formed of the size of these giants, and likewise from other bones which have been found in those countries. They relate of one of the seven, whom they mention as having escaped from the deluge, that the earth becoming populous, he went to Chulunan, and there began to build a tower, which is that of which the brick base is still visible. The name of that chief was Xelua; he built it in order, should a deluge again happen, to escape upon it; its base is eighteen hundred feet in circumference. When it had already reached a great height, lightning from heaven fell and destroyed it. This event struck terror into the Mexicans, whose chief was named Quemoque; and on this they deliberated together, whether they should ask advice of their god Toseque, who commanded them to fast eight years, the four first on bread and water, and the other four on bread of the seed of Bledos; and many of them completed this fast, and at its termination the earth swallowed them up; and those who remained, availing themselves of this history, have recorded it, together with the destruction of Tula, which happened shortly afterwards. They still sing, in their dances and festivals, the song which commences with Tullanianhululaez, in which they recite the history.’—pp. 163—174.

A more specific, and, perhaps, more intelligible account of the Mexican mode of computing time, is given in the illustration of a subsequent plate, the principal object of which, is a tower.

‘ For the better understanding of this painting and that which follows, it is requisite to observe, that these gentiles divided their year in our manner, into three hundred and sixty-five days, which they distributed into eighteen portions resembling months; and the five days which succeeded this distribution of twenty days to each of the months, they left till the fourth year; for in the same way as we have our bissextile every four years, in which we add a day to the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, so they added a month composed of the quadruple of these five superfluous days: and to show what sign reigned over each of the twenty days, they had an equal number of signs, which shall presently be explained, in which was founded all their superstition and sorcery; and each of these twenty signs had the number thirteen allotted to it, because they had the same number of days in their week. Thus they commenced reckoning from the sign of One Cane; for example, One Cane, two, three, &c. proceeding to thirteen; for in the same way as we have calculations in our repertories, by which to find what sign rules over each of the seven days of the week, so the

natives of that country had thirteen signs for the thirteen days of their week: and this will be better understood by an example. To signify the first day of the world, they painted a figure like a moon, surrounded with splendour, which is emblematical of the deliberation which they say their god held respecting the creation, because the first day after the commencement of time began with the second figure, which was One Cane: accordingly completing their reckoned of a cycle at the sign of Two Canes, they counted an Age, which is a period of fifty-two years, because on account of the bissextile years which necessarily fell in this sign of the Cane, it occurred at the expiration of every period of fifty-two years. Their third sign was a certain figure, which we shall presently see, resembling a serpent or viper, by which they intended to signify the poverty and labours which men suffer in this life. The fourth sign represented an earthquake, which they called Nahuolin, because they say that in that sign the sun was created. The fifth sign was Water, for according to their account abundance was given to them in that sign. These five signs they placed in the upper part, which they called Tlacpac, that is to say the east.—They placed five other signs at the south, which they named Uitzlan, which means a place of thorns. The first of which was a flower, emblematical of the shortness of life, which passes away quickly like a blossom or flower. The second was a certain very green herb, in like manner denoting the shortness of life, which is as grass. The third sign was a lizard, to show that the life of man, besides being brief, is destitute and replete with the ills of nakedness and cold, and with other miseries. The fourth was a certain very cruel species of bird which inhabits that country. The fifth sign was a rabbit, because they say that in this sign their food was created, and accordingly they believed that it presided over drunken revels.—They placed five other signs at the west, which region they called Tetzinatlán. The first was a deer, by which they indicated the diligence of mankind in seeking the necessaries of life for their sustenance. The second sign was a shower of rain falling from the skies, by which they signified pleasure and worldly content. The third sign was an ape, denoting leisure time. The fourth was a house, meaning repose and tranquillity. The fifth was an eagle, the symbol of freedom and dexterity.—At the north, which they call Teutletlapan, which signifies the place of the gods, they placed the other five signs which were wanting to complete the twenty. The first was a tiger, which is a very ferocious animal, and accordingly they considered the echo of the voice as a bad omen, and the most unlucky of any, because they say that it has reference to that sign. The second was a skull or death, by which they signified that death commenced with the first existence of mankind. The third sign was a razor, or stone knife, by which are meant the wars and dissensions of the world; they call it Tequepatl. The fourth sign is the head of a cane, which signifies the Devil, who takes souls to hell. The fifth and last of all the twenty signs was a winged head, by which they represented the wind, indicative of the variety of worldly affairs. These were the twenty figures of their superstition and sorcery, respecting which something else remains to be observed; which is, that on the commencement of the year, which was always on the twenty-first of February, as they considered that day their first,—if by chance the sign of the Cane ruled on that day, they were bound to fast during the thirteen days antecedent to the arrival of the new year, in memory of the various



times in which the world had been destroyed, because a destruction of the world had taken place on that sign; and since they likewise expected that the world was again to be destroyed, they fasted during these thirteen days, to escape from death. And when the year commenced with the sign of the Rabbit, they fasted the eight preceding days, in memory of the ruin of the first man, as the Devil had given them knowledge of him, although obscured with the same errors in this instance as in others, till in time they arrived at the knowledge of our Catholic truth, which he had before revealed to them, mixing it up with lies. It must also be observed, that their intercalary year was always in the four letters or signs which follow, viz. the Cane, the Flint, the House, and the Rabbit; because in like manner as they had an intercalation every four years of the month composed of the five dead days, which were superfluous in the reckoning of each year, so also they had an intercalation of years; for at the expiration of every period of fifty-two years, which they reckon an Age, they added a year, which always fell in one of these letters or signs; because as each of the twenty signs had thirteen similar signs which obeyed it;—for example, one Rabbit, two, three, four, reckoning to thirteen; and one Cane, two, three, four, to thirteen, and the quadruple of thirteen is fifty-two,—there remains the exact sum of fifty-two constituting an Age; and accordingly the intercalary year always fell in one of these four letters; because since by their account the world began in the sign of One Cane, for this reason the intercalary year could not fall but in these four letters.’—pp. 196—198.

The above extracts will furnish to the public a far better idea, than we can by any description convey, of the importance and interest of this extraordinary work. We, however, beg to remind the reader, that it is only of the letter-press portion of the vast performance that we have been able to transfer any specimen from the original. We cannot, unfortunately, copy into our pages a single trait of that graphic power—that bold yet graceful pencil, whose achievements alone constitute all that this work must be admitted to possess of value and importance in the eyes of the present or future generations. The volumes must, indeed, be seen, in order to be duly appreciated; and it is only justice to Mr. Aglio to say, that his liberality and courtesy render such a gratification practicable upon very easy terms.

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ART. IX.—*The Life and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Rodney.* By Major-General Mundy. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Murray. 1830.

It is the sacred duty of posterity to pay every mark of honour to the memory of those worthy men, who, in times of great danger, have signalised themselves as the defenders of their country, and descended to their tombs in its service. Were we not animated by this feeling, we should have allowed these two volumes to enjoy undisturbed repose, since, in a literary point of view, they have not

succeeded by any means in engaging much of our attention. The notices of Lord Rodney's life, given by Major-General Mundy, are exceedingly scanty and uninteresting; he leaves the venerable Admiral to tell his own story for the most part, not in private letters, which, being familiar and unreserved, might have been attractive, but in public dispatches, and other official papers, which being always formal, and covered with as smooth a gloss as possible, never afford entertainment to the mind, and very seldom instruction. The letters, which the collection presents, from the Admiral to his lady, and from the latter to the former, are few, compared with the number of the public documents; and even these few are rarely tinged with those colours of domestic life, and of home interests and affections, which lend so many charms to the correspondence of Lord Collingwood.

The controversy which has been carried on for some time, in professional circles and publications, concerning the right of original property, in what has been called the invention of breaking the enemy's line, as well as the justly celebrated character of the hero himself,—the predecessor in glory of Nelson, who, alone, perhaps, outshines Rodney in naval fame,—will render this work acceptable to a numerous class of readers connected with the service. Into that controversy it is not our intention to enter, further than by observing, that no great merit appears, in our humble opinion, to be due to any man for the mere invention of a manœuvre so simple in itself, and so easily suggested to the mind of a lion-hearted commander. It is to him who dares to undertake it, and who, like Rodney, has the firmness and good fortune to carry it into execution, that the glory of the achievement must ever belong. We may add, by the way, that there is good evidence to shew, that the invention of breaking the enemy's line, if there be in it any thing worth owning, belongs really to a jesuit named Paul Hoste, who was employed in the service of Louis XIV. This appears so clearly from the father's description of the manœuvre, that we are astonished to find the claim set up on behalf of Sir Charles Douglas, so long persevered in.

We shall condense, into a narrow compass, such of the particulars of Lord Rodney's life, as may be likely to prove interesting to general readers. Descending from an ancient and respectable English family, he was born on the 19th of February, 1718, and after receiving a brief education at Harrow, he obtained from the king a letter of service, the last, it is said, that ever was granted; he went to sea in the twelfth year of his age; in his eighteenth year became a lieutenant, and in his twenty-first, a captain. Such was the expedition of promotion, in those days, at least in the case of young men specially patronised by the king, who was Rodney's god-father. After having been employed during several years, in various parts of the world, he was appointed rear-admiral in 1759, when he may be said to have commenced the more important part



of his career, with the bombardment of Havre de Grace, which he completely destroyed as a naval arsenal. He succeeded also in rendering useless a number of flat-bottomed boats, a species of machine upon which the French, at that period, as well as in the time of Napoleon, placed much reliance. The admiral was next appointed (1761) to superintend the naval operations of the grand armament, destined for the attack of Martinique, then the most populous and flourishing of all the French settlements, beyond the Atlantic. This service he performed in the most gallant manner, and soon added to Martinique most of the other islands, colonised by the French, in the West Indies. These were, with some exceptions, afterwards exchanged by the treaty of peace (1763) for Canada, and other French possessions in the north, arrangements which were much disapproved of at the time, by the nation at large. No part of the blame, justly attached to the treaty, fell, however, upon admiral Rodney, who, upon his return home, was raised to the rank of a baronet, having been already made vice-admiral of the blue; was married to an amiable woman, by whom he had several children (four of whom are still living); and was appointed governor of the royal hospital at Greenwich, where he is still remembered, as one of the best friends the pensioners of that noble establishment ever had.

Having gone through the various shades of rank, from blue, to white and red, Sir George Rodney was again sent (1771) to the West Indies, where he was appointed commander-in-chief at Jamaica, with a considerable squadron under his orders, as it was apprehended that Spain wanted only a decent pretext to come to an open rupture with England. To this disposition, it was said at the time, that admiral Rodney gave as much provocation as he could, by his demeanour towards the Spanish authorities, with whom he, or his officers, happened to come in contact. It is not improbable that this conduct, added to some complaints connected with the details of the service which were made against him at home, caused him, not only to be recalled, in 1774, but to be consigned, during the ensuing four years, to the most disheartening neglect. This was the period of what astronomers would call, the obscuration of the star of his destiny. His rank and fame had already introduced him into fashionable society, for which he had every necessary requisite, being of a handsome exterior, and courteous manners. Unfortunately he had not the courage to resist one of the greatest vices of those days, as it is of these—that of gambling. He was a frequent guest at the duchess of Bedford's assemblies, where many a fortune was won and lost. He had, moreover, been involved in more than one election contest; and such was the embarrassed state of his finances, that he was obliged to take refuge from his creditors, in France.

'He here lived,' says the editor, 'in very straitened circumstances, until better days came; and to the credit of that gallant nation it must be mentioned, that they treated the English Beli-

sarius with the respect due to his fame and misfortunes.' Upon the breaking out of the American war, he wrote to the admiralty, at the head of which was then Lord Sandwich, his great friend and patron, to make an offer of his services; but to his infinite mortification, the only acknowledgment which his letter received, was the mere usual dry official one, that his communication was laid before their lordships!—while promotions were prodigally lavished upon officers, not only his juniors in the service, but confessedly inferior to him in every respect. This treatment wounded him so deeply, that he was determined to present himself to the king to protest against it; but he was without pecuniary means sufficient to enable him to leave Paris, where he had contracted debts for his ordinary expences. It would appear, that at this time the admiral, and his family, had been subjected to severe privations. He applied for assistance to his friends in England, but without effect. In the midst of his disappointments, the thought of his country was, however, always uppermost in his mind. One or two extracts from his letters to lady Rodney, at this period, will be read with a melancholy interest, when it is recollected, that they were written by the man who, not long afterwards, inflicted a blow, then unparalleled in history, upon the fleet of the very nation, in which he found—what he failed to find at home—a generous and sincere friend in the hour of his adversity.

Paris—(no date.)

'Not hearing either from yourself or my son, by the last messengers, gives me uneasiness inexpressible, as the delay of completing what has been promised, obliges me to remain in the hotel where I am, at an expense I could wish to avoid, and daily adds to my embarrassments. What to do I really don't know. To speak to Lord Stormont I am unwilling, but I will talk to Mr. James upon the subject, as he is a good man, and feels the distresses I am driven to.

'I beg you will desire my son to see Lord North again, either at his house or his Levee. Delays are worse than death, especially at this critical time, when every hour teems with momentary expectation of war.'—vol. i. pp. 172, 173.

\* \* \* \* \*

Paris, March 20, 1778.

'Since writing to you on Lord Stormont's recall, inclosing you a letter I sent him on my unhappy condition, in being obliged to remain in an enemy's country till such time as I should have a remittance sent me to pay my debts, which prevented my personally offering my services at this critical time, I have reason to believe that I shall be able to procure the sum necessary to enable me to leave this city. Should this desirable event take place in a day or two, you may expect me in London very shortly.

'I have again written a strong letter to Lord Sandwich, offering my services, and pressing him to employ me at this important juncture, as it will be the means of my serving my country, and at the same time the only method by which I can have an opportunity of honourably settling with my creditors.'—vol. i. p. 175.



The hope of assistance, to which the above letter alludes, was fully realised. It came, we are almost ashamed for our country to say, from a foreigner, a Frenchman, the celebrated Marechal Biron, who, in the most delicate manner, tendered to him whatever sum he might want; adding that "all France was sensible of the services which the admiral had rendered to his country, and that the treatment they all knew he had received, was a disgrace to the nation and its ministers." Undoubtedly it was so. It would be vain now to speculate upon what the consequences might have been, if the admiral had been detained by his necessities in France during the war, or if, stung by the neglect of which he was the victim, he had attached himself to the service of the nation which had produced so great an ornament to human nature as Marechal Biron. It will be sufficient to add, that Sir George Rodney, with the greatest reluctance, and not until all other resources had failed him, accepted from the Marechal one thousand Louis.

'Nothing,' he writes in May, 1778, with a spirit poignantly wounded, 'but a total inattention to the distressed state I was in, could have prevailed upon me to have availed myself of his voluntary proposal; but not having had, for more than a month past, a letter from any person but Mr. Hotham, and yourself, and my passport being expired, it was impossible for me to remain in this city at the risk of being sued by my creditors, who grew so clamorous, it was impossible for me to bear it; and had they not been over-awed by the lieutenant of the police, would have carried their prosecutions to the greatest length. Their demands were all satisfied this day; and the few days I remain in this city will be occupied in visiting all those great families from whom I have received so many civilities, and whose attention in paying me daily and constant visits, in a great measure kept my creditors from being so troublesome as they otherwise would have been.'—vol. i., pp. 180, 181.

It is stated, though not upon very satisfactory authority, that the marechal had waited upon Sir George with an offer from the king of France of a high command in his fleet, which he instantly and indignantly refused. It is due to the character of the house of Drummond's to observe, that as soon as the admiral arrived in London, and mentioned to whom he was indebted for the assistance which he had received, they enabled him forthwith to repay the loan.

It was not, however, until the autumn of 1779, that, chiefly through the influence of the king, Sir George Rodney was again employed as commander in chief of the Leeward Islands and Barbadoes. On his way thither, he encountered a Spanish squadron, and after a smart battle obtained a complete victory, thus securing the freedom of the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, which had been, for some time, shut up from our commerce. The merit of his victory was the greater, as, at the time when it was fought, the British navy had almost lost all discipline, in consequence of the party spirit which had been excited in it, as well as

in the whole nation, by the war with America. Added to this, the navy, generally, had been badly treated for some years by the government; the dissatisfaction which existed, reached from the highest to the lowest branches of the service, and, on more than one occasion, broke out into open mutiny. It was to this state of things, that the admiral was indebted for a severe disappointment which he experienced, soon after his arrival in the West Indies, when, having encountered the French fleet of twenty-three ships, and having a prospect before him of another splendid victory, he saw it escape from his hands, in consequence of the neglect with which his signals were treated. To the restoration of discipline all his attention was, therefore, most forcibly directed; and having in the West Indies an active sphere for exercise, he soon reformed the service thoroughly, and made it capable of those gallant actions which soon afterwards crowned his exertions.

Among these, was the capture of St. Eustatius and other Dutch Islands, on account of the hostile and treacherous part which they took in the American war,—a capture, however, which, though apparently promising a golden harvest to the captors, involved the admiral in a course of litigation with private individuals, which was attended with endless losses and anxiety. The confiscation of the property found in St. Eustatius, which was immense, created various disputes at home, together with accusations in Parliament, which gave him the greatest annoyance. A severe complaint having obliged him to return to England, in the latter part of 1781, he had an opportunity of successfully vindicating himself in the House of Commons. Bad as his health was at that time, no sooner did the unfortunate news arrive of the drawn battle between the French and British fleets off the Chesapeake, and of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army, than he offered to return to the West Indies without delay, where he arrived in March, 1782, in time to put a stop to the conquests which the enemy were every day making, and to forward arrangements for a general battle, to which he was determined to bring them on the first opportunity.

The French fleet, which consisted of thirty-three sail of the line, and two ships of fifty guns, and having on board 5,400 men, accompanied with heavy cannon and every other requisite for the reduction of Jamaica, their immediate object, was at this period anchored in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, under the command of a very brave officer, the Count de la Grasse. It was his design to form a junction, if possible, with the Spanish fleet and land forces waiting at St. Domingo, in order that the combined hosts might overwhelm the British fleet in case of resistance. To prevent this junction, to preserve the West Indies, and even the independence of England itself,—which was never more seriously endangered,—was the tremendous task that now devolved upon the man, who, a few years before, was an exile from her shores. How gloriously that great duty was accomplished; we need not say. Many narra-



tives of the battle have long been before the world. We shall only glance at a few of its leading features.

Intelligence was received by Rodney, on the morning of the 8th of April, that the French fleet had unmoored and were putting to sea. The British fleet, which had been waiting prepared for this event, without loss of time stood towards the enemy with all the sail they could crowd. The next morning they came in sight of each other, and a partial action ensued, which, together with an accident that happened to one of their vessels, reduced the French fleet to thirty-two ships of the line. By great efforts, however, de Grasse avoided further encounter during that and the two following days. But on the 12th he was so much pressed by Rodney that he could no longer think of escaping, and the line of battle was formed.

Sir Gilbert Blane, who attended Rodney as his physician, gives to Lord Cranstoun the credit of suggesting the breaking of the enemy's line. His narrative of the battle is concise and animated.

'About half an hour before the engagement commenced, at breakfast on board of the *Formidable*, the company consisting of the Admiral, Sir Charles Douglas, captain of the fleet (an officer whose functions nearly correspond with those of the adjutant-general of an army), Captain Simmons, commander of the ship, Lord Cranstoun, a volunteer post captain, the admiral's secretary, and myself, the conversation naturally turned on the glorious prospects of the day; and Lord Cranstoun remarked, that if our fleet maintained its present relative position, steering the same course close hauled on the opposite tack to the enemy, we must necessarily pass through their line in running along, and closing with it in action.

'The Admiral visibly caught the idea, and no doubt decided in his own mind at that moment, to attempt a manœuvre at that time hitherto unpractised in naval tactics. It was accordingly practised by him with the most complete success, setting the illustrious example in the ship which bore his own flag; for the signal for close action being thrown out, and adhered to in letter and spirit for about an hour, and after taking and returning the fire of one half of the French force, under one general blaze and peal of thunder along both lines, the *Formidable* broke through that of the enemy. In the act of doing so, we passed within pistol-shot of the *Glorieux*, of seventy-four guns, which was so roughly handled, that, being shorn of all her masts, bowsprit, and ensign staff, but with the white flag nailed to the stump of one of the masts, breathing defiance as it were in her last moments, became a motionless hulk, presenting a spectacle which struck our Admiral's fancy as not unlike the remains of a fallen hero, for being an indefatigable reader of Homer, he exclaimed, that now was to be the contest for the body of Patroclus; but the contest was already at an end, for the enemy's fleet being separated, fell into confusion, a total rout ensued, and victory was no longer doubtful.'—vol. ii. pp. 228—231.

The admiral, writing to Lady Rodney, says;—

'The battle began at seven in the morning, and continued till sunset, nearly eleven hours; and by persons appointed to observe, there never was seven minutes' respite during the engagement, which, I believe, was the

severest that ever was fought at sea, and the most glorious for England. We have taken five, and sunk another. Among the prizes the *Ville de Paris*, and the French admiral, grace our victory.

‘Comte de Grasse, who is at this moment sitting in my stern gallery, tells me that he thought his fleet superior to mine, and does so still, though I had two more in number; and I am of his opinion, as his was composed all of large ships, and ten of mine only sixty-fours.’—vol. ii. p. 253.

When the news of this decisive victory arrived at home, the nation, which had, of late, been greatly depressed, by the series of disasters with which the American war was attended, became almost frantic with joy; thanks were voted by the two houses of Parliament, and the dignity of the peerage was conferred upon Rodney, as well as a pension of 2000*l*. He was compelled, however, suddenly to quit the scene of his glory, having been peremptorily recalled by the new ministry, who had come into power on the 19th of March. The order of recall was, indeed, given before they could have heard of the victory; but the manner in which he was universally received, upon his return to England, more than compensated for this slight, which, though ill-intended, contributed only to raise him to a higher station in the public esteem.

The peace which followed left no further opportunity of employment to Lord Rodney. He had been much subject to the gout, and after enduring repeated paroxysms of this malady, it at length attacked him in the stomach, and terminated his existence on the 23d of May, 1792, in the 74th year of his age, he having been then in the navy sixty-two years, and upwards of fifty years in commission.

General Mundy’s concluding remarks upon Lord Rodney’s life and character will not give the less pain to generous bosoms, because he has expressed himself with mildness.

‘It would be superfluous, in this place, to offer any lengthened observations upon the character and actions of this celebrated commander and truly great man, since the reader will best be able to form an opinion of them from a perusal of the preceding pages. To state that he did not pass through a long and active public life, without becoming occasionally the object of attack and censure, is but to say that he was successful and eminent; but his political enemies, as soon as their immediate design had been attained, did not hesitate to bestow upon him the highest *eulogiums*, and his services, at a time when the naval renown of this nation was beginning to decline, and the desponding spirits of many of his countrymen considered its revival as hopeless, must ever awaken in the truly British mind sentiments of gratitude, veneration, and affection. However the splendour of more recent events may have tended to eclipse the actions of this great naval officer in the eyes of the present generation, let it never be forgotten, that his skill and resolution, contending with, and overcoming obstacles, of which, in these days of improved and strict discipline, the modern commander can form no conception, set an example, and roused a spirit which has led the way to the proudest triumphs of the British navy.

‘Other commanders may have gained more victories, but be it remem-



bered that whenever Rodney fought an enemy, and his officers did their duty, he conquered.

‘Notwithstanding a long career, attended with such splendid and successful achievements as might have been supposed adequate to have placed Lord Rodney in easy, and indeed affluent, circumstances, it must be recorded that he died poor; but so did Aristides.

‘It has been alleged (it is to be feared with too much truth) that those in high command in foreign stations, by sea and land, have not always acquired the wealth of which they were proved to be possessed, through the purest means. The great Marlborough himself was not altogether clear of a suspicion of underhand dealings with commissaries. It will, indeed, be invidious to probe to the quick the methods by which eminent characters, in our own times, have accumulated fortunes by practices allied to this. The West Indies have not been so much the scene of speculation and public robbery as the other hemisphere, though not entirely free from similar imputations. The fortunes made by commanders have been chiefly made by prize-money.

‘It has been seen, in the course of this work, that Lord Rodney, so far from being a gainer, had been a loser from this source; and he was frequently heard by his friends and those about him to descant on the superior enormity of public frauds, abuses, and robberies, above private delinquencies, inasmuch as the public had not the same facility of defending itself against them, which gave an additional moral turpitude in their perpetration. He therefore not only kept clear of all direct lucre himself, but, as far as was possible, watched the proceedings of others in the unavoidable pecuniary dealings of those who supplied or contracted for the necessary provision of the fleet.

‘The consequence of all that has been said was, that Lord Rodney died in an honourable poverty, more enviable than all the gratifications derivable from the utmost affluence dishonourably acquired.

‘No less multiplied than vexatious were the law-suits against which Lord Rodney had to defend himself in the last ten years of his life, by which his private fortune was greatly impaired.’—vol. ii. pp. 363—366.

One or two anecdotes of Rodney’s kindness of heart will be read with pleasure. That of the bantam-cock is not the least amusing.

‘Being not only a great sea-officer, but a man of highly-polished manners, he had always young men of family who walked his quarter-deck; and, in his relations of little incidents which happened on board, I was often charmed with the effusions of his heart.

‘When his dinner was going aft, he has often, he says, seen the hungry *mids* cast over the dishes a wistful eye with a *watery* mouth; upon seeing which, he has instantly arrested their supporters, and ordered the whole of his dinner, save one dish, to be carried to the midshipmen’s mess.

‘When a woman, who had, contrary to the rules of the navy, secreted herself in her husband’s cabin, and fought a quarter-deck gun in the room of her wounded husband, who was down in the cockpit, was discovered, Lord Rodney severely reprimanded her for a breach of orders, but gave her, immediately after, ten guineas, for so valiantly sustaining the post of her wounded husband.

‘The little bantam-cock which, in the action of the 12th of April,

perched himself upon the poop, and, at every broadside poured into the *Ville de Paris*, cheered the crew with his "shrill charion," and clapped his wings, as if in approbation, was ordered by the Admiral to be pampered and protected during life.'—vol. ii. pp. 374, 375.

When his present Majesty adopted the profession of the navy, he commenced his career under Rodney, whom he always afterwards treated with every possible mark of kindness and sincere friendship. The speech which he pronounced in the House of Lords, after the gallant Admiral's death, reflects so much credit upon his head and heart, that we are induced to present it to the reader.

"I cannot," said his Royal Highness, "give a silent vote on the present occasion. The services of the late Lord Rodney are so great, that it did infinite honour to his Majesty's Ministers to pay every respect to his memory. Such services merited the highest rewards from his country, and I am happy to bear this public testimony to their value and importance. For myself, I have particular reason to endeavour to do justice to the singular merits of my deceased friend, who, unhappily for this country, is no more; but I hope the House will indulge me a few moments, while I briefly recall to their recollection the noble services his Lordship had rendered, which I am certain they never can forget.

"I must first remind their Lordships that Lord Rodney had taken Martinique, Grenada, &c., &c., from the French in the war before the last. In the last war, in going out to Gibraltar, he had taken a Spanish admiral with a valuable convoy. Without this most seasonable and fortunate capture, Gibraltar was so short of provisions, that the most serious consequences were to be apprehended. He had abundantly supplied the garrison, and happily relieved it. The House will recollect that Lord Rodney had taken the island of St. Eustatius and a Dutch convoy; but the most glorious period of his life was the 12th of April, 1782, which will ever be held as a most sacred epoch in this country. The enemies of England were vain enough to think they could crush her for ever; but the event of that day clearly proved, that a British fleet of nearly equal force, when opposed to a French fleet, will be sure to beat them.

"The victory of the 12th of April was the more honourable to Lord Rodney, as it was obtained over De Grasse, one of the best and bravest admirals that France ever produced. Had it been in the power of valour to have saved a brave man from disgrace and misfortune, it would never have been the lot of De Grasse to have been disgraced and banished from the French court—a conduct, however, that had too often prevailed in courts. It was that victory which decided the fate of the war, and taught our particular enemy, France, that, however for a moment we might be depressed, we arose, after a seeming defeat, with renovated strength and courage.

"I trust," concluded his Royal Highness, "the House will pardon my expatiating on the virtues and great professional merits of my departed friend, for which myself and every officer of the British navy entertain the highest respect and veneration."—vol. ii. pp. 382—384.



Strange to say, Lord Rodney was a most strenuous advocate for the slave trade! His great argument in its favour was, that if negroes were not allowed to be imported into the West Indies, the labour which their tribes executed there must be performed by indentured servants, the result of which would be an injurious decrease of the population of these kingdoms! This it is for Admirals to become politico-economists!

ART. X.—*Annuaire pour L'An 1831, Présenté Au Roi, par le Bureau des Longitudes.* Paris: Bachelier, Pere, et Fils. 1830.

A COMPARISON of the rate of mortality, and of the growth of population, in London and Paris, cannot fail to be generally interesting. We have, in the valuable little work before us, together with similar accounts for France generally, tables of the deaths and births, which took place in Paris, in the year 1829. The number of births, during that period, appears to have been,—males, 14,760—females, 13,961—total, 28,721. The number of deaths, was 25,591, of which 12,239 were those of males, and 13,352 females.

For the same period, we find the number of children *christened* in London, to have been,—males, 13,674—females, 13,354—total, 27,028; and the number of persons buried, to have been,—males, 12,015—females, 11,509—total 23,524. The reader will be struck with the almost identity of the number of births in the two capitals, and he will naturally ask, is Paris as populous as London? The answer is, that it is not; and the reason why this equality, as to the number of inhabitants *appears*, is, that in Paris, no births or deaths whatever are omitted in the register, whilst in London, those are excluded, which take place in the families of persons of certain religious persuasions, or who do not reside within, what are called, the bills of mortality. But still, upon the given amount of births and deaths, in both cities, we can establish a very fair comparison between them, in many respects. We see, in the first place, that the year 1829, had added to the population of Paris, 3130 persons, while it has given to a less amount of population (by 1693 individuals) in London, 3504 inhabitants. The number of females, born in Paris, was considerably less, in regard to that of males, than in London, where the births of persons, of both sexes, were not far from being equal, the small difference being in favour of the males. The deaths in Paris, were greatest amongst the females, whilst in London, they were most amongst the males.

We happen to have before us, the return of the bills of mortality, of London, for the year that is just over, and in this document, we discover, that the number christened, in 1830, was—males, 13,299—females, 13,444—total, 26,743; being a decrease of births chiefly

in the male sex. The burials were, males, 11,110—females, 10,535—total 21,645; which leaves an addition of 5098 inhabitants to the population of 1831. This is a vast difference for one year to make. But we should say that, with respect to the mere question of increase of population, London far outstripped Paris. The inhabitants of the latter city are comparatively stationary, and we believe, even, that such improvements as are or have been going on there, tend rather to thicken residents, on a given spot, than to disperse them. In London the case is the reverse. The old streets are constantly losing their inhabitants. The city of London—the antiquated part of it, is hourly thinning, and this is especially the case with respect to those parishes which are strictly within the verge of the bills of mortality. The conclusion then is, that London, which thus undergoes a constant drain of the sources of a fresh supply of population, still is able to make a more respectable figure in its increase than Paris, with all its advantages.

We have no account of the causes of the deaths in Paris, nor of the ages of the persons dying. The Catalogue Raisonné of the triumphs of diseases in London, which is furnished annually, by those wonderful adepts in diagnosis and pathology—the parish clerks—we are afraid, is not a document that will obtain any great degree of confidence with the world. However, we may mention as a curious, and, we hope it will prove to be, a useful fact, that whilst the deaths on account of small pox in London are set down, in 1830, as 627, the deaths from the same cause, in Paris, are marked as no more than 283. We are very much surprised at the difference. When we consider the density of the population of Paris, or rather the state of concentration in which its inhabitants may be said to be collected, we cannot imagine how it is possible that a contagious disorder, like the small pox, could be arrested in such a place, if once introduced, without doing much more extensive mischief than we find to be the case. However, we believe that much of the impotence of small pox in Paris, is to be attributed to the vigilance of the authorities, and their determination to execute the law with fidelity. We remember, some years ago, seeing a proclamation of the Archbishop of Paris, in which he signified that the rites of the church would be withheld from all parents who knowingly allowed their children to go beyond a certain age without vaccination. We shall have an opportunity of discussing the questions connected with this subject, when the population returns from England and Scotland, which are to commence in May next, shall have been completed. In the mean time it may not be uninteresting to state the account of marriages in Paris, in 1829.

<i>Parties married.</i>	<i>Number of marriages.</i>
Bachelors with Spinsters .....	5873
Ditto with Widows .....	349
Widowers with Spinsters .....	710
Ditto with Widows .....	191
	<hr/> Total 7123



It would appear, therefore, that the French widows are much more constant to their first flames than the widowers, for whilst 901 of the latter embraced matrimony more than once, of the former there were only 440 who possessed the same temerity. The following conclusions, drawn by an ingenious and industrious mind, from authentic data, relative to the statistics of Great Britain, must prove interesting:—

The number of men, from 15 to 60 years of age, is 2,244,847, or about 4 in every 17 males. There are about 90,000 marriages yearly, and of every 63 marriages, 3 only are observed to be without offspring. The deaths every year, are about 332,700; every month, about 25,592; every week, 6,398; every day, 214; every hour, about 40. The proportion of the deaths of women to those of men, is as 50 to 54. *Married women live longer than those who are not married.* In country places there are, on an average, 4 children born of each marriage; in cities and large towns the proportion is 7 to every two marriages. The married women are, to all the female inhabitants of a country, as 1 to 3; and the married men to all the males, as 3 to 5. The number of widows is to that of widowers, as 3 to 1; but of widows who re-marry to that of widowers, as 4 to 5. The number of old persons who die during the cold weather, is to those who die during a warm season, as 7 to 4. Half of all that are born, die before they attain 17 years. The number of twins is to that of single births, as 1 to 65. Old Boerhaavesays, the healthiest children are born in January, February, and March: only 1 out of 3125 reaches 100 years. The greatest number of births is in February and March. The small-pox, in the *natural way*, usually carries off 8 out of every 100 it attacks; by inoculation 1 dies out of every 300. The proportion of males born to that of females, is as 26 to 25. In our sea-ports, there are 132 females to 100 males, and in the manufacturing towns, 113 females to 100 males.

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ART. XI.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. XIV. *A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.* By J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., M.A. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

To combine profound and minute knowledge of difficult sciences with the art of perspicuous and agreeable writing, is so very rarely achieved in these days, that we cannot too much prize so happy a conjunction when it occurs; and it is on this account, that we think we are authorised to declare this little book by far the most delightful, (considering its subject), to which the existing competition between literary rivals of great talent and enterprise has given rise. To say the plain truth, we often were inclined to believe that Milton's speech, about the musical attractions of philosophy, was only an allowable figure of rhetoric, not to be curiously criticised, as coming from a great poet. We believe that many would be ready to join us in our notions, unless, indeed, they have, with us, had the opportunity of learning, in the pages of Mr. Herschel, the

realization of the oracle of the immortal bard, for truly may we, indeed, say, that philosophy is no longer that rugged and revolting study "which dull fools suppose," but that it is as musical as Apollo's lute.

Setting aside the merits of this Discourse, as a collection of singular and important facts, interesting to every human being, we should say that, as an example, or rather a model, of the true plan of illustrating principles, it is without a rival, with the exception perhaps of Dr. Arnot's masterly work on physics. It does not propose, in any instance that we can discern, to explain one difficulty by citing another, which is sure to be still more insurmountable. It does not, like some of our modern performances in the same way, come under the objection of the Gentleman in the Critic, who declared that the interpreter was the more difficult to be understood of the two. From this time forth, therefore, we may expect to see our scientific literature,—we mean, especially, that portion of it destined for the instruction of scholars who *do not go to school*,—assuming the real simplicity and clearness which it ought always to have possessed, and of which Mr. Herschel has now sent forth a brilliant, and, we hope it will prove, an exemplary sample.

The Discourse is divided into three parts, in the first of which the author descants on the nature and advantages of the study of the physical sciences, a theme rendered hazardous and difficult, after having been so recently presented to the public, clothed in all the hues of the splendid mind of Lord Brougham. Mr. Herschel, however, has contrived to give fresh ornaments to the subject. In speaking of the power of abstract reasoning, which, without experience, will determine important conclusions as the results of new combinations, and will, as it has often done, absolutely correct hasty and unskilful experiments, the writer furnishes this happy illustration. The subject is one upon which Mr. Herschel is particularly conversant, he having made some very curious discoveries in connection with it.

Every body knows that objects viewed through a transparent medium, such as water or glass, appear distorted or displaced. Thus a stick in water appears bent, and an object seen through a prism, or wedge of glass, seems to be thrown aside from its true place. This effect is owing to what is called the *refraction* of light; and a simple rule, discovered by Willebrod Snell, enables any one exactly to say, how much the stick will be bent, and how far and in what *direction* the apparent situation of an object seen through the glass will deviate from the real one. If a shilling be laid at the bottom of a bason of water, and viewed obliquely it will appear to be raised by the water; if instead of water spirits of wine be used, it will appear more raised, if oil, still more; but in none of those cases will it appear to be thrown aside to the right or left of its true place, however the eye be situated. The plane in which are contained the eye, the object, and the point in the surface of the liquid at which the object is seen, is an upright or vertical plane; and this is one of the principal characters in the ordinary refraction of light; viz. that the ray by which we see an



object through a refracting surface, although it undergoes a bending, and is, as it were, broken at the surface, yet, in pursuing its course to the eye, does not quit a plane perpendicular to the refracting surface. But there are again other substances, such as rock-crystal, and especially Iceland spar, which possess the singular property of doubling the image or appearance of an object seen through them in certain directions; so that instead of seeing one object we see two, side by side, when such a crystal or spar is interposed between the object and the eye: and if a ray, or small sun-beam be thrown upon a surface of either of these substances, it will be split into two, making an angle with each other, and each pursuing its own separate course—this is called double refraction. Now, of these images or doubly refracted rays, one always follows the same rule as if the substance were glass or water: its deviations can be correctly calculated by Snell's law above mentioned, and it does not quit the plane perpendicular to the refracting surface. The other ray, on the contrary, (which is therefore said to have undergone extraordinary refraction) *does* quit that plane, and the amount of its deviation from its former course requires for its determination a much more complicated rule, which cannot be understood or even stated without a pretty intimate knowledge of geometry. Now, rock crystal and Iceland spar, differ from glass in a very remarkable circumstance. They effect naturally certain regular figures, not being formed in shapeless lumps, but in determinate geometrical forms: and they are susceptible of being cleft or split much easier, in certain directions, than in others; they have a grain which glass has not. When other substances having this peculiarity (and which are called crystallized substances) were examined, they were all, or by far the greater part, found to possess the singular property of double refraction: and it was very natural to conclude therefore, that the same thing took place in all of them, viz. that of the two rays, into which any beam of light falling on the surface of such a substance was split, or of the two images of an object seen through it, *one* only was turned aside out of its *plane*, and *extraordinarily* refracted, while the other followed the ordinary rule. Accordingly this was supposed to be the case: and not only so; but from some trials and measurements purposely made, by a philosopher of great eminence, it was considered to be a fact sufficiently established by experiment.

\* Perhaps we might have remained long under this impression, for the measurements are delicate, and the subject very difficult. But it has lately been demonstrated by an eminent French philosopher and mathematician, M. Fresnel, that granting certain principles or postulates, all the phenomena of double refraction, including perhaps the greatest variety of facts that have ever been arranged under one general head, may be satisfactorily explained and deduced from them, by strict mathematical calculation; and that, when applied to the cases, first mentioned, those principles give a satisfactory account of the *want* of the extraordinary image: that, when applied to such cases as those of rock crystal or Iceland spar, they also give a correct account of both the images, and agree in their conclusions with the rules before ascertained for them: but so far from coinciding with that part of the previous statement, which would make these conclusions extend to all crystallized substances, M. Fresnel's principles lead to a conclusion quite opposite, and point to a *fact* which never

had been observed, viz., that in by far the greater number of crystallized substances, which possess the property of double refraction, neither of the images follows the ordinary law, but both undergo a deviation from the original plane. Now, this had never been observed in any previous trial, and all opinion was against it. But when put to the test of experiment in a great variety of new and ingenious methods, it was found to be fully verified: and to complete the evidence, the substances on whose imperfect examination the first erroneous conclusion was founded, having been lately subjected to a fresh and more scrupulous examination, the result has shewn the insufficiency of the former measurements, and proved in perfect accordance with the newly discovered laws. Now, it will be observed in this case, first, that so far from the principles assumed by M. Fresnel being at all obvious, they are extremely remote from ordinary observation: and, secondly, that the chain of reasoning by which they are brought to the test, is one of such length and complexity, and the purely mathematical difficulty of their application so great, that no mere good common sense, no general tact or ordinary practical reasoning, would afford the slightest chance of threading their mazes. Cases like this are the triumph of theories. They shew at once how large a part pure reason has to perform in our examination of nature, and how implicit our reliance ought to be on that powerful and methodical system of rules and processes, which constitute the modern mathematical analysis, in all the more difficult applications of exact calculations to her phenomena.

‘To take an instance more within ordinary apprehension. An eminent living geometer has proved, by calculations founded on strict optical principles, that in the centre of the shadow of a small circular plate of metal, exposed in a dark room to a beam of light emanating from a very small brilliant point, there ought to be no darkness, in fact, *no shadow* at that place; but on the contrary, a degree of illumination precisely as bright as if the metal plate were away. Strange and even impossible as this conclusion may seem, it has been put to the trial, and found perfectly correct.’ —pp. 30—34.

The manner in which the laws of nature become opponents of human exertion on the one hand, and its irresistible auxiliaries on the other, is thus curiously elucidated.

‘If the laws of nature, on the one hand, are invincible opponents, on the other, they are irresistible auxiliaries; and it will not be amiss if we regard them in each of those characters, and consider the great importance of a knowledge of them to mankind,—

‘I. In showing us how to avoid attempting impossibilities.

‘II. In securing us from important mistakes in attempting what is, in itself, possible, by means either inadequate, or actually opposed, to the end in view.

‘III. In enabling us to accomplish our ends in the easiest, shortest, most economical, and most effectual manner.

‘IV. In adducing us to attempt, and enabling us to accomplish, objects which, but for such knowledge, we should never have thought of undertaking.

‘We shall therefore proceed to illustrate by examples the effect of physical knowledge under each of those heads.



' Ex. 1. It is not many years since an attempt was made to establish a colliery at Bexhill, in Sussex. The appearance of thin seams and sheets of fossil-wood and wood-coal, with some other indications similar to what occur in the neighbourhood of the great coal-beds in the north of England, having led to the sinking of a shaft, and the erection of machinery on a scale of vast expense, not less than eighty thousand pounds are said to have been laid out on this project, which, it is almost needless to add, proved completely abortive, as every geologist would have at once declared it must, the whole assemblage of geological facts being adverse to the existence of a regular coal-bed in the Hastings' sand; while this, on which Bexhill is situated, is separated from the coal-strata by a series of interposed beds of such enormous thickness as to render all idea of penetrating through them absurd. The history of mining operations is full of similar cases where a very moderate acquaintance with the usual order of nature, to say nothing of theoretical views, would have saved many a sanguine adventurer from utter ruin.

\* Ex. 2. The smelting of iron requires the application of the most violent heat that can be raised, and is commonly performed in tall furnaces, urged by great iron bellows driven by steam-engines. Instead of employing this power to force air into the furnace through the intervention of bellows, it was, on one occasion, attempted to employ the steam itself, in, apparently, a much less circuitous manner; viz. by directing the current of steam in a violent blast, from the boiler at once into the fire. From one of the known ingredients of steam being a highly inflammable body, and the other that essential part of the air which supports combustion, it was imagined that this would have the effect of increasing the fire to tenfold fury, whereas it simply blew it out; a result which a slight consideration of the laws of chemical combination, and the state in which the ingredient elements exist in steam, would have enabled any one to predict without a trial.

' Ex. 3. After the invention of the diving-bell, and its success in sub-aqueous processes, it was considered highly desirable to devise some means of remaining for any length of time under water, and rising at pleasure without assistance, so as either to examine, at leisure, the bottom, or perform, at ease, any work that may be required. Some years ago, an ingenious individual proposed a project by which this end was to be accomplished. It consisted in sinking the hull of a ship made quite water-tight, with the decks and sides strongly supported by shores, and the only entry secured by a stout trap-door, in such a manner, that by disengaging, from within, the weights employed to sink it, it might rise of itself to the surface. To render the trial more satisfactory, and the result more striking, the projector himself made the first essay. It was agreed that he should sink in twenty-fathoms water, and rise again without assistance, at the expiration of twenty-four hours. Accordingly, making all secure, fastening down his trap-door, and provided with all necessaries, as well as with the means of making signals to indicate his situation, this unhappy victim of his own ingenuity entered and was sunk. No signal was given, and the time appointed elapsed. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness his rising, but in vain; for the vessel was never seen more. The pressure of the water at so great a depth had, no doubt, been completely under-estimated, and the sides of the vessel being at once crushed in, the unfortunate projector perished before he could even make the signal concerted to indicate his distress.

‘Ex. 4. In the granite quarries near Seringapatam, the most enormous blocks are separated from the solid rock by the following neat and simple process. The workman having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface, and marks into a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel, about a couple of inches in depth. Above this groove a narrow line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot full of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pours the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clean fracture. Square blocks of six feet in the side, and upwards of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method, or by another equally simple and efficacious, but not easily explained without entering into particulars of mineralogical detail.

‘Ex. 5. Hardly less simple and efficacious is the process used in some parts of France, where mill-stones are made. When a mass of stone sufficiently large is found, it is cut into a cylinder several feet high, and the question then arises how to subdivide this into horizontal pieces so as to make as many mill-stones. For this purpose horizontal indentations or grooves are chiselled out quite round the cylinder, at distances corresponding to the thickness intended to be given to the mill-stones, into which wedges of dried wood are driven. These are then wetted, or exposed to the night dew, and next morning the different pieces are found separated from each other by the expansion of the wood, consequent on its absorption of moisture; an irresistible natural power thus accomplishing, almost without any trouble, and at no expense, an operation which, from the peculiar hardness and texture of the stone, would otherwise be impracticable but by the most powerful machinery or the most persevering labour.’—pp. 44—48.

Mr. Herschel concludes the first part of his discourse with the following peroration, in which the philosopher exalts so nobly the politician.

‘Finally, the improvement effected in the condition of mankind by advances in physical science, as applied to the useful purposes of life, is very far from being limited to their direct consequences in the more abundant supply of our physical wants, and the increase of our comforts. Great as these benefits are, they are yet but steps to others of a still higher kind. The successful results of our experiments and reasonings in natural philosophy, and the incalculable advantages which experience, systematically consulted and dispassionately reasoned on, has conferred in matters purely physical, tend of necessity to impress something of the well-weighed and progressive character of science on the more complicated conduct of our social and moral relations. It is thus that legislation and politics become gradually regarded as experimental sciences; and history, not, as formerly, the mere record of tyrannies and slaughters, which, by immortalizing the execrable actions of one age, perpetuates the ambition of committing them in every succeeding one, but as the archive of experiments, successful and unsuccessful, gradually accumulating towards the solution of the grand problem—how the advantages of government are to be secured with the least possible inconvenience to the governed. The celebrated



apophthegm, that nations never profit by experience, becomes yearly more and more untrue. Political economy, at least, is found to have sound principles, founded in the moral and physical nature of man, which, however lost sight of in particular measures—however even temporarily controverted and borne down by clamour—have yet a stronger and stronger testimony borne to them in each succeeding generation, by which they must, sooner or later, prevail. The idea once conceived and verified, that great and noble ends are to be achieved, by which the condition of the whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thought, and by a proper adaptation of means, is of itself sufficient to set us earnestly on reflecting what ends are truly great and noble, either in themselves, or as conducive to others of a still loftier character; because we are not now, as heretofore, hopeless of attaining them. It is not now equally harmless and insignificant, whether we are right or wrong; since we are no longer supinely and helplessly carried down the stream of events, but feel ourselves capable of buffetting at least with its waves, and perhaps of riding triumphantly over them: for why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes, should (if permitted and assisted by the providence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest; and ultimately find some means of enabling the collective wisdom of mankind to bear down those obstacles which individual short-sightedness, selfishness, and passion, oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted, and the fairest prospects marred.’—pp. 72—74.

In the second portion of his work, Mr. Herschel enters into a detailed consideration of the principles that are to be adopted in pursuing researches in physical science. He lays down the most approved rules, for practically carrying on this examination of nature—and he shows the propriety, and, indeed, the necessity of these rules, by adverting to the instances of their successful application. This division of the volume is deeply important, and it embraces matter of use and interest for every votary of science whatever be the branch of study he pursues. The third part is devoted to a view of the subdivision of the physical sciences, which are all separately considered, and their reciprocal influence pointed out. The whole is, indeed, as to plan and execution, a master-piece, that reflects the highest honour on the author, not less as a philosopher than as a man.

Perhaps we could not better shew the respect we entertain for Mr. Herschel’s talents, than by pointing out some drawbacks to the pleasure we have received in perusing this volume, and which we are disposed to do the more, because we have no doubt of many opportunities being given to Mr. Herschel to correct this discourse. Portions of the work are not so carefully written as to be easily intelligible to all readers. Some of the sentences are rather too much involved—the relatives and antecedents are sometimes crowded together so thickly in the same period, as that a reader must be pretty expert of apprehension who can, without some hesitation, make a correct distribution of the affinities in it. To

say that Mr. Herschel was always perfect in his definitions too, would be awarding a degree of praise which, it is doubtful, if human fallibility will ever allow any man to deserve. For example, he begins the second chapter of his work in these words:—

‘ Science is the knowledge of *many*, orderly and methodically digested and arranged, so as to become attainable by *one*. The knowledge of reasons and their conclusions constitutes *abstract*, that of causes and their effects, and of the laws of nature, *natural science*.’—p. 18.

This definition seems to be a very singular one, for it makes it necessary that a discovery, in order to become a part of science, must be known to *many* first. Thus Newton’s theory of gravitation could not have been admitted to be science, until the accident of its communication to *many* persons. One would think, that when Newton found it out, it was as much science as ever, and remained so during the time that it was known only to himself.—The second sentence of the above passage is, as it seems to us, wholly inadequate to express the exact meaning of Abstract Science. It consists, not only of the knowledge of reasons and conclusions, but of reasons and conclusions drawn from the contemplation of ideas, having no reference to objects or circumstances, but perfectly abstracted from such.

But there are spots on the sun, and perhaps it is only in the policy of a wise Providence that they are placed there to check the excessive splendour of a luminary, which would otherwise be too powerful for our feeble senses.

ART. XII.—*Report of the Commissioners for the Herring Fishery of their Proceedings for the Year ended 5th April, 1830.* Printed by Order of Parliament. 1830.

THE cessation of the bounty for the encouragement of the fishery having taken place in April, 1830, it may not be useless to direct the public attention to the state of this branch of national industry, in order that we may learn, as much as we can, from experience, what has been the effect of such of the theories of political economy as have been already reduced to practice. It appears from the Report before us, that there were cured in the year ended April, 1830,—329,557 barrels of white herrings—being a decrease, as compared with the number cured in the former year, of 26,422½ barrels. The quantity of cod and ling cured in the last year has increased—it amounting to 104,914 cwts. cured dried—and 5,652½ cwts., and 8,836½ barrels cured in pickle.

From the boat account it appears that 11,199 boats were employed in the shore-curing department of the fishery, manned by 48,699 fishermen, and the total number of persons employed therein was 80,300.



The most interesting part of this Report is the series of observations, which the Commissioners think it proper to make on the effect which the "bounty has produced in raising the character of the British fishery, and in adding to its importance as a branch of national wealth." They state, that when the establishment was instituted, (the office for the herring fishery in Edinburgh, but the date is not stated), it was impossible almost to find a barrel of the legal size of thirty-two gallons. No attention whatever appeared to be paid to the strength of the stave, to the number of hoops, or to the structure of the barrel at all, and hence they were unable to retain the pickle for any time. It was the practice also, at the period alluded to, to attempt to cure the herrings in a lump, without gutting them, or removing the viscera in any manner, and in short, that the methods of catching and curing fish, thus in use, were in a very barbarous and backward state. The present state of the fishery is the reverse of all this. The barrels are of full size, substantially made, and adequately hooped, the seams between the staves are stopped by flags, the gutting is carried on on the most approved principles—and the whole process, from the embarkation of the fisherman to the delivery of the cured fish, is now conducted in a manner that leaves nothing whatever for the most fastidious consumer to complain of.

"All these improvements, together with similar improvements in the cure of cod, ling, or hake," the Commissioners are induced to "ascribe to the effect of the bounty, acting as a stimulus to the curers and other persons engaged in the fishery: and thus inducing them to abandon their long established slovenly practices, and to adopt a more improved system; from a conviction, that unless they did so, the bounty could not be obtained; and it is gratifying to observe, that the utility of these innovations, although at first in many cases denied, is now universally acknowledged. It may also be mentioned as a further benefit arising from the bounties hitherto granted, that by the extension of the fishery consequent thereon, increased means of employment, and an ample supply of wholesome food have been furnished to the labouring classes: that fishing villages have been erected, harbours built, and extensive curing premises raised in the most complete style: and that agriculture has been benefited, and waste land reclaimed, by the use of the offals of the fish as manure, arising from the practice of gutting having become general, in consequence of the bounty being confined to gutted fish alone."

These remarks, we trust, will receive the consideration to which they are entitled, for it certainly ought not to be a slight cause that should compel the legislature to withdraw its encouragement from a branch of industry, when such beneficial consequences have flown from its judicious application.

ART. XIII.—*Lives of the Italian Poets.* By the Rev. Henry Stebbing. M.A., M.R.S.L., with twenty medallion portraits. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Edward Bull. 1831.

THE undying names of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri, would alone be sufficient to give interest and popularity to these volumes, in which Mr. Stebbing has collected with great industry, and arranged with much taste, every thing of importance connected with the biography of those illustrious poets. We are already in possession of their memoirs, published either separately, or prefixed to translations of their various productions. But Mr. Stebbing presents the lives of these, and of several of their poetical countrymen, for the first time in our language, in a combined form; founding his statements upon the best original authorities,—mostly Italian, to which he could have recourse; concentrating his materials within a readable compass, and clothing them in a style at once chaste and luminous.

The life of Dante is so well known, that it needs but a passing notice. Few poets, of any age or nation, have had so many commentators. Professorships were instituted for the purpose of expounding his *Commedia*, and even to the hour in which we write, critics are engaged in controverting the doctrines of each other, respecting the meaning and origin of this extraordinary poem. We perfectly agree with Mr. Stebbing, that these disputes are just as ridiculous, as the commentaries from which they have arisen are burthensome and useless. Does the *Commedia* reflect the poet's character? Does it betray his thoughts, his affections, his virtues, his prejudices? Does it savour strongly of the manners and vices of the age? Above all, is it a poem, and does it carry with it our excited imagination to whatever regions it bends its way? If these be answered, as well they may be, in the affirmative, then away with Ginguene, and all the tribe of theorists by whom he has been preceded and followed! Away with their fanciful, and often very unfanciful, accounts of the origin of this production! We care not whence or why, or how it has come. If it be before us, and we feel that it moves the soul, and surrounds it with a world of living beings, and events called into creation as if by the spell of an enchanter,—that is all that we require; and we give the historical essays that have been written upon it to the winds.

Mr. Stebbing's reasoning upon this subject, seems to us to hit the nail upon the head. The doctrine of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, formed, when Dante wrote, and still form, part of the popular creed of nearly all Europe. Luther was pleased to cut off Purgatory, indeed, although as it was wittily remarked, one might go farther and speed worse. But Dante was a Catholic, and believed in the existence of the three regions, and it was no great difficulty for his imaginative powers to people them with spirits



of his own, and to render them familiar with controversies and subtleties to which few men of education, in those days were strangers. If we give credit to Dante for the genius that has immortalised his poem, it would surely be but a miserable and invidious, as well as unjust, drawback, to say that we are to attribute the design of his work to some happy accident, or to some author who had not half his faculty for invention. Mr. Stebbing, however, deserves to be heard in his own person upon the subject.

‘But it is not in the design, which is far more theological than poetical, that Dante’s genius appears in its splendour. The mysterious path which he pursued, had been in a manner traced out for him, and any disciple of Duns Scotus, or Thomas Aquinas, could have led him through the gloomy regions as well as Virgil. It is not till he has fairly entered upon his track, that he manifests the sovereign power of his mind. We begin our journey with him, as if in company with a cowed ecclesiastic, or metaphysician; but as we proceed, his voice and form seem to change, and as the darkness grows around us, he becomes greater and mightier, till when we enter the deep and woody way, and stand before the gate of the doleful city, we feel as he himself felt, when his great master appeared before him in the solemn stillness of his valley of visions, and amid the forms that made even the air seem to tremble.

‘The distinguishing characteristic of Dante’s poetry, through far from wanting in occasional passages of exquisite tenderness and beauty, is its sublimity, and hence, by general consent, the *Inferno* is placed at an almost immeasurable distance above the other two parts of the *Commedia*, which required a milder and more brilliant fancy. In respect to sublimity, Dante has but one superior, our own Milton. The scenes he depicts have the terrible distinctness of places beheld in a vivid dream; the language of his personages makes an equally powerful impression on the mind; it is short, pointed, and abrupt, and such as we might expect to hear from miserable beings dreading the fiery lash of pursuing demons, but retaining their sense of human sympathy. The same power appears in his comparisons as in the main subjects of the description. Over the images drawn from natural objects, or real occurrences, he flings the gloom, or the lurid light of his subterranean caverns, rendering, at the same time, the abodes of condemned spirits the more terrible by the contrast of things still earthly and embodied. This sublimity, it is true, is far from being constantly sustained, and the verse not frequently falls off into a style as cold and harsh as it is obscure and unaffecting. But, in the first place, it was not possible that he should be always alike elevated; and in the next, both the object of his poem, the learning which filled his mind, and the literary taste of the age, would lead him into most of the faults which disfigure the *Commedia* in the eye of a modern reader.

‘It may, however, be questioned, whether the sublimity of Dante is ever of that high and moral species which, it may be said, affects the soul as well as the imagination, and diffuses over it that solemn tranquillity of thought which gives, at the same time, the highest moral as well as intellectual delight. The scenes and objects which he describes, are clear and palpable; their very sublimity depends on their distinctness, and the emotions produced are akin to what they would be were the representation real; but it is not

the most distinct view of a terrible object which excites the greatest terror ; and deep and powerful, therefore, as is the impression made by Dante's images, it is inferior to that which is felt in the perusal of the *Paradise Lost*. Milton described scenes of physical torture and misery ; we see the condemned writhing beneath the infliction ; the fiery soil is palpable ; the darkness visible ; the raging of the hail and lightning "shot after them in storm" is audible ; but the sensible perception of these things is overpowered by the sublimer spiritual feeling which the moral grandeur of his sentiments never fails to inspire. Dante equalled Milton in the one respect, but not in the other, which gave to the English bard a diviner character than was ever attained by any other mortal poet.—vol. i. pp. 69—71.

Petrarch, emphatically the poet of love, was originally intended for the law. Virgil and Cicero were, however, greatly preferred by him to the commentaries on Justinian. His tastes were fortunate for the revival of literature in Europe, to which they most essentially contributed. He was indefatigable and very successful in collecting manuscript copies of the ancient writers, and in multiplying them at his own expense. Some critics have assured us that his passion for Laura was merely platonic—an ideal flame, like that which animated the philosophers of old in their pursuit of truth, which they invested with a form of captivating beauty. We own that we adhere to this opinion, which derives support from the sonnets which Petrarch addressed to Laura ; poems which, to our thinking, breathe any thing, save the glowing attachment of a heart deeply engaged in its passion. It is agreed, at all events, that upon the lady's side no encouragement was given to any stronger feeling. Though married to a most ungracious person, Ugo de Sade, who to his other disagreeable qualifications added that of a lively jealousy, the beautiful Laura appears to have abashed the hopes of all her profane lovers, for there were several of them, by what Mr. Stebbing very characteristically terms her 'pure and serene virtue.' We must give his description of Petrarch's celebrated retreat, Vacluse, which, though the frequent haunt of disappointed swains and poetical tourists, has never been more clearly pictured to the eye, than it is in the following passage.

\* It is to this period also we are to assign the commencement of his visits to Vacluse, for which he had expressed so great an admiration in his earliest youth, and which the state of his feelings now rendered peculiarly attractive. In his travels he had wandered with delight over the most solitary tracts of country ; the gloom of forests, the most deserted plains, the wildest and most rocky valleys, giving him more pleasure than gay and splendid cities ; and though naturally timid and averse to enterprise, he passed through several dangerous provinces without company or protection. In the vale of Vacluse, he found a solitude as complete as that of more distant wilds, and that mixture of gloom and beauty which favours by turns the indulgence of passion and the visitations of fancy. This retreat, which was already famous for the singular attractions of its scenery, but has been rendered



so much more so by Petrarch, is situated at the foot of Monte Ventoso, and is watered by the river Sorga, which here divides itself into several streams. Precipitous rocks rise around its fountain, which thus protected and being singularly pure and limpid, might well seem to a poetic eye to have something sacred in its waters. Soon after the stream overflows the chasm into which the spring empties itself, it is hurled down the rocky heights with a fearful noise, which strangely contrasts with the perfect silence and tranquillity of the basin in which the waters are collected. Above this bed of the fountain swells a cliff of prodigious height, the dark and sterile sides of which throw a constant shade over the waters; at its base it opens into a double cavern, which, when the stream is low, can be entered, and to which few other spots in the world may be compared for gloom and desolateness. A degree of mystery also attends the fountain, which increases the solemnity of the scene. It has never, it is said, been fathomed, but rising without noise or bubble, seems to have its origin in the very foundations of the globe. The small patches of ground left open among the cliffs are luxuriously fertile, and are covered, or at least were so in the time of Petrarch, with olives, and the richest vegetation. In the distance, a wide and delicious prospect opposes itself to the rude rocks which occupy nearly the whole valley of Vacluse, and the dews and frequent showers for which the neighbourhood is noted, temper the summer heats so as to render it constantly cool and fragrant.—vol. i. pp. 98—100.

We apprehend that, if the truth were known, much of the feeling which attached Petrarch to Vacluse, arose from the natural beauty of the place, and from his real passion for the occupations of literature. His sonnets to Laura obtained for him a reputation that made his name known throughout Italy, although they are far from being his best productions. The desire to cultivate this fame, and to produce compositions of a still higher order, as well as a little spice of singularity, may sufficiently account for his sojourns at Vacluse, without supposing that he was constantly babbling to echo, to the streams and trees, of the divine Laura. In fact, he had also errors to atone for, for his passions were not in every instance platonic upon his side, or discouraged upon that of the other sex; and it was the spirit of the age to fly to solitude, when works of penance were to be performed. At Vacluse, he had the opportunity of making war upon his senses. He resided in a cottage adjoining that of an old fisherman, whose wife was his only attendant, and whose person enkindled no temptations. His only companion was his dog, and his diet was confined to coarse bread, figs, almonds, and the crystal spring. But, says Mr. Stebbing, 'he found ample employment for his thoughts as he wandered through the valley, thinking of his Laura!' It is very amiable of Mr. Stebbing to suppose so, and no doubt it is very romantic to say so; but we would suggest with great deference to the authorities, and particularly to the Abbé de Sade, that literature and religion were the great occupiers of his thoughts at Vacluse. There were his grand projects to be executed—his *History of Rome in Latin*, and his intended epic poem, of which *Scipio Africanus* was to

have been the hero. "The history," he says himself, in one of his epistles, "would be a long one, should I attempt to relate all I did there; this, however, I may say, that whatever works I shall leave behind me, were either done, commenced, or conceived there." We are surprised to find a man of Mr. Stebbing's good sense, copying all the nonsense which the Abbé de Sade has written upon this subject. According to that worthy chronicler, "Laura desired to be loved by Petrarch, but never to hear him speak of his love! She treated him with the greatest rigour, when he attempted to tell his passion; but when she saw him despairing, and ready to abandon all hope, she reanimated him by some slight favour—a look, or a single word. This alternative, of great punishments amid little favours, so distinctly indicated in Petrarch's poems, is the key to Laura's whole conduct." To such an extent does the Abbé push this theory, that he represents his hero as sometimes restored to youth by a smile from Laura, and sometimes reduced by her power to the verge of the grave; and indeed he assures us that the lover's sonnets express, as in a chronological table, every shade of hope or despair, which he caught from her countenance. This is hardly less amusing than the gravity with which Mr. Stebbing combats the latter part of the Abbé's system. He believes in every thing, except the "chronological table!"

The life of Petrarch, which fills up a considerable proportion of the first volume, is followed by that of Boccaccio. He also was brought up to the study of the law, for which he had no more fancy than Petrarch, the great idol of his admiration. He, too, had his mistress, the Princess Mary, a natural daughter of Robert, then King of Naples, a lady who, according to all accounts, though married, was not an imitator of the 'pure and serene virtue' of Laura. The consequence is, that she appears in the poems of Boccaccio in any light save that of an angel. The poems of this writer are degraded by frequent licentiousness; and, indeed, are happily not much known in this country, where he is chiefly famed as the author of the *Decameron*. Mr. Stebbing justly praises the description of the plague at Florence, which is contained in the introduction to that work; and not less justly adds, that 'on the darkest and most terrific foreground which painter ever employed, he drew an infinite variety of the gayest and most graceful forms, of landscapes the most charming, and incidents the most amusing, that the human fancy could create.' But he also denounces, with becoming energy, the depraved taste which has left a leaven of corruption in that celebrated work.

It would have been fortunate, if our mention of the *Decameron* might be limited to this remark; but, to the regret of every lover of elegant literature, and to the loss of Boccaccio, who has missed thereby the smiles and praises of many eyes and hearts, to which he might have ministered gladness—this celebrated work is replete with the grossest of licentious thought, and sometimes leaves a feeling of disgust in the mind, from which



it must get free before it can derive any pleasure from the purer and exquisitely written passages which follow. All that has been said by the defenders of Boccaccio, against the reproaches with which critics of the soundest judgment have visited him, amount to nothing more than that an author is justified, if the manners of his age be licentious, in writing licentiously. There is only one case in which the manners of the age can prove an excuse for licentiousness in the compositions of contemporary authors, and it is when their intellects are so blinded by the example of their countrymen, that they are unable to see the gross corruption in which they are involved. But this bad excuse cannot be made in favour of Boccaccio. Amid all his gallantries he retained the clearest apprehension of what was morally good or evil. No mind that has lost this delicacy of moral vision can call into being the fair and gentle images which waited obedient on his pen. It was, therefore, only to pamper the corrupt taste of Naples and Florence, that he marred his *Decameron*: and this was done with his eyes open to the evils which that corruption was on all sides producing—sending a scorpion into the bosom of every family, and threatening the already tottering fabric of civil society with utter and irremediable ruin. Boccaccio was, it is true, neither a philosopher nor a moralist, at the time when he wrote this far-famed work; but he was a man of clear good sense, as well as imagination, and he was the citizen of a state suffering under the most appalling calamities, in both which characters he sinned as deeply as author ever did against the laws of humanity. It is fortunate for our esteem for him as a man, though it can avail nothing for the work itself, that he was himself, in subsequent years, one of the the severest censors of his *Decameron*.—vol. i. pp. 227—229.

Boccaccio did as much for the Greek, as Petrarch for the Latin, classics. He laboured with extraordinary zeal in collecting manuscripts; he established a Greek professorship in Florence; he supported the professor, Leontio Pilato, in his own house, and employed him, at his own expense, upon a Latin translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. To such an extent did he carry his enthusiasm in the cause of Greek literature, that it nearly ruined his fortune. In this situation, abandoned by all his friends except Petrarch, he exhibited the noblest spirit of independence, worthy of Petrarch himself, and of the eloquent eulogy which Mr. Stebbing bestows upon it.

‘We cannot sufficiently admire this trait of character, so conspicuous in these great men, and which, from Dante downwards, was the characteristic of Italy’s worthiest sons. There is no passage in their noblest works which so affects the mind with delight as their examples of independence. They were admired and courted by princes; they were the frequent residents of palaces; were tempted to become courtiers, not merely by offers of wealth or advancement, but by personal flatteries! and they might, if they had chosen, been conspicuous in the councils as well as courts of kings: but nothing could tempt them from their independence. We see them passing on from court to court, conversing with their princely hosts as if they had been prophets sent with lessons of wisdom, and then taking their farewell, unchanged in their manners, and with the same free look and spirit as they bore when they arrived.’—vol. i. pp. 245, 246.

To the memory of the magnificent Lorenzo de Medici, Mr. Stebbing has paid the compliment of inserting a sketch of his life among those of the Italian poets. Although a prince of great intelligence, for the age in which he lived, and whose protection of literature must endear his name to every age, we do not think that his poetical productions are entitled to all the praises which Mr. Roscoe has bestowed upon them. His principal merit, in this respect, is, that he helped, by his exertions, to reform the poetical literature of his country, which, in the interval that had elapsed since the days of Petrarch, had degenerated into conceit, or mere imitation of the ancients. It is truly remarked, that 'Lorenzo was among the first who set the fountain free again, and that from his time, and greatly owing to his taste and genius, the Italian muse became conscious of the purity and sacredness of her native Helicon.'

Angiolo Poliziano, we are afraid, might have been justly classed among the other poets, whom Mr. Stebbing has passed over, as either 'wholly unknown or wholly uninteresting to the English reader.' Boiardo stands in a similar predicament. Sannazzaro's fame is confined to a very narrow circle, composed exclusively of scholars, who have sufficient knowledge and taste to appreciate his Latin poems; especially that entitled "*De Partu Virginis*," which it cost him twenty years to finish. He and his contemporary Vida, the author of the "*Cristiade*," are acknowledged, upon all hands, to be the best writers of Latin verse who have appeared in Europe since the revival of literature. We do not perceive that Mr. Stebbing has been able to add any new particulars to those of which the public have long been in possession, relative to the lives of Ariosto and Torquato Tasso. The other poets, of whom he has given biographical sketches, are Bembo, Vittoria Colonna, Aretius, Bernardo Tasso, Trissino, Berni, Alamanni, Guarini, Chiabrera, Tassoni, Marini, Murtola, Stigliani, Achillini, Preti, Testi, Metastasio, Zeno, Filicaia, Guidi, Frugoni, Parini, and Alfieri. The industrious author might, if he had so wished, have extended the list of his Italian poets; indeed it may be doubted, whether he has not devoted too much attention to the minor bards, seeing that there are many, of whom he has written, who have not even the slightest chance of exciting interest in the mind of an English reader. Among these, of course, we do not class Metastasio, or Alfieri, the former celebrated as the father of opera, the latter the best tragic poet of whom Italy can boast.

The parents of Metastasio were the owners of a little booth at Rome, in which they sold oil, meal, and other small matters of that kind. They employed their little gains in giving a liberal education to their son, whose talents were conspicuous at an early age. When a boy, he often gratified his friends, by singing extempore verses, and was thus occupied one evening at the door of the booth, when Gravina, the celebrated lawyer, happening to pass by, was



attracted by the musical sound of his voice, and the originality of his verses. Such was the impression which they made upon him, that he offered to take the child home, and to provide for him—a proposition which the poor people gladly accepted. Gravina thought that he should best consult the interests of the youth, by educating him for his own profession. To this plan Metastasio reluctantly yielded. Before he was twenty years old, his patron died, leaving him a handsome fortune, by which he was enabled to give up his pursuit of the law, and to indulge in the charms of poetry and society. The latter became so expensive, that it considerably diminished his wealth, and having a due horror of poverty, he proceeded to Naples, in order to resume his professional studies. While engaged in these, he was tempted, by the Viceroy, to write an opera. He produced the "*Orti Esperidi*," which gained him so much fame, that it determined the direction of the remainder of his life in that path of composition, which has borne his name to every part of the civilized world, and enabled him to bequeath, at his death (April, 1782), to a family whom he tenderly esteemed, a fortune of 130,000 florins, the fruits of his own exertions. Mr. Stebbing's concluding observations upon his character and genius are judicious, and well expressed.

‘ Metastasio’s claims to the celebrity he enjoys, are of that indisputable nature which always, more or less, belongs to those which are founded on originality. He created by his genius a new era in the literature of Italy, and one which, had he been followed by men whose abilities were at all comparable to his own, would have merited the praises of those who now limit them to the works he himself produced. It is not difficult to imagine how great must have been the excitement occasioned by his operas, when they were first represented. Dramatic poetry had never yet flourished in Italy: there was too great a want of boldness in the writers, and of freedom and spirit among the people for its rise, till some surpassing—some more than ordinarily vigorous genius should spring up, and burst through the bonds of conventional feeling, a corrupted taste, and a degrading tyranny at the same instant. Metastasio was not a genius of this order, or his personal character, which constitutes the body as it were through which genius operates, would not suffer him to attempt such an object. But if he wanted that nervousness and freedom of spirit so essential to a dramatic writer of the highest class, he possessed all the other requisites of a Dramatist—pure moral feeling, a quick conception of what is noblest in human character, and a thorough understanding of the motives which impel the basest to action; he had a command over his language which enabled him to paint the various passions in the most appropriate colours; he knew by the constant exercise of that internal sight which seems peculiar to dramatic genius, what conceptions of his mind could be properly made visible to the outward eye, and under what forms they should appear; his own heart was keenly susceptible of those emotions which it is the province of the drama to excite; he was passionately fond of all the brilliant accompaniments which characterized the scenic representations of his age and country; and lastly, he was profoundly versed in the study of the

greatest dramatic authors of antiquity, and of the Corneilles and the Racines of modern times.

\* It was with these advantages of talent and education that he undertook to obey the commands of the Viceroy of Naples, and it is not impossible that the particular circumstances under which he had to make the first trial of his genius, tended to confine it to that class of composition on which he continued to expend its highest energies. The popular dramas of the age were little superior, in their intellectual character, to the public shows and processions which amused the people in the streets; their principal interest, as has been said, was dependant on the music and scenery, and the author who could bring the gayest pageants into his piece, seems to have stood the best chance of amusing his audience. The genius of Metastasio disdained to imitate the puerile and insipid writers who had preceded him, but he was obliged to obey the long-formed taste of the public, and hence he produced a species of drama which combined all that could charm and fascinate the senses with as much of intellectual power and beauty as the minds of his audience were capable of comprehending. Music and scenery still exercised their magic influence, but poetry asserted its supremacy; the senses were still lulled into rapture by exquisite harmony and gorgeous displays, but the passions were roused, and pity and terror kept awake to distinct objects of thought by the force of language. His productions, therefore, for a people intellectually and morally constituted like his audience, were perfect; and the influence they exercised at Naples, they exercised at Rome, and at Vienna, and will exercise wherever the character of the court or people may be compounded of similar attributes to that of the Neapolitan when he wrote.

\* It is in the same manner we may account for that mixture of love adventures and amatory complaints in almost all the dramas of this great author, with representations of the noblest characters, and the most exalted and animating moral sentiments. He owed a great part of his original success to that mixture; and success such as he enjoyed was sufficient with a man of Metastasio's character to make him contented to pursue the plan on which he began to write. So strikingly was the susceptibility of the public displayed in this respect, that at the performance of his *Dido at Rome*, the applause of the audience at the speech of the Queen, "*Son regina, e sono amante*," was so violent, that it seemed as if the theatre was shaken from its foundations, and the Abate Cordara remarks that his ecclesiastical habit not suffering him to go to the theatre, he could catch, as it were, the rumour from his cell, for nothing was talked of in Rome for several days but that drama.—vol. iii. pp. 234—238.

The life of Alfieri (born on the 17th January, 1749) is one of more than ordinary interest. He was a native of Asti in Piedmont, and the descendant of a noble and wealthy family. He has left us a biography of himself, which is remarkable for its honesty and candour. He discloses all the errors and follies of his youth, describes the course of his imperfect education, his career in the army, his travels to France, Holland, England, and Spain, and the commencement and progress of his tragic compositions, in a style of frankness that is highly interesting. Mr. Stebbing has selected his details with his usual judgment and taste. We must, however,



confine ourselves to a short view of Alfieri's literary and personal character.

' The character of Alfieri has been already sufficiently displayed ; and the same expression may be applied to it which has been used to distinguish the style of his writings, namely, that it has not the appearance of a coloured surface, but of a substance that has been cut with a sharp and fearless graver. We cannot, unfortunately, trace any signs of religious feeling in his Confessions ; and there are, it is to be regretted, too many incidents in his life which admit of no justification, and which even bring into doubt the very qualities for which we are most inclined to admire him. Frankness, generosity, freedom of thought, and a love of truth, must have but a weak hold of the heart that can easily practise all the opposite vices to gain some object of licentious desire. Something, however, must be allowed to Alfieri in palliation of his errors. As a man of the world merely, he would not have had this apology ; but, as an Italian noble, bred up with little knowledge of rational religion, and left free, at an early age, to form his own principles, he must be judged with far less severity than should have been the case had he grown up to manhood in a country where morality has a more healthful nourishment than in Italy. There are, moreover, many points in Alfieri's character which engage our affections on his side. There was a degree of grandeur in his love of independence, which we cannot contemplate without a glow of admiration ; while the deep melancholy with which he was habitually affected, and which sent him to muse so often " in lone cathedral aisles," or exposed him to an afflicting violence of passion, tempers our admiration of his free spirit, of the generosity of his nature, and of the strength of mind he displayed in his studies, with a feeling of pity, which presents the sublime and retiring poet to our imagination as one of the men, whom, of all others, we should choose to point out as a type or embodied image of his own tragedies.

' As an author, Alfieri is justly placed among the greatest of his countrymen, with whom, in point of sentiment and elevation of feeling, he may stand the most severe comparison. It was, indeed, to his power of delineating the passions which most strongly affect the human heart, that he owed his excellence ; and knowing this, he intuitively placed his trust, not in a complication of incidents, or variety of personages, but in the energy with which he could inspire the few characters he introduced, and concentrate in a simple plot, and by his skill in the exhibition of passion, the most commanding and elevating sentiments.

' Besides his tragedies, Alfieri wrote a variety of minor poems, several satires, a melo-tragedy, entitled " The Death of Abel," the prose treatises " Della Tirannide," and " Il Principe e le Lettere," both directed against arbitrary power ; a volume to which he gave the name of " Misogallo," from the heterogeneous matter of its contents ; the comedies above mentioned, and several translations from the classics. These various works exhibit very different degrees of merit. His comedies and most of his miscellanea are considered wholly unworthy of his name. Only a few of his satires are exempted from the same censure ; but his prose works are celebrated for the strong and unaffected language in which they are written. Of the translations, that which he made of Sallust is esteemed one of the

best versions that exist of any author, or in any language: while that which he executed of Virgil, though three times attempted, is equally poor and spiritless. When it is considered at what a comparatively late period Alfieri commenced these labours, how highly must we estimate the natural power and moral strength of his intellect, thus original and thus resolute and laborious!—vol. iii. pp. 358—361.

The medallion portraits which are prefixed to the biographical sketches in these volumes, are not to our taste; much below the present state of the arts in this country, they appear to us more a blemish than an ornament. For these unnecessary appendages, Mr. Stebbing is, however, we suppose, not responsible. He has executed his part of the work with a degree of success which must give him a name, and a station in our literature. It is particularly creditable to his character, as an author, that he has omitted no opportunity, of throwing into relief every amiable trait in the subjects of his labour; that he has never shrunk from denouncing what was immoral in their lives, or from applauding what was virtuous.

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ART. XIV.—*The Romance of History—France.* By Leitch Ritchie. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Edward Bull. 1831.

WE should have thought Mr. Ritchie one of the last persons practiced in English literature, who ought to have been selected to write either a romance or a history, much less a combination of both. His imagination is so limited and so unpoetical, that wherever the use of that faculty is required, he must necessarily fail. His taste is so little under the control of judgment, that he never hesitates to place before the eyes of his readers objects of the most revolting nature, in the minute description of which he seems to enjoy peculiar satisfaction. His prejudices are so violent, upon subjects of religion and government, that he reads history through a distorted medium, and disfigures what he has read by the grossest misrepresentations. He speaks of the religion of Christ as he would of that of Mahomet or of Juggernaut; he undertakes to denounce institutions, of which he is evidently ignorant, and to deal his conceited censures upon whole classes of men, whom, in no very courtly phrase, he calls "thieves" and "vagabonds." We do not know to what extent he believes or disbelieves in the existence of a God; but in the present work, as well as in some of his other writings, he betrays a malignant feeling with respect to Christianity, which, to our minds is, we confess it, even as a mere matter of taste, exceedingly disgusting.

This gentleman, it appears, has been for some time a resident of France, where he, very probably, found much to admire in its revived schools of philosophy—schools, which we regret, for the sake even of liberty, to say, are daily making progress in the old paths that



led the nation at one time to enthrone Reason upon the altars of Faith,—schools, which are already attracting within their destructive vortex, the youth of the country, and threaten to renew the horrors and anarchy of the Revolution. If Mr. Ritchie thinks that he is likely to succeed in propagating in England the doctrines of his French associates, he will find himself wretchedly mistaken. We warn him, in time, against the course he is pursuing. Literature is his trade, to its resources he looks for a competency; but if he once make a decided impression upon the public mind, of a character incompatible with the respect which we all feel for the great truths of Christianity, he will see himself eventually abandoned to the fate of the Taylors and the Carliles. He may write on; but no man of respectability will be his publisher.

Mr. Ritchie does not want talent. There is a certain appearance of cleverness in whatever he does. He has no wit, no humour of any kind, nor, as we conceive, any fancy. His style is rudely formed, like that of a self-educated writer. Yet it is marked by ability, and strength, and great clearness; and, though it is seldom pleasing in itself, and never idiomatic, it is generally within the jurisdiction of grammatical authority. It is a style that we may tolerate, but not admire: it wants the sterling impress of our language.

The tales which these three volumes contain, are intended by the author to "present a succession of romantic pictures, illustrative of the historical manners of the French nation." They are preceded, or followed, by historical summaries; and setting out from the age of Charlemagne, terminate with that of Louis XIV. As pictures of the manners of a nation, which, almost through the whole of that period, was composed of provinces widely differing from each other in many essential respects, these compositions can deserve but little credit. As tales, calculated to amuse, they may while away an idle hour. The reader shall judge for himself, from the few extracts to which we are necessarily limited.

The story of Eriland's adventures, is by no means the worst in the collection. It is founded upon one of the invasions, to which Paris was so liable, from the Danish or Norman pirates, in the ninth century. On one of these occasions, when the city was actually besieged by the workmen, Eriland, a German by descent, and a cordial hater of the French, is supposed to have tendered his assistance to the governor, the Count Odon, which was gladly accepted. The influence exercised by the Count's sister, the fair Adele, upon the young defenders of Paris, roused them to deeds of more than common daring. Upon every soldier, save Eriland, her eyes wrought an enchanting effect. He alone resisted the spell, for a while; but even he found that he must yield to it, when he was marked out, by Adele herself, as her favourite. She was, however, to be propitiated by no common means.

"Listen, Sirs," said she to the gallant band of adventurers, who were

preparing for a sally on the following morning—"there is one thing I had forgotten—a very trifle, it is true, and hardly worth the asking, but there may be some one here who will condescend to the task for the sake of Adele."

"Name it!—name it!" cried the chiefs, and the circle narrowed round her as they spoke.

"There is a tent," she continued, "at the eastern angle of the Norman camp, distinguished from the rest by the splendour of its appearance, and the wide open area that encircles it, guarded by a double wall of huts. Except on particular nights, when the idolatrous fires are blazing, and the heathens gather into this enclosure for the performance of their unholy rites, the sole inhabitants of the tent are an aged woman of lofty stature, and a young child. The former appears to be even as a priestess among this unbelieving people, and either the mother of the infant or a nurse appointed to tend and care for him." Adele paused, and glanced carelessly round among the crowd of admiring hearers.

"Speak!" cried they with one voice; "command, we are ready!"

"I would that some one," said the spoiled beauty, "would bring me that Pagan boy for a foot-page!" The chiefs were silent, some from surprise, and some in the belief that she had spoken in jest, so madly desperate did the enterprise appear; but the next moment Eriland stepped into the circle.

"Madam," said he, with a low obeisance, "if I return from to-morrow's sally a living man, I will lay that infant at your feet!" A flush of triumph rose into Adele's face, but was instantaneously succeeded by a deadly paleness. Her brother's eyes were observed to sparkle, and his cheek to glow, as he looked on at a little distance,—and perhaps at that moment he beheld the first phantom-gleam of the kingly crown which was destined one day to alight upon the brow of the Count of Paris. Eriland retired when he had spoken, amidst the applause of the ladies and the concealed ridicule of the chiefs, and immediately after, warned by the usual evening blast from the ramparts, the assembly broke up.—vol. i. pp. 138—140.

The sally was made the next morning, and conducted with great courage. Among the foremost in the field was Eriland; the French compelled the invaders to take refuge in their camp, and the victory was proclaimed, when Eriland, recollecting his pledge to Adele, penetrated the hostile camp alone, and directed his steps towards the tent, in which the child was to be found. He saw the babe sleeping, snatched it up in his arms, and was about to fly with his precious burthen, when the mother appeared. He resisted her lance and her fury, but, conquered by her tears, he restored her child, and effected his escape, by the assistance of a gigantic Norman, its father. But upon appearing before his mistress, without the child, he learned his condemnation at once from her frowns, and having no longer any motive for action, he became so listless, as to obtain the nickname of the *Fainéant Cavalier*. He lived under the hope, however, of encountering some adventure which should restore him to favour, and an opportunity soon presented itself. The Normans, finding all other means of reducing the city ineffectual, constructed an infernal machine, which they contrived



to send floating down the Seine. The French, at first, hardly noticed it, not dreading any mischief from such a cumbersome vessel. The results are related by Mr. Ritchie.

‘ That night, when the city was buried in the profound sleep of fancied security, a fierce and sudden blast from the walls startled the inhabitants. Echoed almost instantaneously from tower to tower, the sound became more alarming, and in a few minutes the ramparts were crowded with gazers. The night was dark, and gusty; and if the stir on the walls did not drown the sounds without, all was silent in the enemy’s camp. Nothing could at first be descried indicative of danger, till, following the finger of the sentinels with their eyes, the chiefs discovered a black and undefined object moving on the water towards the bridge. Cursing the imprudence which had interrupted the salutary custom of kindling alarm fires on the ramparts, they flung down some lighted torches, which exhibited for an instant, before hissing in the water, the mysterious bark moved along by men swimming at the sides.

‘ A shower of arrows was immediately directed towards the strange visitor, but apparently without effect, for it continued its crawling motion, undisturbed; and at length, as the besieged succeeded in kindling a strong blaze on the wall near the bridge, the line of swimmers was observed to be unbroken.

‘ By the assistance of the light, however, which was now flung steadily upon the river, the firing was renewed with greater success both from the walls and the wooden tower, and one by one this forlorn hope of the Normans was picked off from the vessel’s side. The men, as they were struck, loosed their holds without a struggle, tumbled for a moment on the surge, and died in silence. Only a single swimmer remained of all the desperate crew, as the bark reached the bridge; the arrows sung round his head for some moments without effect; but at length when his vessel ran foul of the wooden work of the construction, which was raised from a stone foundation reaching to the water’s edge, he too fell headlong into the river, and his body was washed ashore on the opposite side, where it lay motionless on the stones like a spectator of the event.

‘ A shout rose from the people on the bridge and the walls as they witnessed this event, and they watched a few moments, in joyful expectation of seeing the fateful boat drift harmless down the tide. It had already, however, been made fast, and with every rise of the surge some new part of the machinery became entangled with the bridge, from which the defenders fled in dismay, some taking refuge in the city, and some in the wooden tower.

‘ The eyes of the besiegers were fixed by a kind of fascination upon the black and fearful object which thus held in its grim embrace the access to the city, and the connecting link between the latter and its hitherto impregnable tower of defence. The moment was awful, but although pregnant with alarm, was still not destitute of hope. The train which doubtless lurked in the vessel was apparently unfired. A second shout burst from the lips of the besieged, as the conviction seemed to dart simultaneously upon their minds, and the bridge was again manned, and the hasty blows of stakes and hatchets resounded on all sides.

Presently, however, some of the men engaged in this service were seen

to sink fainting upon the bridge, and two or three tumbled headlong into the river. The whole at length fled hastily from a suffocating stench which rose from the vessel, more terrible than the weapons of human enemies; and the defensive operations were confined to a discharge of stones, beams of timber, and buckets of water from the walls.

A vapour was soon observed rising as if from under the bridge, thin and pale like the fog in the dawn; but gradually its colour darkened, and it mounted in slow successive columns for a considerable distance, then opened, spread, and fell in showers of thick smoke over the river and city. Gleaming like stars through this ominous cloud, a multitude of lights now appeared at once in the direction of the Norman fleet, although their encampment still lay as before shrouded in darkness, and the besieged, divided between the perils of fire and sword, scarcely knew on which side to turn. The dark body of smoke which hung over the bridge and the river in one undistinguishable mass, was at length illumined by some faint flashes of light; these became broader and brighter, till blending as if into one, they rose in a single stupendous column to the heavens, and revealed to the spectators, with all the precision of daylight, the details of the scene.

‘The mysterious bark, though rent and shattered, still held on with a death-grip to the bridge; and the starting and splitting timbers of the latter seemed to shrink and shriek with fear and agony. In some places the fire had fairly caught; and although there the flames were speedily extinguished by the torrents of water discharged from above, yet the wood continued to burn with a fierce red heat. Every thing served to convince the French that the critical moment was arrived, and a fresh detachment of the bravest of the garrison was sent to the fatal bridge, where suffocation was to be dared in so many shapes of smoke, water, and stench.

‘The last and most terrible of all these, however, was now at an end; and the air, purified by the mightier demon of fire, threatened destruction only by intensity of heat. The blows and shouts, therefore, of the French rang fast and furious over the river; and although sometimes a cavalier was forced to fly to one of the sides to inhale the fresh air, he invariably returned to the attack with redoubled vigour.”—vol. i. pp. 169—174.

Adele, who beheld this spectacle with dismay, was astonished at the indifference with which it was viewed by Eriland. Suspecting that the Norman, who was thrown upon the bank by the current, had again obtained footing in the machine, which was evidently directed by some other power than that of chance, she watched it with intense anxiety.

Eriland soon understood her looks, and once more tempted his fortune by hastening to the scene of danger; but again he was foiled at the very moment when glory seemed to be within his grasp. The director of the machine, happened to be the same Norman to whom he was already indebted for his life; it would have been dishonourable not to spare his life in return. One more chance fell to the lot of Eriland. The Seine was swelled by an inundation to such a height, that the bridge and the tower by which it was defended, were in momentary danger of being carried away. The



tower was garrisoned by eleven cavaliers, who upon being recalled by the Governor, refused to leave their post, determined to die sooner than abandon it. In the height of the flood, the Normans attacked the tower; Eriland flew to the assistance of the cavaliers, and after a deadly combat, he alone survived the slaughter of his brave companions. No spectator on the walls of Paris witnessed the conflict with more anxious solicitude than Adele, who under the influence of her affection, resolved to share his fate.

'In loose attire she rushed wildly towards the city gates—The postern door was thrown open at her bidding, when Adele stepping into a boat, that lay moored to a neighbouring bank, she seized the oar and pushed out into the stream. After a brief but most perilous voyage she reached the opposite shore, and there sought her lover amongst the dead and dying cavaliers. She at length found him, and both being generously protected by the Norman, effected a safe retreat.

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'The first blow struck at the lovers was warded off by the Herculean arm of one who till the moment had appeared to be the most eager of the blood-hounds; and as the weapon shivered upon his brawny limbs, the Norman giant, sweeping his club round his head, shouted to the pursuers in a voice of thunder to forbear. Crouching back at the sound, the crowd stood amazed and irresolute for a moment; but soon breaking into loud murmurs, they caught up stones and burning fragments of the ruins, and prepared to discharge the mortal shower upon their victims.

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"'Forbear!' was uttered again at the instant by a voice shriller and still more startling than that of the giant; and the Norman priestess, rising as if from the smoking ruins, held forth the young child as a shield between the Christians and their doom. Adele, clasping her lover still more closely, half dragged him down the uneven descent; and followed by their protectress covering their retreat, and at a cautious distance by the whole body of the barbarous host, whose mingled shouts of wonder, rage, and superstitious terror drowned the ear and appalled the heart, she at length gained the bank. They entered the boat, and she allowed the exhausted warrior to sink upon the beams; then, with one gesture of devoted gratitude to her preservers—one sob from her full heart—and one gush of tears from her dim eyes, she pushed out into the river, and reached the opposite shore in safety.'—vol. i. pp. 196, 197.

The consequences may be anticipated; the pair were united with the consent of the count of Paris, who afterwards became king of France.

This story forms a tolerable specimen of the kind of ability with which Mr. Ritchie has executed his task. The 'Man Wolf' and the 'King of the Beggars' are also very striking sketches of the olden times in France; but we must protest against the taste which has induced the author to describe the rags and ulcers of the sturdy mendicants, whom he has introduced in the latter composition. Objects disgusting in themselves, should no more form part of a tale, than of a painting.

## NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time, with Illustrations, &c., being No. 2, of The Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* 12mo., pp. 492. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1830.

IF we had ample grounds, in the first volume of this series, for the eulogy which we bestowed on it, we feel some difficulty in expressing the measure of our approbation for the increased claims which the present one makes upon it. It is not because the materials are abundant and various, for a given task, that its skillful execution is rendered the more easy. This very profusion, in ordinary cases, is a source of difficulty, since the judgment of the compiler, his acuteness and accuracy, are called upon to exert themselves in a wider sphere of labour. The history of individual adventure in Africa, as it is so admirably connected in this volume, is perhaps one of the most moving chapters in the annals of human enterprize. Anecdotes of patience, resignation, true courage, and indeed of all those virtues which more peculiarly attest the strength of reason over the infirmities of the body, are here presented in a style so engaging, as to give to the work all the charms of a romance, whilst nothing of the intense interest that belongs to truth is wanting. The ancient state of Africa, or at least that small portion of knowledge which the ancients possessed of its physical and moral condition, is here described, with a proper attention to the distinction between what is authentic, and what is fabulous. The successive expeditions from European countries are next detailed;—those

which were sent out from England up to the present day, receiving that more extended attention which it was natural that they should enjoy. The social condition of the great continent is then examined, and this chapter is followed by a series of others on the natural history of Africa, and its material peculiarities, which appear to us to be amongst the most interesting and important of its contents. Upon the whole, we could not, we are sure, point out in the language, a better and more just account of Africa than is to be found in this volume. We sincerely hope that the public will be sufficiently alive to their own interests, to induce them to sustain a publication, from which they can calculate on deriving so much solid information upon such very easy terms.

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ART. XVI.—*Three Lectures on the Rate of Wages, delivered before the University of Oxford, in Easter Term, 1830, with a Preface.* By Nassau William Senior, of Magdalen College. 8vo. pp. 62. London: Murray, 1830.

THE very great merits of Mr. Senior as a perspicuous expounder of the doctrines of political economy, have been too often the theme of eulogy in this journal to allow us to repeat it on the present occasion. We observe in these lectures, the same vigorous and clear style, the same candid mind, the same spirit of courtesy towards opponents, which a perusal of his former lectures, and of his correspondence in particular with Mr. Malthus, taught us to expect. Mr. Senior, in the publication before us, endeavours to trace the acknowledged principle regarding the rate of wages



to some of its most material practical consequences. If it be true, that the amount of the fund for paying wages, as compared with the number of labourers to be paid, is the real criterion of the rate of wages, it follows, that either to increase the fund or to diminish the number of labourers, will enable the individual workman to obtain a higher rate of wages. To accomplish this end, Mr. Senior argues, that the abolition of all those restrictions, prohibitions, and what are called protecting duties, which press on industry, is absolutely necessary, with the view of increasing the productiveness of labour on the one hand; whilst on the other the undue addition to the number to be maintained, he anticipates, is to receive its check only from the improved moral and intellectual condition of the lower orders. To this, which is but a gradual remedy, Mr. Senior recommends that we should unite the immediate and decisive one of emigration. The state of the disturbed districts, at this season, the author attributes entirely to the poor laws as they are administered in the southern counties of England, and which indeed, as they are thus perversely modified, are only the instrument of a wicked attempt to reap all the possible benefits which can be extorted from a population under two very distinct states of circumstances; namely, a state of freedom and one of slavery. In contemplating the justness of the following antithesis, we can hardly lose sight of its skill and beauty as a figure of speech.

'The labourer is to be a free agent, but without the hazards of free agency; to be free from the coercion, but to enjoy the assured subsistence of the slave. He is expected to be diligent, though he has no fear of want; provident, though his pay rises as his family increases; attached to a master who employs

him in pursuance of a vestry resolution; and grateful for the allowance which the magistrates order him as a right.'—preface, p. ix.

It is not in our power to follow Mr. Senior into the details of his arguments. If we have provoked the curiosity of the intelligent reader so far as to induce him to have recourse to the pamphlet itself, we shall have fully gratified our ambition.

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ART. XVII.—*An Appeal to the Legislature on the Subject of King's Printer, in England, &c. &c.* By Samuel Brooke, Printer. London. 1830.

MR. BROOKE, after an exordium in which the most patriotic aspirations are poured forth, makes an offer of some very choice information to his Majesty's ministers, touching the "extravagance and prodigality" which exist in the departments of government printing. It appears that this gentleman was, for many years, employed as printer for several of those departments, and that in consequence of a severe fit of economy which strangely enough fell upon the heads of the whole of those with whom Mr. Brooke happened to be connected, the charges were so reduced as to offer him no advantage in continuing in their service. He retired, but not to solitude, since he has been indefatigably active in endeavouring, ever since, to bring down the prices of printing in other of the government departments, to that standard at which it would be impossible that they could live. The design, it must be admitted, is an exceedingly charitable one, and evinces the very heroism of patriotic virtue. There is, however, one fact in the history of his national labours, which Mr. Brooke must admit is rather an im-

at one, namely, that the Ministers, Chairmen of Parliamentary Committees, and public officers of kind, have uniformly treated with the most decided neglect. Impertunity does not appear to be drawn, even from the impartial press, whose fall we have so repeatedly witnessed, any thing more owing to Mr. Brooke than the ambiguous compliment of a scarcely polite acknowledgment. The whole question is settled, happily, by the renewal of the contract to the King's Printer, in 1830, and unless Mr. Brooke will oblige the King to strike his signature from the document, the terms of which His Majesty's faith is pledged to maintain, we cannot see to what real good the tardy ebullitions of this fine patriotism can tend.

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XVIII.—*Bussola Per lo Studio Pratico Della Lingua Italiana, per ordine di difficoltà: Contiene Idiotismi, &c. &c.* Da F. Albites, Di Roma. 12mo. 229.

Those who are desirous of becoming familiar with all the refinements and proprieties of the Italian language, this guide will prove extremely valuable. Mr. Albites, who is to be a native of Rome, has embodied the results of his vast opportunities for investigating the manners and peculiarities of his mother-tongue, in a series of instructive examples, which, independently of their value as exercises, are very interesting as descriptions of manners, and relations of history. He commences with explaining, in French, the most difficult class of Italian words and proverbs. A series of questions next ensues, in which the expressions used in the vari-

ous circumstances of ordinary life, are employed so as to show their meaning and use. Some very good anecdotes and tales succeed to these, being intended to exhibit some of the turns and felicities of Italian phrases; and the volume is filled up with compositions in various styles and for various purposes, serving as models of the manner in which this beautiful language should be employed under a great many different circumstances. We observe with great pleasure, in this book, numerous manifestations of the filial affection with which Mr. Albites clings to the recollection of his parents. We are happy too to perceive in this work of a foreigner, intended for English society, that he has condescended to use none of those arts of insinuation which persons in his situation are too apt to do, or to make any sacrifices of his feelings, or his character, to the prejudices and habits of those whom it would be his interest to conciliate. The book is really a valuable one.

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ART. XIX.—*An Inquiry into the Alleged Proneness to Litigation of the Natives of India: with suggestions for amending some part of the Judicial System of British India.* By the Author of "An Enquiry into the Causes of the Long-continued Stationary Condition of India," &c., &c., 8vo. pp. 55. London: Parbury, Allen and Co. 1830.

THE judicial system which we have been gradually introducing in India for so long a period, has been uniformly adjusted, in its details, by one great principle, which may not be quite so well founded, as we have always taken for granted: the principle is, that the natives of



India are, by nature, a litigious people; and so much so have they been represented in the results of the innumerable investigations which have been prosecuted into their character and habits, that the supreme legislature have always felt themselves justified in acting upon this as a national characteristic. Such has been, and such is, the policy of the laws relating to the administration of justice which we have established in the possessions of the East India Company. The author before us, who seems well acquainted with all the important points of the question, denies this position in toto, and produces a number of facts which, in his opinion, tend directly to a totally opposite conclusion. He does not, however, controvert the assertion, that litigation very much prevails in India; but he traces it entirely to artificial causes, which, being removed, would leave the people exempt from any of that extraordinary tendency to go to law with which they at present stand charged.

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ART. XX.—*Masaniello: a Grand Opera. In three Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.* By James Kenney. 8vo. pp. 55. London: Moxon. 1831.

Mr. Kenney has adapted to the English Stage, with decided success, the Italian *Masaniello*, which, a season or two ago, was produced at the King's Theatre, with such unusual splendour, as a Ballet. The mediocrity of his songs appears to woful disadvantage, when stripped of their admirable music.

ART. XXI.—*The Works of Dr. Isaac Barrow, with some Account of his Life, &c.* By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, (being a volume of the Divines of the Church of England). London: A. J. Valpy. 1830.

WANTING, to some extent, the external attractions with which so many rival publications are surrounded, the series of works which are now publishing, under the title of the *Divines of the Church of England*, seems to us to offer to the public the opportunity of collecting a body of English literature of the most important kind, and of the most durable interest. It is not our purpose, at present, to enter into a full description of the many reasons which induce us to set a high value on this valuable collection, but, in the hope of, in some measure, assisting the objects of the editor, we beg to suggest to him, as a measure of obvious propriety, indeed, the observance of something like a chronological arrangement in the order of his publications. We are compelled to state that the fault which we are here guarding against, is also common to the *Classical Library*. Now we submit with confidence, that there was no adequate reason for giving *Sherlock* the precedence of the *Divines* in England. Were we to choose the theologian whose works we would be ready to present to the world as a favourable specimen of our pulpit oratory, and had it been our cue to establish a strong impression in our favour at the first onset, we would not have hesitated one moment about fixing on the illustrious *Jeremy Taylor*. How little is known, to ordinary readers, of the magnificent treasures which are in the pages of that man's writings! How little the world that hangs on the accents of some puling

sonneteer of modern celebrity, dreams of the beautiful and balmy poetry, the melting tenderness of heart, the sweet melody of words, that constitute so much of the works of Taylor! Besides, in point of time, Taylor is entitled to preference before Sherlock.

However the work, so far as it has gone, meets with our entire approbation; and we trust that, so far as the public can secure its continuance, no cause will occur to frustrate, or even delay, the noble intentions of the projectors.

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ART. XXII.—*The Art of Miniature Painting on Ivory*. By Arthur Parsey. 12mo. pp. 184. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

A UNION of strong common sense, with extensive technical knowledge on the subject of which it treats, ought to recommend this little volume to all artists and amateurs of art. The author sets out with some admirable rules on *drawing*, which, he insists, it is indispensable that the student should be thoroughly acquainted with, in the first instance. He next proceeds to lay down certain choice canons with respect to the materials to be employed, and then enters upon a very important part of his subject—the various scientific researches which it is necessary that an artist should pursue, who means to acquire celebrity in his profession. We regret that, in quoting Mr. C. Bell's description of the external muscles of the human frame, Mr. Parsey did not make his extracts from the later editions of this able anatomist, for, to go no more deeply into the matter, we might state that, in the quotation which we find here, respecting the corrugator supercilii, it is not stated that the muscle is

nearly totally concealed by the larger one, which surrounds the orbit of the eye—a fact of some importance to painters. The most valuable part of this Treatise to an artist, and perhaps the most curious to a general reader, consists in the practical directions for executing a miniature. The details of the process are minutely dwelt on, and the instructions embrace every point which the painter is called on to attend to. The observations on the new use of the scraper will be found particularly valuable; and we hope that young artists will be induced to work the geometrical problems, since their design and utility are obvious.

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ART. XXIII.—*Sketches of the Danish Mission on the Coast of Coromandel*. By the Rev. E. W. Grinfield. 12mo. pp. 152. London: Rivingtons. 1831.

IN his dedication Mr. Grinfield calls this book “a brief account of the most brilliant and successful attempt to propagate Christianity abroad, during the eighteenth century.”—We could have wished that the author had given us some proof of the success which he has here boasted of. But in fact, we find in these pages nothing more than a summary, drawn from the archives of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, of the missionary labours of Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, Schultz, Schwartz, Gericke, Jonike, &c. The chief good result which follows from these labours appears to be the appointment of an ecclesiastical establishment for British India, with Bishop Heber at its head. So far, indeed, there is certainly brilliancy, if not success. But the amount of *sincere* converts to Christianity is nowhere ascertained by Mr. Grinfield.



ART. XXIV.—*Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from the History of France. Inscribed to Master John Hugh Lockhart.* 12mo. 3 vols. Edinburgh: R. Cadell. London: Whittaker & Co. 1831.

WHEN we recollect the motives which excite Sir Walter Scott to persevere so industriously, we may say, so incessantly, in the paths of literature, at a period of life when he ought, after such labours as he has gone through, to be enjoying some degree of repose, we cannot but look upon every new production of his pen with increased admiration. His unfortunate connection with Ballantyne, left him nearly bowed down to the earth with a weight of debt, which a royal merchant, not to speak of an author, a member of a class proverbially poor, might well shudder to think of. But instead of throwing off the load by the assistance of the law, or by means of a private arrangement to which no reasonable creditors could have objected, he has manfully sustained it, and by the productions which we have seen for some years following each other, with such amazing rapidity through the press, has paid off a large proportion of his debts. Of all the points of interest in Sir Walter Scott's biography, none can be more honourable to his character, than the courage and success with which he has hitherto followed up his original determination; and we trust sincerely that he may have health and spirits for much more than the full accomplishment of his noble purpose.

His present work is written in an easy, clear, and lively style, very little partaking indeed of that garulosity, which might be expected in a Grandfather. It begins with the earliest inhabitants of

France, and sketches the most interesting portions of their history down to the close of the reign of Charles VI., when our Henry V. commenced his career of invasion against that country. Although the author neglects no material fact in the French annals, which could furnish him with materials fit for volumes like these, yet his attention is chiefly directed to those passages, which are particularly interesting to English readers. He has expressed his intention of carrying on his stories to a later period, should the present volumes prove, as we have no doubt they will, acceptable to the public.

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ART. XXV.—*Lays from the East.* By Robert Calder Campbell. 12mo. London: Smith and Elder. 1831.

THOUGH Mr. Campbell may not be capable of contending in the poetical lists with the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, he certainly has not, in the present modest effort of his muse, done any thing to discredit his name. The collection consists of a very considerable number of small effusions, which, if poets had not a licence for all sorts of jugglery upon the credulity of the rest of the world, we should say savoured very much of long campaigns in the field of love, and of various disasters endured there, terminating in a most pitiable state of mental health for the exhausted veteran. Sensibility and tenderness, indeed, characterise the whole of these poems; the expression is often forcible, and always correct; united to which will be found a degree of facility and elegance in the versification, which long practice and attention could alone enable the author to acquire.

ART. XXVI.—*The Temple of Melekartha*. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Holdsworth and Ball. 1831.

OF the multitude of strange productions which have fallen under our notice since we have been able to read books at all, this is certainly the wildest, the most eccentric, the most incomprehensible. If we could suppose an inhabitant of St. Luke's, who had dipped into ancient history, endowed with sufficient method in his mental visions, to employ himself upon a work of fiction, we should not be surprised to find his ideas running in the extravagant and fanciful course which the author of *Melekartha* has chosen. He has had apparently no design to fulfil, no system to establish. We cannot make out whether he is an atheist, a deist, or a Christian, a royalist or a republican, a tory, or a radical in disguise. He affects to relate the history of the Phenicians, the documents for which (though they have eluded the searches of all other men) he has had the good fortune to find in the archives of the Temple of Melekartha, in the *antient* city of Tyre. In narrating 'the long, various, and eventful migrations of that intelligent people,' he appears to imagine that he has represented the pictures of modern nations, has pointed out their errors, stigmatized their crimes, and expounded the principles upon which a good government ought to be conducted. There is a gorgeousness in the style, and occasionally, even a degree of measured elegance, which tempt us sometimes to think that the author meditated a poem in prose. But the narrative is so wholly destitute of interest, and, indeed, so much above the business and sympathies of mankind, that no one, except a reviewer, can pos-

sibly fix his attention upon it. As if the imaginary details of a Phenician story did not afford a sufficient sphere for the author's enthusiasm, he ascends to the upper regions, and describes the 'etherial nations,' whose great delight consists in *locomotion*! From his account of them, they must look down with infinite contempt upon our steam-coaches and rail-roads.

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ART. XXVII.—*A Familiar Analysis of the Calendar of the Church of England, and Perpetual Guide to the Almanac; in the Form of Question and Answer*. By the Rev. Hugh F. Martyndale, A.M. 12mo. London: E. Wilson.

MR. Martyndale pretends to no higher a character than that of a compiler in the present work, it being only a careful digest of knowledge, drawn from large and expensive books, such as Brady's *Clavis Calendaria* and Hone's *Every Day Book*, 'the only two works' he continues, 'which treat consecutively on the subject at all.' This latter assertion is altogether erroneous, as there is a book already in existence, to which Hone and many other persons are very much indebted; we mean Dr. Foster's *Perennial Calendar*—the most erudite and amusing that was ever written on the Calendar. Mr. Martyndale little knows the obligations he is under to the doctor. The little book before us has, however, the advantage of all those publications in neatness and beauty. It may be described as a register of the various days of the year which are marked out for observance in the Established Church, with concise and accurate explanations of the causes respectively, why they are



so distinguished. Perhaps some of our dissenting readers will be surprised to hear that no less than twenty-seven feast days, besides Sundays, are ordered to be kept by the Established Church. The book is useful, as well as amusing, and will form a very convenient object of reference in families, respecting topics of interest, which one time or other must come under their consideration.

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ART. XXVIII.—*The Foreigners' English Conjugated: Elucidated through French Examples.* By Justice Brennan. 8vo. Wilson. 1831.

MR. BRENNAN is an Irishman, and boasts that he is "the only person who has found the right road to the explanation of *shall* and *will*." We suppose, then, that he is ignorant that his countryman, Sheridan, exulted in the possession of a similar secret. At all events, until we shall hear Mr. Brennan's elucidation, we shall hold Sheridan's golden rule as perfectly unexceptionable, as far, at least, as the Irish utterers of the English language are concerned. "Whenever," said the witty Brinsley, to an ambitious Emerald, who wanted to make a short cut to all the refinements of the Saxon tongue, "whenever you find yourself going to say *shall*, you can't do better than immediately say *will*,—and in that way you are sure to be right." Mr. Brennan, however, has given us no specific definition of the actual force of *shall* and *will*, so as to enable us to know the occasions when either would be most proper; when one might be used and the other not; and when either may be indifferently employed without any change of meaning. The truth is, we believe, that these words are fixed in their places

in our colloquial language, by custom alone; and that, without granting to them respectively, any certain and permanent import, we allow them a variable effect in different circumstances, which long practice alone can make us thoroughly conversant with. Mr. Brennan, therefore, with great justice, blames us for the capricious employment of these monosyllables, and says, that it is on this account alone that foreigners (Irishmen included) find it so difficult to discriminate their meaning. The writer has, however, done all that was possible in the case, by giving examples serving to shew the positive and the optional use of *shall* and *will*. Mr. Brennan follows up the same plan, with respect to the other conjugators of the English language; and though, in some minor matters, we may differ with him, yet it would be injustice to him if we did not say that he has brought to his task a very sound and acute judgment, and evidently much patient consideration.

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ART. XXIX.—*A Vindication of Dr. Paley's Theory of Morals, from the principal Objections of Mr. Dugald Stewart, Mr. Gisborne, Dr. Pearson, and Dr. T. Brown; with an Appendix, &c.* By the Rev. Latham Wainwright, M.A., F.S.A., of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and Rector of Great Brickhill, &c. &c. London: Hatchards. 1830.

WE are not sorry that the duty of justifying the use of Dr. Paley's Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge has remained to this time to be performed, since it has in consequence fallen into the hands of one, possessed of the qualifications that are necessary to discharge that duty,

not merely with success, but in a manner that will render the repetition of the defence hereafter unnecessary. The parties arrayed against Dr. Paley, and who have impugned his system of moral philosophy with no slight accusations, are persons of great authority, as having been held in high esteem, both by their contemporaries and immediate posterity. It is enough to name such men as Dugald Stewart, Rev. T. Gisborne, a late prebendary of Durham, Dr. Pearson, late master of Sydney-college, and the illustrious Brown, of Edinburgh, to command the respect of every thinking being. Such is the splendid confederacy from whose hostile power Mr. Wainewright has undertaken to rescue the memory of Paley. To do justice to the manner in which he has accomplished his task, we should be compelled to insert a larger portion of his volume, than either usage or our limits would permit. We promise the reader, however, that he will find in the volume enough to repay his diligence in the clear logic, the intimate knowledge of the subject at issue, the vigorous and elegant language, and, above all, the calm and dignified courtesy towards his opponents, which Mr. Wainewright has so eminently displayed in this interesting controversy. Some observations, peculiarly adapted to the present crisis, will also be found in this volume, incidentally introduced indeed, but in connection with his theme, and therefore with perfect propriety.

ART. XXX — *British Melodies, or Songs of the People.* By T. H. Cornish. 16mo. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.

MR. Cornish is a disciple of Mr. Moore's, and, perhaps, when time

and experience shall have matured his powers, he may approximate at least, to the excellence of his great master. It is creditable to the young bard, that his "melodious" voice was first heard resounding the pæans of liberty. Patriotism, too, seems to blend its impulse amongst his inspirations; and the charms of woman have nearly completed his vocation for the lyre. We wish Mr. Cornish every success which his right feeling and graceful ardour amply deserve.

ART. XXXI. — *The History and Topography of the United States of North America, from the earliest Period to the present Time; comprising political and biographical History, Geography, Agriculture, Manufactures, Laws, &c., with a topographical Description of the Cities, Sea-ports, Public Edifices, &c.* Edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M. 4to. London: Hinton; and Simpkin and Marshall. Philadelphia: Wardle. New York: Carrill. Boston: Gray and Bowen. 1831.

WE have now before us six numbers of this work, which is published in monthly parts, and forms the first attempt that has yet been made to supply a great desideratum in American literature. Several histories of the United States are before the world, and from a number of tours, written by travellers who have visited the Republic, it would be in our power to collect a great deal of the information indicated in the title of Mr. Hinton's publication. But it is in his pages alone, so far as they have yet gone, that we can find the political history of the Union, combined with an account of its productions, laws, and manners, and with topographical



descriptions of its most remarkable scenery, cities, and public buildings, illustrated by engravings. Of these there are three in each part, very well executed. The whole will be comprised in about thirty parts, forming two quarto volumes, with maps of the different states. We have a specimen of the latter in one of the numbers, and must say that it is finished in a creditable manner. The narrative is well written, and, in every point of view, we consider that it is a work which every man of education and intelligence ought to have in his library.

ART. XXXII.—*The Vizier's Son, or the Adventures of a Mogul*. By the Author of "Pandurang Hari," &c. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1831.

It must be the fault of English readers, if they are not by this time thoroughly acquainted with the manners which prevail among the various castes of people who inhabit Asia. We have upon the average, three or four novels every year, devoted to that quarter of the globe, and full of the adventures of Turks and Persians, Americans, Indians, Moguls, Chinese, and Tartars, and in short, of all those who dwell between the Levant and the Yellow Sea. The author of the work now before us, is already favourably known. He has chosen for its ground-work, the cabals and intrigues of the court of Shah Jehan, and the machinations of his four sons in endeavouring to suc-

ceed to the throne of Hindostan. It is dreadful to contemplate the state of demoralization which this tale exposes, as existing among the Indians, when ruled by their Mogul conquerors. We can only hope, with the author, that English example may in time produce that reformation which his volumes are calculated to promote. They are written in a very animated style, and teem with characteristic pictures of oriental life.

ART. XXXIII.—*Sermons on Practical Subjects*. By the late very Rev. Richard Graves, D.D., Dean of Ardagh. Edited by his Son. 8vo. pp. 401. London: C. J. G. & F. Rivington. Dublin: Watson. 1830.

THE late Dean Graves, was not only a divine of a superior order in the Established Church of Ireland, but also one of the most accomplished scholars, whom the University of Dublin has produced. Without entering into any points of doctrinal controversy, which we leave altogether to the theologians, we may nevertheless observe, that the sermons printed in this volume, are distinguished for a tone of persuasiveness, an unction and a classical eloquence, which we have seldom seen rivalled, and, perhaps, never surpassed. They may be read with edification and advantage, by Christians of every shade of faith; and even those who differ from the preacher, cannot but acknowledge the ability, as well as the charity, which shine throughout his admirable discourses.

## MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

*Lord Brougham's Bill.*—Such is the interest which the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Bill, for the establishment of Courts of Local Jurisdiction, has created in the public mind, that the man who has contributed the subject in our present Number on this subject, has been induced to publish it in a separate form, as a little tract, with a complete copy of the Bill annexed. We have no doubt that this little work, which, in our high quarter, has met with the most flattering approbation, will speedily pass through several editions. It will be followed, we understand, by a *Manual of Practice* for the new Courts, and the Bill, as is confidently expected, eventually receive the sanction of the Legislature. They can never sufficiently express its gratitude to Lord BROUGHAM, for originating a measure so well calculated to remove the most oppressive grievance of which Englishmen have to complain, viz. the expense and delay that attend the administration of justice,—grievances which extend before the period of the Great Reform, and which are now, for the first time, about to meet with an effectual remedy.

*Whaling in the Northern Seas.*—The destruction of many of the whaling fleet last season occurred principally in Melbay, where the greatest action of icebergs takes place. Several of the ships were literally cut out of the water, the ice breaking their sides, and one ship was pushed by the ice under the bottom of another, both of which afterwards righted. A whole ice-berg passed completely over

a third ship, that had been thrown on her beam ends.

*New Zoological Society.*—On the 25th ult. a meeting was held at Kennington, for the purpose of forming a Zoological Institution on the Surrey side of London. The project is a most seasonable one, and deserves the assistance of every friend to science and rational amusement.

*Wool Measurer.*—An instrument of a novel construction has just been perfected, by M. Skiadan of Moscow, for the accurate determination of the fineness of wool. The eriometer of Dollond, used for this purpose, it is said, is infinitely inferior in point of precision, when very delicate fibres are to be measured, to the instrument invented by the Russian.

*Medical Gallantry.*—At the request of a number of young French physicians, who are extremely anxious to have an opportunity of studying the disease of cholera, as it is now manifested in Russia, the Academy of Sciences at Paris, has written to the principal scientific institutions of Russia, to know if permission would be given to medical men from France to visit the hospitals containing patients afflicted with cholera, and to treat the cases as they thought proper.

*Climbing Boys.*—A patent has been taken out lately for a metallic lining and damper for chimneys, which is to render them fire-proof, not liable to smoke, and also to supersede the use of climbing boys, as they are in all cases easily swept by the machine.

*Astrology and the Comet.*—According to a very recent astrological computation, into the dread-



ful mysteries of which we have been initiated, it appears that at the time last month when the Comet was discovered, the Sun was hastening to an evil aspect of Mars, who was in the sign of Aries, which governs "Less Poland," threatening a protracted and sanguinary war. It appears further, that the Moon is in good aspect to the Comet, and Venus, who rules Taurus, (Ireland) is in square aspect to Mars, the lord of Aries, (England). The meaning of all which is that the popular cause is to triumph in England; but that any thing but union is to exist between her and Ireland.

*French Jealousy.*—The jealousy of the French on any point of admitted superiority on the part of the English, is still as violent and unreasonable as ever. A captain of French Artillery, (M. Vergnaud), asserts positively that the English manufacturers of poudre de chasse, (sporting gunpowder), are guilty of the quackery of mixing fulminating mercury with it. Dr. Ure, the great practical chemist, has, since this assertion was made, tested the powder, which was found to be totally free from any such ingredient.

*Small Pox.*—A physician at Marsilles has recently proved, by thirteen experiments, that the virus of small pox if diluted in a small quantity of cow's milk, may be used as a substitute for the matter usually employed in vaccination. He supposes, that the vaccine disease itself was first caused by the communication of small pox from man to the cow.

*Leeches.*—There is good evidence for believing, that the impression of the atmospheric electricity causes the blood of leeches to coagulate. They may be regarded, therefore, as a sure barometer.

*Whale Fishery.*—According to every fact with which we are ac-

quainted, concerning the state of the seasons and their effects in the high northern latitudes, it would appear that the whaling expeditions to the Greenland seas, are conducted in the strangest and, indeed, the most fatal ignorance. The ships usually sail in the beginning of March, to be in time to reach the ice in April, and upon attaining that delightful stage of their expedition, there they remain, doing nothing, till August! Dr. Latta, who knows these seas from experience, says, that a vessel entering Davis's Straits early in July, will reach Lancaster Sound as soon as if she started in February, and will besides be enabled to avoid the tract through Melville Bay.

*Flying.*—An invincible argument against the possibility of man being ever able, by any apparatus, to fly, may be drawn from the limited power he has to sustain muscular exertion. A bird that keeps itself merely in the air, does so by exerting a quantity of action which would be required to raise its own weight to a height of 26 feet 3 inches. To fly, as migrating birds fly, calls for fifty times as much exertion as this. But let a man use the utmost efforts of his hands and arms for eight hours a day, and he can put forth only as much action as would be able to raise his own weight 33 inches high, and by even concentrating the whole of the action which he exerts in the eight hours, he could do no more than keep himself thus suspended for about five minutes.

*The Vine in India.*—The Agricultural Committee of Calcutta, have resolved upon persevering in the attempt to establish vine cultivation in India, notwithstanding the failures which it has hitherto experienced.

*Fertility of Ireland.*—It is a curious fact, and one which shows

how much the natural resources of Ireland have been neglected, that the plant called *Erica Mediterranea*, hitherto supposed to be indigenous only to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and which has been cultivated in British gardens only by the curious, has been recently found in the district of Conemarra, in the county of Galway, "growing," says Mr. Mackay, the botanist, who discovered it, "in prodigious abundance."

*Captain Ross.*—The latest accounts of Captain Ross, now on his exploratory voyage in the north seas, were those received by professor Jameson; but they are contradictory, and of course not to be relied on.

*Astronomical Problem.*—In the ninth book of the *Paradise Lost* are the following lines:—

"Thence full of anguish driv'n,  
The space of *seven* continued nights  
he rode  
With darkness; *thrice* the equi-  
noctial line  
He circled; *four* times crossed the  
car of night  
From pole to pole, traversing each  
colure,  
On the *eighth* returned."

A correspondent proposes that some of our learned readers should resolve, how many miles (English statute) Satan performed, from the time of his departure from, to his return to, Paradise; and to state the names of the countries which he passed over. The proposer agrees to let it be assumed that Paradise is in lat. 31. N., and in long. 47. E., and that the earth is a sphere whose diameter is 7964 English statute miles.

*Lord Byron.*—A satire has been left by Lord Byron, to which the "English Bards," in point of bitterness, is only a mixture of milk and honey.

*James Watt.*—A noble bust of James Watt, by Chantrey, was lately presented to the Mechanics' Institute of Sheffield, by the son of the illustrious mechanic.

*Sports of Fortune.*—A man of the name of Littlejohn, a native of Perth, and formerly a private in the 72nd Highlanders, now commands the guards of the Prince of Bagdad! It is through him, we have no doubt, that recent proposals have been made to the British government, to sanction a steam communication on the Euphrates! Verily, the old adage is true, that a New-castle grindstone and a Scotchman are to be found in every part of the globe.

*Remarkable Calculation.*—To ascertain the year in which the existing Pope is to die, take, says an Edinburgh Journal, the title of the preceding Pope, the title of the reigning Pope, and add ten, prefixing the century. Thus:—

Pius 6th	Pius 7th	Leo 12th
Pius 7th	Leo 12th	Pius 8th
10	10	10
—	—	—
18:23	18:29	18:30

*Fires in London.*—In the year 1830, there were no less than 287 fires in London and its neighbourhood, which were attended with the loss of 21 lives!

*Deaths.*—Madame de Genlis at Paris, on the 27th Dec., 1830.—Niebuhr, at Bonn, on the 4th ult.—Rodolphe Kreutzer, the celebrated violin player at Geneva, on the 6th ult.—Henry Mackenzie, Esq., Author of the *Man of Feeling*, on the 14th ult.

*Egypt.*—An English engineer is about to proceed to Egypt at the request of the Pacha, in order to remove the difficulties which at present exist, to the completion of a canal between the Nile and Alexandria. This is agreeable news, especially as we hope that the visit of



our countryman will have the effect of doing away with those prejudices in Egypt, and the neighbouring countries, of which Frenchmen have been the base authors and promoters.

*Encouragement of the Fine Arts.*—Mr. Britton, the celebrated architectural historian, has announced that, though having in his possession drawings, sketches, and collections, connected with Worcester Cathedral, he will be compelled, on account of the losses which he has sustained by his histories of other cathedrals, to forego the design of proceeding with that of Worcester, unless he is secured against pecuniary loss. Is it possible that there is a clergyman in the diocese who will not subscribe to this undertaking?

*Soughing of the Wind.*—The people inhabiting the neighbourhood of the range of hills which extends from Macclesfield eastwards, are, at certain seasons of the year, but particularly in March, struck with sounds of a melancholy and expressive kind, which proceed from those hills. The mountain music seems to be created in this manner. The elevated range is intersected by a number of narrow ravines, which, in their natural construction, resemble so many pipes of an organ. The breeze, in its progress over the summits of the hills, passes the mouths of those ravines, which respond like the pipes of the instrument just mentioned.

*IN THE PRESS.*—Sheffield Manor and other Poems, by Mary Hutton, wife of a poor pen-knife cutter in Sheffield, edited by John Holland, Esq.—Crotchet Castle, by the author of Headlong Hall.—Topography of the British American Dominions, by Col. Bourchette.—The Antimaterialist, by the Rev. R. Warner.—A New Edition of his

Treatise on the Ear, by Mr. Curtis.—Hassan, or the Siege of Constantinople, a poem, by N. Michell.—Sketches of Irish Character, second series, by Mrs. Hall.—Astronomical Tables and Formulæ, by John Bailey.—Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Moore.—A Panorama of Constantinople, and its environs, accompanied with a description of the principal buildings, &c. &c., in a neat case of portable dimensions.—A compendious History of the Council of Trent, with its Decrees and Canons, and Remarks thereon, by the Rev. B. W. Mathias, A.M. Chaplain of Bethesda.—The true Nature of Christ's Person and Atonement stated, in reply to the Unscriptural Views of the Rev. Edward Irving, by William Urwick.—Leigh's Guide for Travellers through Wales and Monmouthshire.—The Welch Interpreter, containing a concise vocabulary, and useful phrases.—The Cameleon, a Scrap Book, by a Gentleman of the West of Scotland.—Memoirs of Rob Roy, and the state of Clanship in Scotland.—Mr. William Howett has in the Press, Traditions of the Ancient Times; The Pilgrimage of Pantika; Nichar, the Exile of Heaven; Thran the Demoniac; The Avenger of Blood; and Tidal, King of Nations.—A Dictionary, Theoretical and Practical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation.—The Spirit of Don Quixote, with Engravings.—A Course of Lessons in French Literature, on the Plan of his "German Lessons," by Mr. Rowbotham, of the Academy, Walworth.

Mr. de Trueba, a Spaniard, and author of several works in the English language, has a comedy in rehearsal at Covent Garden, to which he has as yet given no name, although the parts are all distributed.

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**ART. I.—***The Political Life of the Right Honourable George Canning, from his acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign Department, in September, 1822, to the period of his death, in August, 1827. Together with a short Review of Foreign Affairs subsequently to that event.* By Augustus Granville Stapleton, Esq. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

UNDERSTANDING that the author of these volumes served Mr. Canning in the confidential capacity of his private secretary, during a great portion, if not indeed during the whole of the period which they embrace, we had for some time looked forward to their appearance with more than the ordinary feelings of literary curiosity. To Mr. Stapleton, if to any person, would have been known, the various machinations which were put in motion, from time to time, in order to thwart Mr. Canning's political views, to mar the influence of his matchless talents, and to frustrate his ambition. To the private secretary, it might well be supposed that the statesman, would have occasionally unbosomed himself as to his personal as well as his political history, and that too not without a regard to his own vindication and fair fame in the eyes of posterity. That something beyond the limits of the state papers, which, during Mr. Canning's administration as Foreign Secretary and Premier, were communicated to Parliament,—was expected to transpire in Mr. Stapleton's production, we have at least one reason to believe—a reason obscurely alluded to in the Preface, but which it is not difficult to divine. The author held, during the existence of the Wellington cabinet, and still holds, the appointment of one of the Commissioners of the Customs; and it is whispered that soon after his work was first advertized, (about two years ago) he received an intimation from a very high quarter, that if he persevered in his declared intention he would be deprived of his office. In compliance with this haughty mandate the prudent commissioner, though



he had already printed two volumes, delayed his publication until the recent changes made it no longer a matter of peril;—and now that it lies before us, after a minute investigation of its contents, we must say that a work more harmless in its way to the noble duke's ministerial career has not seen the light either before or since he ruled the councils of this country.

The 'political life' does not contain a single important disclosure, now made public for the first time. Any person who possesses the slightest skill in abridging extended documents, who could use a scissars in cutting out the most effective passages, and by the aid of a good deal of paste and of very little writing connect them together as nearly as possible in a chronological order, and who, at the same time, was decently conversant with the leading topics of the day for the last ten years, might have produced a 'political life' of Mr. Canning in every respect equal to that which we have just received from his private secretary. The materials of which it is made up have all been long since published to the world. The state papers connected with the invasion of Spain by France in 1813;—with the recognition of the new states in South America;—with the Greek and Turkish question, and the affairs of Portugal and Brazil, are in the hands and their contents in the recollection of every body who takes any interest in political discussions at all. From these masterly compositions it would be exceedingly easy for any man of the most ordinary intellectual powers to have compiled three, or even four or five volumes, and,—we say it with great respect to Mr. Stapleton,—they would have been quite as valuable as those which he has ushered into the world with so much fear and trembling.

We are far from censuring that gentleman for not having pursued a different course. It is highly probable that the very confidential office which he filled in the Foreign Department, has prevented him from even approaching any subject which had not been already legitimately open to every other individual in the community. A delicate sense of honour must have sealed his lips on many points, which he may have the means of illustrating;—and we own that we were rather surprized when we first heard it stated that he was engaged upon a life of Mr. Canning. The very possession of state secrets, imposes such a reserve upon men of high feeling, that they would hardly venture even to coquet with subjects bordering upon the sacred precincts of office, without being actuated by the most justifiable motives. But now that we have read the 'political life,' our surprise has altogether gone by. Mr. Stapleton has violated no official rule; he has disclosed nothing that was secret; he has told nothing that is new. It is impossible to find fault with his delicacy. On the contrary we admire and applaud it;—but we must confess that it has robbed his work of nearly all its anticipated interest.

There was one feature connected with Mr. Canning's political life, which we thought Mr. Stapleton might have dwelt upon,

without committing any offence against propriety; particularly as it is known that he shares the confidence of Lady Canning; we mean the official habits, and what may be called the personal part, of the statesman's political career during the period in question. A gentleman of intelligence, who was so long near him, might have given many details, and even anecdotes, which would have been extremely interesting to the public; and which, indeed, they would willingly exchange for all the solemn and varnished documents which compose the staple of these volumes. We should all, for instance, like to know how Mr. Canning looked and felt upon going to, or returning from Cabinets, in which questions of the greatest importance were discussed; how he felt upon retiring home from the debates of the house, after an evening of glorious exertion. We should be glad to hear what were his recreations from labour, what books he read, and what was the usual tone of his conversation. It is wonderful the charm which the mention of these little traits in the character of a distinguished individual, has for men in general. We are glad to see the veil of ceremony removed, to shake hands with the hero, as it were, and to talk with him and find in him a member of our own species; shining in amiable qualifications, and not too much elevated above our own imperfections. According to all accounts, this part of Mr. Canning's life abounds in fascination. Few individuals have ever approached him without afterwards retaining the greatest respect for his memory; and it is said that, although fiery, and sometimes fretful in his demeanour, no person has intimately known him, without feeling for him the strongest esteem and affection. In all particulars of this kind, in every thing of an anecdotal nature, Mr. Stapleton's work is woefully deficient.

Posterity will, however, consult these volumes with a lively interest; they will hear much and often of the name of Canning; and if they have not read the state papers which he framed, they will be gratified and instructed by the elaborate and accurate analysis of them which Mr. Stapleton has drawn up. The documents must be perused in their original shape by every person who may have the good taste to study, and the ability to profit by, the most perfect models of diplomatic composition which any age has produced. But beyond the work itself no reader need go, who wishes to obtain a correct insight into the system by which Mr. Canning's political conduct, as foreign minister, was guided, during a period that required the most consummate wisdom to devise, and skill to execute, measures perpetually springing out of our relations with all parts of the world.

When, after Lord Londonderry's death in 1822, Mr. Canning succeeded to the seals of the Foreign Department, he found this country bound by more than one degrading chain to the car of the Holy Alliance. That regal association had taken upon itself



the high police of Europe. It had already suppressed the revolutions of Naples and Piedmont, and was preparing to put down the constitution which had been established in Spain. Our cabinet, though in parliament it affected to separate itself from their principles and to discountenance their proceedings, offered no tangible obstacle to their wishes, but, on the contrary, secretly favoured them, on account of their determination to uphold the monarchical system against every inroad upon the part of the people. Their career had been attended with so much success, that the popular voice was no longer heard upon the continent. It was confined to whispers, and was reserved for conspiracies, which gradually organized themselves in different parts of Germany, France, and Italy, and were, as it soon appeared to Mr. Canning, preparing to convulse the world by new conflicts, infinitely more disastrous than any that had ever yet scourged mankind,—conflicts of opinion. It was the great key of his whole political system, the object of his mental labours, from the first moment that he found himself firmly seated in Downing Street, to apply the principle of the safety-valve to this burning volcano, and to prevent an explosion which, if it took place in all its accumulated force, must have overturned all thrones, and shattered the whole civilized fabric of order, society, and law. The accomplishment of such a purpose as this could be aimed at with little chance of success by any but a British minister. It was essentially connected with the best interests of mankind, and was worthy of the best powers which intellectual superiority could apply to the attainment of any earthly object.

We cannot and need not suppose that Mr. Canning, in endeavouring to hold an even course between the two extremes, in wishing to impair the iron strength of the alliance, and to enlarge the just power of the people, had the prosperity of the continent alone in his view. It would be unnatural to assume that he had not felt something of patriotic indignation when he reflected, that England, who had but a few years before, by a prodigal expenditure of blood and treasure, liberated Europe from the domination of one tyrant, was now standing by an indifferent spectator, while four other tyrants were hastening by such means as a blind policy could suggest, to undo all that had been done, and to reduce the nations within their sway to a condition much worse than they were in even under the yoke of Napoleon. It certainly was not the interest of England to allow the Holy Alliance to pursue without interruption the path which it had marked out for itself; on the contrary, Mr. Canning saw that the dissolution of that unhallowed association would be of the greatest advantage to this country, while it would also be conducive eventually to the peace, not to speak of the liberty of Europe.

It is well understood, and Mr. Stapleton confirms the general impression, that several of Lord Liverpool's colleagues, particularly the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon, were adverse to the entry

of Mr. Canning into the Cabinet, that the king was with them on this point, and that Mr. Peel alone was disposed in his favour. The premier however insisted, and declared that he would resign, if he were not allowed the assistance of Mr. Canning's talents. A story ran the round of the newspapers at the time, that he was in possession of Lord Liverpool's sentiments at the moment when he made his parting speech to a large assembly of his constituents, on the eve of his intended departure for India. The truth is, that he received no communication from his noble friend, until after he had left Liverpool and arrived at Birmingham.

It is worthy of remark, that at first Mr. Canning felt great reluctance in abandoning his India appointment. He looked upon it, exclusively of its pecuniary considerations, to him of some weight, since he was very far from being rich, as more capable of furnishing the means of making "a reputation," than the sphere which the foreign department then presented. Independently of the annoyance which he was sure to receive from those members of the Cabinet who dissented from him upon several important questions, he was under an impression that there was nothing to be done which could in any manner exalt his character. 'The events,' as Mr. Stapleton well remarks, 'which happen whilst nations are at peace, are very frequently not less important to the happiness of mankind, than those which occur in time of war; but for the most part they make less noise, are seldom even understood by any considerable portion of the people, and, consequently, the actors in them are less known.'

'After the unparalleled manner,' he adds, 'in which the world had been so lately convulsed, little comparative honour was to be reaped from mingling, however usefully, in the more insipid transactions of succeeding times. "Ten years," said Mr. Canning in answer to a letter from an intimate friend, congratulating him on his accession to office, "have made a world of difference, and have prepared a very different sort of world to bustle in, from that which I should have found in 1812. For fame, it is a squeezed orange, but for public good, there is something to do, and I will try, but it must be cautiously, to do it."—vol. i. p. 126.

His first essay against the Holy Alliance was made at the Congress of Verona, where, to his great surprise, the Spanish question was brought under discussion. The differences which prevailed upon that question in the French Cabinet, have never yet been thoroughly understood. It is supposed that M. de Villele, then the head of the government, was for peace; whereas it is well known that the minister, Montmorency, whom he commissioned to the Congress, was for war. The court of France, also, it is thought, was divided into two similar parties, one fearing the consequences of sending an army, of whose loyalty it was by no means assured, to Spain, where possibly it might join with the Constitutionalists; the other desiring to rescue Ferdinand, and to put down a form of government all but republican, and dangerous from its proximity. Both



parties appealed to the Congress, anxious for its sanction of the war, if it should be eventually undertaken. In the meantime, Sir William A'Court was appointed the king's minister at Madrid, and it demonstrates the degree of insolence to which the pretensions of the alliance had already risen, that as soon as this appointment was known, the ministers of the four courts waited in a body upon Mr. Canning, to remonstrate against it, on account of the encouragement which it might be supposed to give to the constitutional system! Mr. Canning rather evaded than met the encounter, not perhaps yet feeling sufficiently strong for any more decided course. At Vienna, before the congress was adjourned to Verona, Alexander seemed at first to think that he was to have matters all his own way. He proposed to send a Russian army, in conjunction with his allies, to quash the Spanish Cortes at once. Austria would have been most happy to see that purpose accomplished, but had no fancy for allowing Russian troops to march through her territory, or for seeing the Peninsula, with which she was connected by old associations, in the possession of a French army. The French minister did not want more than the moral aid of Russia, not choosing, perhaps, to see the Cossacks once more in Paris, and Prussia followed in the wake of Austria. At Verona the views of the Autocrat appeared to have been modified; he there expressed his disposition to limit his assistance towards the grand object which the alliance had in view to the collection of an army of observation, somewhere in the south western part of Europe, in order to be ready to pour it into France, in case her troops should prove disloyal, or be defeated in Spain. This project, however, was opposed by Mr. Canning, and with complete effect. He also, as it is well known, succeeded in resisting the scheme of the alliance for making a joint declaration against Spain, and in reducing the question ultimately to one between France and the Peninsula. Although his measures had not the effect of preventing the invasion, which was afterwards but too successful, yet they clearly indicated so decided a difference of opinion in principle, between England and the Holy Alliance, that they were thenceforth under the necessity of proceeding exclusively at their own risk, and upon their own responsibility. England, freed from their trammels, which, though invisible to vulgar eyes, had, nevertheless, hitherto been spread over every branch of her policy, foreign and domestic, was now, for the first time since the peace, in a situation to mark out and pursue her own course of action.

A minor incident in the European drama, but which shews unequivocally the decided line of policy which Mr. Canning was determined to adopt, deserves a passing notice. Various unlawful captures had been made of British ships and cargoes in South America, by the Spanish authorities, for which redress had long been ineffectually solicited by our merchants, through the agency of Mr. Simon Cock, a gentleman well known in the city of London

for his extraordinary skill in simplifying, and for his patient perseverance in negotiating affairs of a complicated nature. To this gentleman Mr. Canning at once added the powerful weight of his assistance, and when the Spanish government still endeavoured to evade the question, orders were issued, under his instructions, by the admiralty, which soon had the effect of bringing them to their senses. The result was the convention of the 12th of March, 1823, for the settlement of the claims in question. This has been since followed up by another convention, under which, wonderful to relate, the Spanish treasury paid over to Great Britain, in cash and bonds, the sum of nine hundred thousand pounds sterling, which has been all distributed among the claimants, by commissioners appointed for that purpose.

Mr. Canning waited for the consequence of the French invasion of the Peninsula, with evident impatience. He had been thwarted in his hopes of mediation, as well by the French ministers, who were eager for war, as by the Spanish ministers and legislators, who refused to modify their constitution, under the ridiculous but firmly entertained impression, that England would never allow a French soldier to cross the Bidassoa. He looked upon the occupation of Spain by the French troops, and very justly, as injurious to the commerce, and, in some degree, disparaging to the honour of this country. What was called the balance of Europe had been altogether destroyed. The Continent was under the complete sway of the Holy Alliance, and a project was actually set on foot for the purpose of reconquering for Spain her revolted colonies in South America. The march of despotism appeared to proceed without interruption in the old world, and now it sighed for other conquests in the new.

This, Mr. Canning was resolved to prevent. After giving to Spain every possible opportunity of negotiating with those colonies, and of taking the lead in recognizing their separate existence, if she thought fit, he adopted, without the slightest reference to the Holy Alliance, steps which gradually, but speedily led to the acknowledgment by England of the independence of Buenos Ayres, Columbia, and Mexico. The admission of these states within the circle of the nations, was his noble revenge for the injuries inflicted upon popular rights in Europe. The alliance had become so potent that even the liberties of England would most probably have been menaced, if that band of crowned confederates were permitted to hold their reign unmolested.

In the discussions which have taken place in Parliament upon the claims of Mr. Canning as a statesman, to the honour of having, in his own fine phraseology, "called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," the enemies of his fame,—and they were neither few nor generous,—endeavoured to detract from his merit by saying, that he found the whole scheme for recognizing the new states already framed among the papers left by Lord



Londonderry. Supposing even this to be the fact, how does it take away from the glory which Mr. Canning secured to his name on that occasion? It is not the minister who merely draws up, or retains for consideration, the draught of another, proposing any particular measure, who can claim the merit of its execution. That assuredly belongs to him who seizes the happy moment for carrying it into effect, and who, by his practical combinations, crowns it with success. No man who is acquainted with the political insincerity and the monarchical tendencies of the late Lord Londonderry, will venture to maintain that, if he had lived and continued in the office of Foreign Minister, he would ever have declared the independence of a single Spanish American state, unless he was goaded into it, as in time he would certainly have been, by the unanimous voice of the country. Schemes he may have received in abundance for such a measure—they were numerous in the current publications of the day. But the execution of it all belongs to Mr. Canning.

In another grand question he had also the good fortune to take a distinguished, perhaps we should say, a leading part. It is true that the Emperor Alexander was the first of the great Powers who paid any serious attention to Greek affairs. He was actuated in his proceedings upon that subject by two strongly influential motives; he with his vassals being members of the Greek church, witnessed with a lively feeling, gradually swelling to indignation, the sufferings which the Ottoman government inflicted upon the Greeks; he was pained at the same time by the continuance of an organized insurrection in any part of Europe, as the cause of legitimacy being every thing in his eyes, he looked upon the Greek example as pernicious, and calculated to diffuse and keep up agitation in other States. He was most earnest in his desire to have an end put to this state of things, involving as it did two distinct evils, religious and political, one of which incited and received all his sympathies, while the other repelled them. His disputes with Turkey would have been settled by a war, if he had not been afraid of thereby dissolving the Holy Alliance, and of risking the chance of new revolutions in Europe. These disputes he committed to negotiation in a manner that must always vindicate his character for moderation. His opposing feelings of religion and policy led him at first to leave the Greek question to the British government, being convinced that public opinion in this country would ultimately compel our Ministers to take some steps with respect to it. At the Congress of Verona, where the matter was agitated, he declined proposing any plan with respect to it. He intimated however, that he considered the idea of Greek independence as a chimera, 'and that the utmost extent of his wishes would be, to see the Greeks placed on the same footing as the inhabitants of Servia, or of Wallachia and Moldavia.' The Emperor's sagacity was justified by the result. Public

opinion soon took up the Greek question in this country. The contest between the Turks and their revolted subjects was attended with considerable inconvenience to our commerce in the Levant, and also to that of the Russians in the Bosphorus. It became a matter of serious consideration how long the Emperor's moderation would continue, there being a large and powerful party in Russia anxious for war, in order to add to her already overgrown territories not only Turkey but Greece. From that moment, says Mr. Stapleton, Mr. Canning was desirous to avert both from this country and from Europe, the danger which he dreaded from "Russia swallowing up Greece at one mouthful, and Turkey at another." In considering, therefore, the measures which Mr. Canning took on the subject of Eastern affairs, it ought always to be remembered, that this was the particular end which he had in view. He began by pressing upon the Sultan and his Ministers the "observance of moderation and strict justice towards the insurgents;" but this advice was shortly afterwards followed up by a very intelligible hint as to "the urgent necessity of no longer delaying to put an end to the unhappy state of affairs which existed in Greece." How far these suggestions would have been adopted by the Sultan we cannot now conjecture, as there was scarcely time for considering them, when it became known that the Emperor had resolved to take a leading part in the pacification of Greece—a measure to which he was apparently urged by the war party in his own councils. The plan for this purpose was devised by Count Nesselrode, and communicated to the allied ministers at the Russian court early in January, 1824. The principal object of this plan was to place Greece upon the same footing as Moldavia, or Wallachia, leaving still to the Porte the real sovereignty. But though Mr. Canning was willing to have it discussed in conferences at St. Petersburg, he still consented to it only on the condition that the Russian mission, which had been long absent, should be re-established at Constantinople, and that all intention to employ force, should be abjured. Thus we see him pursuing his original policy upon this question with great caution and consistency, being anxious to turn the Greek question into a means for warding off the hostilities which were threatened against Turkey. The papers relating to the affairs of Greece, which were not long since printed by order of Parliament, having commenced the history of these proceedings with the Protocol signed at London, the reader may be curious to know what took place by way of preparation for that decisive step. Mr. Stapleton's details allow us to look a little behind the curtain of diplomacy, and shew some of the coquetry with which it is occasionally attended.

\* Mr. Canning having conditionally consented that some representative of Great Britain should bear a part in the meditated Conferences, the Court of St. Petersburg was extremely anxious that they should be opened without delay; and Sir Charles Bagot was prevailed upon to assist at two,



which were held on the 17th of June and 6th of July, 1824, at St. Petersburg; although the Russian Government had not despatched their mission to the Porte. These Conferences had been deferred till the very last moment, and Count Nesselrode was apprehensive that the Austrian, and probably, the English, Ambassadors, who were about to leave Russia, would have taken their departure before they were opened. They were not, however, held, until after Sir Charles had both received from Lord Strangford, the report of his Lordship's conference with the Turkish Ministers, in which they promised to yield to the demands of Russia, respecting the Principalities, and had also persuaded the Emperor, in consequence of that account, publicly to designate M. de Ribeaupierre as the future Imperial Minister at the Porte.

These circumstances, Sir Charles Bagot thought, did away with two of the principal reasons for not joining in these Conferences; for, first, the public nomination of M. de Ribeaupierre was so decided a step towards the actual restoration of the Russian Mission, that that event seemed on the very eve of its accomplishment: next, the Turkish government, having actually consented to concede to the demands of Russia, the danger of refusal, in consequence of the Divan taking alarm, or umbrage, at the opening of the Conferences, was almost entirely done away. Further, since the absence of the British Ambassador from any meetings upon such a subject, would have been a more decided measure, than his being present at them, Sir Charles resolved to attend. The first of these Conferences passed in the Representatives of the Allied Courts respectively, giving their opinions on the Russian Mémoires; the British Ambassador simply stating, that being without specific instructions from his Court, he could only say that Great Britain approved, generally, of the contents of that document, although there were some points on which she held a different opinion. The other Plenipotentiaries expressed similar sentiments, and declared, in answer to a question from Count Nesselrode, that they were authorized to send directions to their colleagues, at Constantinople, in the event of any measure being decided upon at the Conferences. The British Ambassador said, that he could send no directions to Lord Strangford.

At the second meeting, Count Nesselrode expressed the pleasure of His Imperial Master, at the manner in which the Greek Mémoire had been received by his Allies. He then suggested, in a written paper, which he read, that the Ministers of the Allied Powers, at the Porte, should be instructed to consider this Mémoire, as containing the general expression of the wishes of the alliance with respect to Greece, and to act in conformity with the propositions which it contained. For this purpose, even before the actual execution of the promises of the Porte would justify the presence of a Russian Minister at Constantinople, M. Minciaky would be instructed, as Russian Plenipotentiary for Greek Affairs, to co-operate with the Representatives of the Allies, who were to adopt, and present to the Porte, a collective declaration, offering the mediation of their governments, and proposing an Armistice, during which a Greek deputation was to be permitted to come to Constantinople, to discuss, in conference with the Ministers of the Allies and the Porte, the terms of a final adjustment.

The paper in which these propositions were contained, was taken by the Plenipotentiaries, without remark, to refer to their several governments.

'Sir Charles's proceedings at these Conferences were in every respect judicious; but it so happened, in consequence of the publication of the Russian Mémoire, of which fact he was not informed, that he would have decided more fortunately had he altogether absented himself from these Meetings. His reasons for not doing so, perhaps, justified him in the measure; but since he was not acting under his instructions, his government were of course at liberty to adopt, or disavow his proceedings. In the present instance it became advisable to resort to the latter alternative; and as the British Ministers had given Sir Charles no authority to attend, the fact that they had not done so, was distinctly stated.—vol. ii. pp. 419—423.

The unfortunate publication of the Mémoire produced a furious explosion at Constantinople, and drew from the Greek provisional government a protest, in which they stated that they would die sooner than adopt the Russian plan. In consequence of these proceedings, Mr. Canning refused to take any further step, until the belligerent parties should both be reduced to a more tractable state of mind. It would seem that Austria strongly recommended the renewal of the conferences at St. Petersburg, if only for the purpose of deluding the Russian people with the hope of a settlement of the Greek question—a hope which she herself did not entertain. This wily system of diplomacy, so characteristic of that almost obsolete government, Mr. Canning indignantly rejected. Alexander, however, appeared to be determined to go on, in order to force his scheme both upon Greece and Turkey, fearing, above all things, lest the former should triumphantly establish her own independence; and Mr. Canning's refusal to allow a British Plenipotentiary to join in the conferences, excited the autocrat's dissatisfaction to such a degree, that he declared, through his minister, Nesselrode, that all 'further deliberations between his court and that of St. James's, as well with reference to the relations of the former with Turkey, as with respect to the affairs of Greece, were absolutely at an end.' It is impossible not to see in the conduct pursued by Mr. Canning upon this occasion, a firm adherence to those principles of liberty, by which a British statesman ought always to be guided. He received the expression of the imperial anger very coolly, looking upon it as a mere ebullition of the moment, and predicted that "ere long the two countries would probably find themselves in the same road." Certain ministers, whom we could name, would have trembled at the powers of the Czar, and have been awed by them into his despotic policy.

Mr. Canning's prediction was soon realized. After a good deal of hesitation, and a repetition of a desire for the use of coercive means, to which Mr. Canning would never accede, the emperor resolved to limit the conferences to the four powers—Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France. Though decidedly objectionable, the policy of the first was undisguised; that of the second was detestable, her real object being to amuse Russia, and gain sufficient time for



the Egyptian troops to put an effectual extinguisher upon the Greek insurrection. In this view of the question both Prussia and France joined, and the result of several conferences was merely an offer of their mediation to the Porte—an offer which was rejected by the Divan almost with contempt. Again the wrath of the Autocrat was called forth in no measured terms, and the balance turned in his mind in favour of immediate war. Austria, alarmed at this consequence of her resistance to his “coercive means,” proposed, with a strange inconsistency, to acknowledge the independence of Greece! Alexander would not go so far; and as the four powers found that they were farther from an agreement than ever, they each of them, in the very year that Spanish America was recognized, and the conferences respecting Greece broken off with this country, separately solicited Mr. Canning to take the question into his own hands! We dwell with a feeling of pleasure upon this little known part of the history of the Greek question, inasmuch as it shews how contemptibly weak the Holy Alliance had already (1824) become, under the silent but certain operation of Mr. Canning’s admirable system of policy.

The moment for British interposition was not, however, in his opinion, yet arrived. “As yet,” he observed, writing to a diplomatic friend, “things are not ripe for our interference, for we must not (like our good allies) interfere in vain. If we act, we must finish what is to be done.” In the month of October, 1825, Prince Lieven, when renewing, on the part of his government, the communications on the subject of Greece, gave him the following information, of the correctness of which there can be no doubt, as it coincides with that which Mr. Stratford Canning obtained at Corfu, on his way to Constantinople; that “before Ibrahim Pacha’s army was put in motion, an agreement was entered into by the Porte with the Pacha of Egypt, that whatever part of Greece Ibrahim might conquer, should be at his disposal, and that the Pacha’s plan for disposing of his conquest, was (and was stated by the Porte to be, and had been approved by the Porte) to remove the whole Greek population, carrying them off into slavery in Egypt, or elsewhere, and to repeople the country with Egyptians, and others of the Mahomedan religion!” If ever the Turkish power be annihilated in Europe, her approbation of a scheme so atrocious as this, must destroy every spark of sympathy for her fate. It would justify a crusade, and in times of general excitement and enthusiasm, such as those which we believe to be rapidly approaching, this nefarious sentence against a christian people, if there be even no other provocation, may and will be remembered and felt, and if it do not incite, will, we trust, accelerate the fall of that blood-stained throne.

This abominable plan justly called forth Mr. Canning’s indignation; he took immediate measures for preventing its execution, as Great Britain never would allow a new Barbary state to be

erected in the very heart of Europe. Besides preventing so enormous a wrong, Mr. Canning conceived that by thus indirectly assisting the Greeks, at the hazard even of a war with the Porte, he might suspend the appeal to arms, which Alexander had resolved on making when he proceeded to Taganrog, where he died. The determination of Nicholas was not less resolute upon this point; the mission of the Duke of Wellington to his court, though it did not change the warlike purpose of the young Emperor, resulted in the Protocol of the 4th of April, 1826, which was followed by the long negotiations already well known to the public. We have seen that so far as Mr. Canning took part in the Greek question, he fully maintained the honour of his country, and in no instance suffered her to stoop for a moment from her pride of place. What a difference between her station in 1826 and in 1822!—between her position after the Congress of Laybach, when she cowered at the footstool of the Holy Alliance, and after the signature of the first Greek protocol, when by means of Mr. Canning's dignified and liberal policy, she not only disconcerted, and in fact dissolved the confederacy, but pursued in spite of it her own fearless course.

But not only in Spanish America and in Greece, was the ascendancy of Mr. Canning's genius seen successfully promoting the interests of liberty; in the Brazils also, and in Portugal, it was felt during a series of negotiations of the most complicated nature. The promptitude with which an armament was sent by him from our shores to Lisbon, to preserve the Portuguese territory from violation, is unexampled in history. And although the proceedings of Don Miguel have apparently rendered useless all our exertions in that quarter, yet for this lame and impotent conclusion, Mr. Canning's policy is not to be blamed. Had he lived and continued in power, the throne of Portugal never would have been usurped by that wretched tyrant. In the dispute with the United States upon the question of intercourse with our West India islands, the honour of England was also well maintained. Indeed it may be said, that while Mr. Canning held the seals of the Foreign office, the country was exhibited in every part of the world armed at all points, not fearing war, but desiring peace for the general interests of mankind.

Upon domestic topics Mr. Canning's influence was uniformly visible, though not always triumphant. He gave his fullest support to the removal of unnecessary commercial restrictions, to the relaxation of the corn laws, and to Catholic emancipation. It is very certain that if he had lived to propose a measure for the relief of the Catholics, he would not have gone so far, or have done the work so effectually, as the Duke of Wellington has done. He entertained an exaggerated idea of the degree of resistance with which it might meet from the people, and was inclined rather to enter into a compromise, which would have had the effect of keep-



ing both parties dissatisfied. His ardour in the cause abated considerably towards the end of his career, not that he felt less disposed towards that great and healing measure of justice, but because he feared that he never could render it palatable to the country at large. This was the question, moreover, upon which his political antagonists in the cabinet were most resolute in differing from him. They were strongly supported by the Duke of York, who not long before his death made a strong representation to the king against Mr. Canning's continuance in office, "strenuously advising his majesty to place the government of the country in a state of uniformity—and that that uniformity should be one of a decided opposition to the Catholic claims." Mr. Stapleton's details upon this subject will be read with interest.

'His Majesty was, however, too well convinced of the value of Mr. Canning's services to be willing to dispense with them, as he must have done had he followed the advice of his brother; and the step which His Royal Highness had taken was communicated to Mr. Canning.

'The health of His Royal Highness was, at the time of this communication, supposed to be rapidly improving; but Mr. Canning determined to wait for the more advanced recovery of the *Commander-in-Chief*, before he adopted any decisive measures with respect to this active demonstration of hostility against a confidential servant of the Crown, on the part of an individual holding so high an official post in the King's service. Instead, however, of recovering, His Royal Highness shortly after began rapidly to grow worse. While in this state the Royal patient was exhorted to leave behind him some testamentary exposition of his opinions on the Catholic Question; he, however, steadfastly refused to do so, saying that had he lived he would have fought the question to the uttermost, but that he did not think it fair to embarrass those from whom he was about to be separated. Such noble and considerate conduct served not a little to increase Mr. Canning's "self-congratulation that he had not allowed himself to be hurried into a controversial discussion, which must in its effects have disquieted the last weeks of His Royal Highness's life, and the closing intercourse between His Royal Highness and the King.

"I would not," said Mr. Canning, for the world, have "had to lay such a consequence to my own charge, however unintentionally produced, or under whatever provocation."

'Mr. Canning attended the funeral of the Duke of York, at which mournful ceremony he caught a cold, which ended in an illness, that gave a shock to his constitution, from which it never entirely recovered.'—vol. iii. pp. 299—301.

We were prepared to expect some very curious particulars, connected with the history of Mr. Canning's elevation to the premiership and the change of ministry, which followed Lord Liverpool's illness. But upon approaching the pages in which we relied upon finding them, we encountered the following ominous note.

'The details of these negotiations, and an account of the debates respecting the formation of the Ministry, are omitted, in consequence of

representations having been made to the author that their publication at the present moment might be productive of very serious mischief to the country. The author cannot agree in this opinion; but in the existing crisis of affairs it was not for him to take upon himself the responsibility of despising warnings of so grave a character, and of setting at nought the opinions of disinterested individuals, whose station and experience gave them a strong claim to consideration and respect. The author, therefore, on his own individual responsibility, withholds, for a short time, this portion of the history, in preference to delaying the whole work, and thereby incurring the hazard of losing, perhaps never to recover, the favourable opportunity which now offers for its publication.—vol. iii. pp. 313, 314.

Perhaps Mr. Stapleton has decided judiciously. We shall not venture to differ from him upon that point, as we are not aware of the materials of which he is in possession. The note appears to have been written since the formation of Lord Grey's ministry, and it is in that quarter that the mischief, we presume, would operate. If so, Mr. Stapleton deserves credit for his discretion; but it certainly has stripped his work of its best attractions. Towards the conclusion, he enters into a view of the general policy of the Duke of Wellington as compared with that of Mr. Canning. That question has been recently so much discussed, in pamphlets, that we need not follow Mr. Stapleton upon it. A few of his observations, however, are deserving of attention. After mentioning the subversion of the Charter in Portugal, and the usurpation of Don Miguel, the author proceeds:—

‘ From these facts, then, it would be only reasonable to infer, that the British Ministers no longer followed Mr. Canning's neutral course; but the correctness of this inference is placed beyond the reach of doubt, by a Parliamentary declaration of Lord Aberdeen, made at a moment when the concession of Catholic emancipation had given an appearance of strength to the government, which probably deceived the members themselves into a belief of its stability.

‘ It was on the 20th of June, 1829, a few days before the close of the session, that the Foreign Secretary thus spoke:—

“ The Noble Marquis (Clanricarde) had drawn a sort of contrast between the situation of this country now, and that which he considered it to have maintained at a former period; and took it for granted, that she had fallen from her high estate. He utterly denied the correctness of that position. He believed that at no former period had this country ever enjoyed more of the respect of the great Governments of Europe, than at the present moment. There was one class of persons to whom the British Government might be obnoxious. It was probably looked upon with dislike by the disturbed spirits of Europe, who longed to be *let slip* to commence the work of destruction; but by the Governments of Europe, by the friends of peace, national improvement, and the preservation of order throughout the world, the British Government was looked up to at the present moment with greater confidence than ever.”

‘ How different a system of policy is here revealed, to that which Mr.



Canning described in his speech on sending troops to Portugal! The British Foreign Secretary no longer professed to maintain a "position of neutrality between conflicting principles," and to act the part of "Umpire" between the professors "of violent and exaggerated doctrines on both sides;" but he had contrived (and a matter of contrivance it evidently must have been) to make Great Britain the object of "dislike" to the one extreme, viz. the popular party; and "to be looked upon with greater confidence than ever" by the other extreme, viz. "the great Governments of Europe."

'His Lordship doth not deny, as he had done the year before, that the Government had deviated from Mr. Canning's policy, a knowledge of the true nature of which he appears to have subsequently acquired; for, as if distinctly to shew that these observations were meant to have reference to that policy, Lord Aberdeen makes use of the very peculiar phrase, "let slip," which Mr. Canning had employed in that celebrated speech. Does it not, then, seem more than probable that these remarks were made for the purpose of ascertaining how this nation would bear a return to the foreign policy of Lord Castlereagh? and can it be doubted, that if such were the language held in Parliament, sentiments of even a less liberal description were expressed to the diplomatic agents of the "great Governments of Europe," who placed "greater confidence than ever" in our own?

'Judging, therefore, of the foreign policy of the Duke of Wellington's government, by what was manifested of its tendency with respect to Portugal, and of the exposition made of it in Parliament, by the Foreign Secretary, it is impossible not to conclude that, upon principle, it sided with the ultra-monarchical extreme. That point once established, it follows that the partizans of that extreme must have acquired "greater confidence than ever" in their own strength. The consequence of such confidence, Mr. Canning had always anticipated would be to incite that one of the two parties, which entertained overweening notions of its own vigour, to such extraordinary efforts for obtaining an increase of power, as would provoke violent resistance, and, consequently, collision. Collision has certainly taken place, and that in about "two years" after the system of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen had come into full operation. The question, then, must be, Is the one the consequence of the other? That Charles X., had he not given his people cause to mistrust his sincerity, by selecting a ministry of the character of M. de Polignac's, and had he not made an unjustifiable and outrageous attack upon the liberties of his people, would have been now seated on the throne of France, with a reasonable prospect of transmitting it to his descendants, is a proposition which few, if any, will deny. Would that appointment, and subsequent attack then have been made, if the British government had not thrown the weight of its influence into the ultra-monarchical scale? To this it must be answered, that it is difficult for those individuals to believe that it ever would, who have remarked the following train of singular coincidences.

'When Mr. Canning was at Paris, in the autumn of 1826, Charles X., in speaking of the attempts which were made to impute to himself, and his government, a design to do away the provisions of the Charter, and to bring things back in France, the state to which they were before 1789, observed, that no such design was entertained by his confidential servants; that for himself, he had weighed the matter well in 1814, and had come to

the conclusion, that the restored family had nothing to do but to act frankly and cordially upon the institutions which it might be found necessary to sanction. For himself, he did act sincerely, in this view. Such were the wise notions which the French monarch professed to entertain of his own position, when Mr. Canning was in the plenitude of his power; and that his Majesty was then sincere, his conduct on a subsequent occasion affords very convincing evidence.

\* When the Chambers were dissolved by M. de Villèle, towards the close of 1827, the symptoms of the state of public feeling, as displayed by the return of liberal deputies, were of the most decided character; and it became clear that M. de Villèle, moderate ultra as he was, would no longer be supported by the legislature. Charles X. then determined to yield to the wishes of his people; and without even waiting for the meeting of the Chambers, he, of his own free will, dismissed M. de Villèle and his colleagues, and appointed the liberal ministry of M. de Martignac in their places. When His Most Christian Majesty took this step, Mr. Canning, indeed, was no more: but the government which he had constructed still held together, and were doing the utmost to maintain his principles.

\* For upwards of a year Charles X. treated his new ministry with cordiality: but, in the spring of 1829, he is reported to have behaved towards some of them in public with marked incivility. The King of France did not thus act, until he had good grounds for reckoning that the foreign policy of the British Cabinet would not be altered, in consequence of any change in its composition; for this line of conduct exactly coincides in point of time with that appearance of stability which the government of the Duke of Wellington assumed in consequence of his conduct on the Catholic question.

\* On the 8th of August of the same year, the ordonnance was issued which dismissed M. de Martignac and his colleagues, and appointed in their room the Prince de Polignac and his friends. Its publication took place just six weeks after Lord Aberdeen had boasted of the "dislike" entertained by one party towards the British Government, and of the other reposing in it "greater confidence than ever." Until that exposition had been made, there was no certainty that the British parliament would tolerate such a system. Between the two events no longer a period elapsed than was requisite for the transition of Lord Aberdeen's speech to Paris, the order to the Prince to repair thither from London, his Excellency's journey, and the completion of the necessary arrangements.

\* In this fatal appointment originated all the mischiefs which subsequently ensued. The King was too deeply committed by it to be able safely to recede: for it excited such strong suspicions of his intentions to abrogate the charter, that he never could have regained the confidence of his people. The sentiments of M. de Polignac were no secret. He was well known to belong to the "Congregation," and the "Congregation and the Jesuits" were believed to be plotting the destruction of the charter. A reaction, whenever it came, was certain to be of so violent a character as to transfer all the real power of the state from one extreme to the other, in which case the royal prerogatives would have been curtailed in a manner which would have made the change little different from a revolution.

\* The Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel have both denied having in any way, directly or indirectly, interfered in recommending the nomina-



tion of the Prince; but can it be believed that that nomination would have taken place, if Charles X. had not reckoned on at least the moral support of the British Government? If the sentiments of our Ministers had no influence over this unfortunate monarch, is it not an unaccountable coincidence, that his opinions and actions should vary, so as to be exactly in unison with theirs? That M. de Polignac did not contemplate, when he accepted the post of First Minister, having recourse to the measures of extreme violence, which have brought about his own ruin, and that of his Sovereign, is more than probable, as well as that he was hurried into them in blind deference to commands, which he thought it would be the basest of crimes to disobey; but it is much to be feared, that the infatuated Monarch would never have ventured on the deed, which has terminated in his exile, if he had not looked up to the British Government "with greater confidence than ever."

'Not that we would insinuate, that either the Duke of Wellington or Lord Aberdeen had any notion of the intention to issue the "Ordonnances," or that, if they had, they would not have done their utmost to prevent so unwise a measure; but the last public act of the Duke, the speech from the throne, proves a perseverance in that same anti-liberal course which Lord Aberdeen so accurately described but a few weeks before Prince Polignac's appointment.

'The King of France could not have been ignorant of this perseverance; and it must have emboldened him to make that unjust attack upon the public liberties, which maddened into armed resistance an unwilling people, and at once brought the advocates of unlimited democracy and of absolute monarchy into collision with each other.

'Is not this, then, the same appalling danger which impended in 1822, when Mr. Canning assumed the direction of our foreign affairs? Is not this the same danger that he succeeded in averting while he lived, and indicated a sure mode for his successors to prevent its recurrence? And is not this the evil which he foresaw would be realized, when he observed that "two years of the policy of the Duke of Wellington would undo all that he had done?"

'We confess that we are amongst those, who think that it would have been for the happiness of the civilized world, if Charles X. had remained upon his throne, and had secured the affections of his subjects, by a due regard to their feelings and wishes. By degrees the French people would have gained all the liberty and privileges which they could reasonably have desired; and that without passing through the dreadful ordeal of bloodshed and revolution.

'The conflict has not been confined to Paris: the social order of other continental states has been shaken by internal convulsion; and the vibrations of the struggle, which has agitated France, have been felt more or less sensibly in almost every country in Europe. The ignorance of human nature which marked the proceedings of the Congress at Vienna, in 1815, must now be manifest to the most prejudiced eyes; for it seems no longer possible to maintain the territorial distribution of Europe there arranged, simply because it was based on erroneous principles of arbitrary policy. As yet, however, foreign war has been averted; for the well-being of mankind, it is to be hoped that the world may be spared so fearful a calamity. Much will depend upon the policy pursued by this country. But there is

every reason to hope, since those who are now entrusted with its direction, will no longer be viewed with distrust by the European public, that feelings of confidence will again revive towards the British Government, whose members are known to be sincere friends to the just and regulated liberties of the people. The liberal government of France can have nothing to fear from the British Cabinet; and the French nation must be too conscious of what will contribute to its own prosperity to desire to see its resources wasted in an unprofitable conflict, when, by an enlarged commercial intercourse, the two nations may contribute to augment, in an unexampled degree, their mutual greatness and advancement.

‘ Great Britain herself has not wholly escaped from feeling the effects of these convulsions, in the tumultuous assemblages of the labouring poor. The government which has succeeded that of the Duke of Wellington can however suppress with a strong arm the lawless outrages of these misguided people, without being exposed to the suspicion of being unfriendly to liberty, or unmindful of the comforts of the lower orders.

‘ The Premier has pledged himself to endeavour to remove the causes of that state of mind, which in some cases has unfortunately made the peasant, who ought to be the defender, the assailant of his employer.

‘ Perhaps no single measure that could be devised would be so effectual a remedy for these evils, as a relaxation of the restrictions on the corn trade.

‘ It was Mr. Canning’s opinion, after the bill which was prepared by Lord Liverpool had been lost, that when a new corn bill should be introduced in the succeeding session, it would be advisable so to frame it as to place still fewer obstacles to importation than existed in the one which had been rejected.

‘ Such a Bill, so far from being disadvantageous to the landed interests, would have stimulated the industry of the country, and contributed to improve the condition of labourer, farmer, and landlord, as well as of the manufacturer: for it is capable of demonstration that the corn laws, as at present framed, operate even more injuriously to the agricultural than to the other great interests of the country. If, then, Mr. Canning contemplated the introduction of a bill, giving increased facilities to importation, it was from a sincere conviction that it would be found beneficial to all parties; and not from any notion (such as was imputed to him) that he could befriend the people, at the expense of the aristocracy. Had he not been their well-wisher, he could not have been the friend of the people; the true interests of both being indissolubly united: and if he occasionally took a different view of what would be advantageous to the aristocracy from that of some individuals belonging to their class, it was because those few entertained erroneous notions respecting the true sources of their welfare.

‘ The present Government are pledged to Reform. Mr. Canning’s last declaration on the subject was, that he would “oppose it to the end of his life;” but it should be remembered that he thus spoke at a time when “all that he had done” had *not* “been undone,” and that he had a well-grounded confidence that, so long as he lived, he should be able to prevent the mischief.

‘ In the present altered state of things, who can say that, were he now living he would inflexibly resist a guarded and limited concession?’—vol. iii. pp. 371—383.



In reflecting upon the life of Mr. Canning, it is impossible not to be struck with the signal proof which it affords of the power which personal talents and character possess, in our representative constitution. By their influence, chiefly, he succeeded in raising himself from the rank of an "adventurer," as he was once basely called at Liverpool, to that of Premier, against perpetual opposition from almost every quarter of the political compass. The people, the press, the whigs, the tories, men in office and out of office, in the court and the camp, and even the king himself, by turns assailed, or thwarted his progress in the career of ambition. It was his maxim, "never to yield to misfortune, but, on the contrary, to work with more courage against it by all the means in his power."

"Tu ne cede malis : sed contra audentior ito,  
Qua tua te Fortuna sinet."

Actuated by this principle, which deserves to be kept in view by every man who has his own course to chalk out, he succeeded in winning, successively, the good-will of every class of his political enemies—the whigs, the press, the people, even the king, all except the tories, who are an unforgiving race.

Another remark forces itself upon the mind, after reading these volumes, composed as they are, for the most part, of extracts from Mr. Canning's state papers. These documents are all models of nervous, clear, elegant, yet unaffected, writing. The expositions of international law growing out of new circumstances, which they contain, will be always referred to as authoritative, and as the foundation of the modern system of British policy. The terms in which Sir James Mackintosh eulogized the papers upon the Spanish American question, are not less eloquent than just. "I can only describe them," said he, and no man could be a more competent judge on such a subject, "as containing a body of liberal maxims of policy, and just principles of public law, expressed with a precision, a circumspection, and a dignity, which will always render them models and masterpieces of diplomatic composition. From them seems to me to flow every consequence respecting the future, which I think most desirable." We rather believe that before they were submitted to Parliament, Sir James was consulted with respect to them ; but there is no doubt that they are all the production of Mr. Canning. The labour which he bestowed upon these, and his dispatches and papers in general, was immense. But anxious as he was in the inculcation of his principles of policy, both in writing and in speaking, and happy as he uniformly was in expounding them, how limited after all has been their immediate effect upon the destinies of the world ! That he has sown good seeds, which will eventually yield an affluent harvest, we hope and believe. But how vexed must his great spirit be, if it has been permitted since his departure from our orb, to witness the events which have since taken place, upon observing the little progress which the Spanish American states

have made in the career of freedom and prosperity ; how abortive have been the negotiations for the settlement of Greece ; how unblushingly that mountebank, Don Miguel, continues to play his fantastic tricks ; how soon, when his guiding hand had failed, the dogs of war, in France and Belgium and Poland, whom he held in the leash, have been let loose upon the world ! Whether we look at home or abroad, never was there a period when the helm of the state required more of the vigilance of a master-mind. Lord Grey possesses assuredly that most valuable of all endowments, and assisted by such a colleague as the Lord Chancellor, one of the most extraordinary men of any age, we entertain every hope that the confusion which reigns around us will be gradually conquered, and that out of this chaos of principles and interests, of prejudices, passions and follies, order will eventually arise, and establish upon a durable basis the liberty and happiness of Europe.

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ART. II.—*The Scottish Gaël ; or, Celtic Manners as preserved among the Highlanders : being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Inhabitants, Antiquities, and National Peculiarities of Scotland ; more particularly of the Northern, or Gaëlic parts of the Country, where the singular habits of the Aboriginal Celts are most tenaciously retained.* By James Logan, F.S.A.S. In two volumes. 8vo. London : Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.

WARTON rightly says, that “ the most interesting and important of all history is the history of manners.” We read with attention indeed, and sometimes with breathless earnestness, of the march and conflict of mighty armies ; but their personal demeanour in the battle, in the camp, under privations, or in the lap of enjoyment, if described by a “ Subaltern ” or some gay reminiscent, have charms for us beyond all the results of their musketry and artillery. So of eminent public men, we peruse in the Times or Herald their admirably reported speeches in either House of Parliament, at popular meetings, or upon the hustings, anxious to know their opinions upon questions of national concern. But with infinitely more pleasure do we follow them, by the aid of memoirs and anecdotes, into the retirement of their private circles ; to see them as it were in dishabille, freed from the restraint of etiquette, and following without reserve the natural tenour of their lives. The classic dignity of history requires that its pages shall be principally devoted to the councils of kings and their ministers, to the actions of great men, and to their consequences with respect to the welfare of the community. Such pages we study for instruction, and instruction has undoubtedly its delights for intelligent minds. But how gladly do we not turn from them to those less pompous volumes, which tell of the manners of our ancestors, which inform us when and upon what they made their breakfast or dinner, what



they drank, at what hours they rose, how they were clothed, how they spent the day and the witching time of night! for then we feel that we are of them, that they were such as we are, and we find an inexhaustible pleasure in ascertaining how much they were like or unlike to us in their individual tastes and customs.

It is a work of this latter description that Mr. Logan has given us—by far the most amusing that has yet been written upon the primitive institutions, poetry, music, language, manners, and the varied and brilliant costume of the most interesting portion of the Scottish nation, the native inhabitants of the Highlands. The unmixed descendants of the Celts, who are generally believed to have been the aboriginal occupants of the northern tracts of Europe, they continued to a very recent period to preserve inviolate their Celtic principles and habits. They are now scarcely to be distinguished from the Lowland Scots, such has been the rapid advance of civilization amongst them since the union with England. Before the amalgamation shall become complete, and while yet a few of their national features linger upon the precincts of refinement, Mr. Logan has gone over their mountainous and picturesque country, has explored with indefatigable zeal their early history, their traditions, and all the archives of their chivalry and manners, and has left nothing untouched which tended in any way to gratify their pride, or to illustrate their character.

There is no doubt that the Highlanders were the Caledonians, who gave the Romans so much trouble under Agricola. We shall not remind Mr. Logan of that General's opinion of them—" *ii ceterorum Britannorum fugacissimi, ideoque tam diu superstites.*" Protected by natural bulwarks, fed by the fish which they found in the neighbouring sea and in their lakes, and by the birds and venison with which their woods and mountains abounded, they lived for ages under a patriarchal government. They had little or no cattle to bring them into contact, by the sale of them, with strangers; their fertile vallies supplied them with a sufficiency of corn, and when the chace or the harvest failed, they had recourse to those forays, celebrated in Scottish story, which served occasionally to remind their neighbours of their existence. Thus secluded, their traditions and songs celebrated the exploits of their own nation, and the locality of description fostered the spirit of independence, the lofty notions of their own unconquered race, and jealous pride of ancestry, so remarkable in the Highlands. Their history has furnished many a theme to the novelist, and abundant matter for controversy to pamphleteers. Dr. Mac Pherson's well known "Dissertations" have an object in view, in the main, similar to that which has employed the pen of Mr. Logan. The former, however, confined his labours within a narrower compass, and occupied himself chiefly in comparing the Gaelic customs with those of the Germans; while the latter attempts to illustrate 'the manners of the Celtic race, to trace the language, the religion,

form of government, and peculiar usages of the Scots to their origin; to shew their identity with those of the aborigines of Britain, and their resemblance to those of the remaining branches of the Celtic race, and thence to prove their own descent, and the derivation of the singular manners which so long distinguished them, and to which they yet fondly cling.'

Mr. Logan enters with the most laborious minuteness into each branch of his subject. He treats of the various nations which formerly inhabited Europe, deduces historically their origin, describes the aboriginal appearance of this island, the extent and productions of its forests, and has collected from a great variety of sources, some curious details concerning its Celtic population, their persons and dispositions, their education and institutions. Having traced the identity of this people with the Caledonians, he becomes profuse upon their military tactics, the beauty and valour of their women, and the genius of their bards. Not the least interesting part of his work is that which is devoted to the rise and progress of the system of clanship in Scotland, which he has discussed with great candour and clearness. The origin of the Tartan is also critically handled, and shown to have been derived from the Celts, although Pinkerton and other writers have supposed it to have been a comparatively recent invention. Every body knows that the number of colours among the Caledonians, indicated the rank of the wearer, 'a king or chief having seven, a Druid six, and other nobles four in their robes.' In modern times the appropriation of the colours has been neglected, those who could do so, introducing into their robes as many colours as they chose. Though not Caledonian, we share in the indignation with which Mr. Logan decries this usurpation of dyes. The word itself is derived from the Gaelic *tarstin*, or *tarsuin*, across, or plaided. The best manufacture of it is said to be at Stirling. The author's defence of its gracefulness and antiquity, must be quoted.

'The Highland garb, worn by one who knows how to dress properly in it, is, undoubtedly, one of the most picturesque in the world. Other nations may have an original garment resembling the fiele-beag, or kilt; but the belted plaid is indisputably the invention of the Gaël, and bears no resemblance, either in its materials or arrangement, to the habit of any other people.

'The ample folds of the tartan, that are always arranged to show the characteristic or predominant stripe, and adjusted with great care, gracefully depending from the shoulder, is a pleasing and elegant drapery, which being of itself, as it were, the entire vestment, presents an *ensemble* equally remote from the extremes of Asiatic and European dresses. It partakes of the easy flow of oriental costume, suited to the indolence and effeminacy of the inhabitants of the East; and, avoiding the angular formality and stiffness of European attire, combines a great degree both of lightness and elegance.

'It is well known that the antiquity of the national garb has been questioned, and the right of the Scots to claim it as original has been denied.



In this respect it has met no more favour than most of the peculiarities which distinguish this interesting portion of the British empire.

'John Pinkerton, an author notorious for his anti-Gaelic spirit, and whose learning is sullied by a rancour of feeling and heat of temper which he, nevertheless, reprobates in others with intemperate severity, asserts the antiquity of the feile-beag among the Highlanders to be very questionable; that it "is not ancient but singular, and adapted to their savage life—was always unknown among the Welsh and Irish, and that it was a dress of the Saxons, who could not afford breeches, &c." He had before observed, that "breeches were unknown to the Celts, from the beginning to this day!"

'Many papers have also appeared at different times, in various publications, discussing the question of its antiquity, and generally with a view to prove its late adoption among the Scots Highlanders. These communications have, in many cases, been answered, sometimes very ably, but in many instances without effect. Appeals to tradition are not very convincing arguments to set against the apparent authority of historical record, but the passages which have been selected to show that the Highlanders did not, until lately, wear the dress to which, from time immemorial, we find them so much attached, do not, certainly, bear the constructions that have been put on them. The point, however, is so undeniably settled, that it is unnecessary to enter into a lengthened refutation of those writers, many of whom are anonymous.'—vol. i. pp. 246, 247.

In the Appendix to the second volume, Mr. Logan has given a curious list of the colours which belong, by divine right, to different families. That of Abercrombie, for instance, claims three-and-a-half inches of green, then half an inch of white, then three-and-a-half of green, and next four separate inches of black and blue, alternately fringed by three-and-a-half of the latter. The Camerons boast of twenty stripes, the Campbells of forty-two, and the Ogilvies of near a hundred!

We do not perceive that Mr. Logan, in his chapter upon the architecture of the Celts, throws any new light upon the round towers, found in such numbers in Ireland, the uses of which have puzzled so many of our antiquaries. Two of these buildings exist in Scotland, in the territories of the ancient Picts, but they are involved in the same mystery, with respect to their origin and application, as the Irish edifices of a similar character.

Among the virtues which the Caledonians have inherited from their Celtic ancestors, pre-eminent stands their hospitality. The age is not long past when they were accustomed to leave their doors open by night, as well as by day, for the admission of the traveller. In more modern times, it seems to have been the practice in Scotland, 'before closing their doors, to look out for strangers or wayfaring men, and it is still remembered in the traditions of the peasantry in many parts of the North, that the Laird had his "latter meat table," daily spread for all who chose to partake of his liberality.' The following anecdote is laughably characteristic.

‘Donald Mac Donald, Esq., of Aberarder, of the house of Kepoch, father of Captain Mac Donald, of Moy, was remarkable for his hospitality, as well as for many other traits of eccentric virtue. Aberarder House is situated in one of the most romantic spots on earth, at the side of Loch Logan, and is distant on one side four, and on the other six miles from any house. In good weather, he used to seat himself on a green knoll, above the mansion, which commanded a view of the road, at least a mile each way, and when he discovered a traveller, he used to desire Mrs. Mac Donald immediately to prepare food, for that he had discovered a stranger, whose slow progress indicated the necessity of refreshment. Sometimes it happened that the stranger passed without calling; on discovering which, he would exclaim, “Damn the scoundrel! I am sure he is a bad fellow at home.” He was even known sometimes to follow a considerable distance with food, or to persuade the traveller to return and spend the night.’—vol. ii. p. 131.

It is a common practice to set before the stranger milk, ale, bread and cheese, and whatever else they may have, unasked. They will even surrender to him their only bed. In the Hebrides, even now, the doors are never locked; and in many parts of the Highlands there are no bolts to the doors. When the provision of one house was exhausted, the guest was transferred to the neighbouring one, where he met with an equally kind reception—a custom which was in vogue less than fifty years ago, and is not entirely laid aside. Mr. Logan indulges at large in the delights of Highland feasting. According to all accounts, they lived magnificently, and were from an early age deeply versed in the art of cookery, an art which they have by no means lost. The Highlanders occasionally, not often, met for a carousal, the bill being paid by a general contribution. Of the length of their sittings, at such social treats, the following anecdote affords an amusing example.

‘The laird of Assynt, on one occasion, having come down to Dunlobin, was accosted by the smith of the village, when just ready to mount his garron and set off. The smith being an old acquaintance, and the laird, like the late Mac Nab, and others of true Highland blood, thinking it no derogation from his dignity to accept the gobh’s invitation to take deoch au doras, a draught at the door, or stirrup cup, for every glass had its significant appellation, went into the house, where the smith called for the largest jar, or greybeard of whiskey, a pitcher that holds perhaps two gallons, meaning, without doubt, to show the laird that when they parted it should not be for want of liquor. “Well,” says Donald, “they continued to sit and drink, and converse on various matters, and the more they talked, the more subjects for conversation arose, and it was the fourth day before the smith thought of his shop, or the laird of Assynt.”’—vol. ii. pp. 158, 159.

One of the mysteries connected with the manners of the Highlanders, is the origin of their partiality for snuff. It certainly is not Celtic, though the art of smoking some sort of herb, seems to have been known to that ingenious race. In London, we see the figure of a Highlander as a sign, wherever snuff is sold—a fashion



said to have been established for the purpose of attracting the attention of the men of the Black Watch, now the 42nd regiment, who were constantly calling to replenish their capacious boxes. Whatever be the solution of this mystery, it is clear from Mr. Logan's account, that the practice does not interfere with the longevity of the Highlanders, of which he has given several remarkable instances upon good authority.

'Gilour Mac Creim, an inhabitant of Jurah,' he says, 'kept 180 Christ-masses in his own house; and he notices a woman, in Scarba, who reached the patriarchal age of 140 years, and a person in South Uist, who had but lately died, at 138. In more recent times we find Flora Mac Donald, who died in Lewis, in 1810, with full possession of her faculties, at the age of 120, and Margaret Innes, who died in Sky, in 1814, aged 127; in 1817, Hugh Cameron, called Eobhem na Pillie, died at Lawers, in Braidalban, in his 112th year, and one Elizabeth Murray died at Auchenfauld, in Perthshire, when she had reached 116; Peter Gairdon, who has been before alluded to, a native of Mar, was a sturdy old Highlander when he died at the advanced age of 132. This veteran, whose portrait has been engraved, continued to wear his native garb, in this and other particulars, resembling Alexander Campbell, alias Ibherach, who lived in Glencalvie, in Ross-shire, and was born in 1699. This "ancient of days" died at the age of 117, retaining his vigour of body and mind to the last, and enjoying his favourite amusement of roaming about the glens. A walk of eleven miles to visit his clergyman was a recreation; and shortly before his death he went to Tain, a distance of twenty-six miles, in one day. He trod with a firm step, and uniformly dressed in the kilt and short hose, leaving his breast and neck exposed to the blast, however cold. Poor Ibherach, after living so long, was indebted for support to the generosity of his friends. About a year before his death, in 1816, he received from Lord Ashburton a shilling for every year of his life, with something additional for whiskey to moisten his venerable clay, and cheer his spirit in the evening of life. This sum outlasted Campbell, and helped his clansfolk to perform the last offices with becoming decency and respect to the hoary veteran. In August, 1827, John Mac Donald, a native of Glen Tinisdale, in Sky, died at Edinburgh, aged 107. It was too memorable a circumstance to forget, that early one morning he supplied two females, as he supposed, with water from a fountain, which individuals were Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles Stewart in disguise. This man was very temperate and regular, and never had an hour's illness in his life. On new year's day, 1825, he joined in a reel with his sons, grandsons, and great grandsons.

'The public prints have for many years past occasionally recorded the deaths of Highlanders, whose remarkable old age may have entitled them to notice, but who obtained a place in the obituary chiefly from the circumstance of their having been concerned in their last unfortunate struggle, and being supposed at the time the only survivors of those engaged in that affair. Successive communications have hitherto proved the supposition erroneous, and afforded a proof of the general longevity of the Gaël. It is represented that, when His Majesty was in Edinburgh, John Grant, aged 110, was presented to him as one who had fought

against the Royal forces in 1745, when, addressing his Sovereign, he observed that, although "he might not rank among the oldest friends of his throne, he was entitled to say that he was the last of his enemies."—vol. ii. pp. 174—176.

The chapter upon the shipping, commerce, money, and manufactures of the Celts, contains much curious matter. Proceeding to that upon their music and poetry, we find that Mr. Logan is a devout believer in the authenticity of the Ossianic poems. We had thought, that this fond dream of Caledonian minds had long since vanished. His observations upon their music are much more worthy of notice. The reader will no doubt be pleased with his history of the Scottish Bagpipes.

'The PIPE is a most ancient instrument of music. It was well known to the Trojans and Greeks, among whom there were different sorts for Dorian, Lydian, and Phrygian measures; but the addition of a bag and accompanying drones or burdens, must have been an invention of subsequent times. Theocritus, who flourished 385 A. C., mentions it in his Pastorals, and Procopius describes it as having both the skin and wood extremely fine. Pronomus the Theban, is said, by Pausanias, to have been the first that played the different measures at once on one pipe.

'There is at Rome, a fine Greek sculpture, in basso relievo, representing a piper playing on an instrument bearing a close resemblance to the Highland bagpipe. The Greeks, unwilling as they were to surrender to others the merit of useful inventions, acknowledge, that to the barbarians, i. e. the Celts, they owed much of their music, and many of its instruments. The Romans, who, no doubt, borrowed the bagpipe from the Greeks, used it as a martial instrument among their infantry.\* It is represented on several coins, marbles, &c.; but from rudeness of execution, or decay of the materials, it is difficult to ascertain its exact form. On the reverse of a coin of the Emperor Nero, who thought himself an admirable performer on it, and who publicly displayed his abilities, the bagpipe is represented. An ancient figure, supposed to be playing on it, has been represented, and particularly described by Signor Macari, of Cortona, and it is engraved in Walker's History of the Irish Bards, but it does not, in my opinion, appear to be a piper. A small bronze figure found at Richborough, in Kent, and conjectured to have been an ornament of horse furniture, is not more distinct. Mr. King, who has engraved three views of it, and others, believe it to represent a bagpiper, to which it has certainly more resemblance than to "a person drinking out of a leathern bottle."

'The bagpiper, of a rude and concordant construction, is in common use throughout the East, and that it continues the popular instrument of the Italian peasant, is well known. In this country, it is the medium through which the good Catholics show their devotion to their Virgin Mother, who receives their adoration in the lengthened strains of the sonorous Piva. It is a singular but faithful tradition of the church, that the shepherds who

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\* 'Varro calls it Pythaula, a word of Greek derivation, and not dissimilar to the Celtic piol-mhala, pronounced piovala.'



first saw the infant Jesus in the barn, expressed their gladness by playing on their bagpipes. That this is probable, and natural, will not be denied, but the illuminator of a Dutch missal, in the library of King's College, Old Aberdeen, surely indulged his fancy when he represented one of the appearing angels likewise playing a salute on this curious instrument. The Italian shepherds religiously adhere to the laudable practice of their ancestors, and, in visiting Rome and other places to celebrate the advent of our Saviour, they carry the pipes along with them, and their favourite tune is the Sicilian Mariners, often sung in Protestant churches.'—vol. ii. pp. 269, 270.

The author does not affect to trace the origin of the pipes amongst the Scots, but he thinks that it is of great antiquity. Robertson says of it, that its music is the voice of uproar and misrule. Its fitness for the tumult of battle rendered it preferable to the harp. Association alone can make its rude sounds acceptable to any human ear, in our humble opinion; its power to produce strong impressions, of which many proofs might be given, is entirely referable to this hidden and electric chain.

'In the war in India, a piper in Lord Mac Leod's regiment, seeing the British army giving way before superior numbers, played, in his best style, the well-known *Cogadh na Sith*, which filled the Highlanders with such spirit, that, immediately rallying, they cut through their enemies. For this fortunate circumstance Sir Eyre Coote, filled with admiration, and appreciating the value of such music, presented the regiment with fifty pounds, to buy a stand of pipes. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the troops were retreating in disorder, and the general complained to a field-officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps. "Sir," said the officer with a degree of warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play; nothing inspirits the Highlanders so much, even now they would be of some use." "Let them blow in God's name, then," said the general; and the order being given, the pipers with alacrity sounded the *Crim-neuchadh*, on which the Gaël formed in the rear, and bravely returned to the charge. George Clark, now piper to the Highland Society of London, was piper to the 71st regiment at the battle of Vimiera, where he was wounded in the leg by a musquet-ball as he boldly advanced. Finding himself disabled, he sat down on the ground, and, putting his pipes in order, called out, "Weel, lads, I am sorry I can gae nae farther wi you, but deel hae my saul if ye sall want music;" and struck up a favourite warlike air, with the utmost unconcern for any thing, but the unspeakable delight of sending his comrades to battle with the animating sound of the *piobruichd*.

'It is a popular tradition, that the enemy anxiously level at the pipers, aware of the power of their music; and a story is related of one, who, at the battle of Waterloo, received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning, which so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes on the ground, he drew his broadsword, and wreaked his vengeance on his foes with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death from numerous wounds. It is related of the piper-major of the 92nd, on the same occasion, that, placing himself on an eminence where the shot was flying like hail, regardless of his danger, he proudly sounded the battle air to animate his noble companions. On one occasion, during

the peninsular war, the same regiment came suddenly on the French army, and the intimation of their approach was suddenly given by the pipers bursting out their Gathering. The effect was instantaneous; the enemy fled, and the Highlanders pursued.'—vol. ii. pp. 273, 274.

The most celebrated seminary for instruction in the pipes, was kept in the Isle of Sky, by the Mac Rimmons, who were hereditary pipers to the chiefs of Mac Leod. They, however, have long since ceased their avocation, and the instrument would most probably have nearly fallen into oblivion by this time, but for the exertions of the Highland Societies here and in Scotland. The Northumberland bagpipes are more portable and less noisy than the Scots. They are sometimes formed entirely of ivory, richly ornamented with silver, and the bag of cloth or karkan, is handsomely adorned.

We must refer the reader to Mr. Logan's volumes for the games and exercises of the Highlanders, and their marriage ceremonies, wakes, and funerals, the details of which are mixed up with a good deal of antiquarian research into the religion and manners of the Celts. The work is, indeed, altogether well calculated to reward attention. The authorities upon which the author has founded his statements, are carefully quoted; and though, as a Highlander, he is sanguine in his praises of his Celtic ancestors, nevertheless, we do not think that he has often, or materially, overrated the renown which they deserve from posterity. The work is illustrated by a few coloured plates, and a variety of well-executed wood cuts.

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ART. III.—*Cartonensia: or, an Historical and Critical Account of the Tapestries in the Vatican; copied from the designs of Raphael of Urbino, and of such of the Cartoons whence they were woven, as are now in preservation. With Notes and Illustrations. To which are subjoined, Remarks on the Causes which retard the progress of the higher departments of the art of painting in this country.* By the Rev. W. Gunn, B.D. 8vo. pp. 198. London: Ridgway. 1831.

ALTHOUGH many persons may have gazed upon the seven Cartoons of Raphael, in the Palace at Hampton Court, with what Watts quaintly terms a "vulgar idea," and may have gained from them pleasure and entertainment; yet how few there are who know any thing of the history, and still less of the real merits of those celebrated productions! Added to the others, which that great master designed, they form in themselves a school of art, from which the historical painter, especially, may derive, not technical instruction only, but inspiration of the highest order. They are to him what the Parthenon was, and St. Peter's is to the architect,—what the works of Phidias, Canova, and Thorwalsden are to the sculptor; and those of Homer, Ariosto, Shakspeare and Milton are to the poet. Barry says of them, writing from Rome, that they were the



best of Raphael's productions, and Lanzi exclaims that the world has never seen any thing to match them in beauty.

Lanzi understood "beauty" in the same sense that the author of this interesting and well-written tract explains it; it is the *καλόν* of the Greeks, and the *Pulchrum* of the Romans, and is meant to express, however inadequately, the delight which the imagination receives from visible forms, or even from those which are perceptible only to the mental eye. When we say that the cartoons are beautiful, we do not intimate that the figures which they contain are all endowed with perfect features and exquisitely turned limbs; or that, like the heads painted by Corregio, they always look smiling and happy; we intend rather to confess the general effect which they produce, and to pay homage to that harmony of design, and that universal adaptation to one end, which have an indescribable charm for the intellectual faculties.

Any person who has been upon the continent may have observed that in Catholic countries, especially in Italy and Spain, the balconies are generally hung with tapestries of a more or less ornamental description, upon festival days when processions pass through the streets of the principal cities. This custom, which is still preserved, is of very old date. The churches and cloisters through which the processions moved, were first decorated in this way,—the fashion was extended to their precincts, and ultimately to the whole line of the pageant. Leo the Tenth, the most distinguished patron of whom the arts have ever boasted, and whose taste even in common things was princely, employed the genius of Raphael in designing a series of subjects drawn from the New Testament, which were first to be finished in cartoons, that is to say, upon large paper, and then to be copied by Flemish artists in tapestry, for the purpose of being used, in the way we have mentioned, upon great festivals. It is supposed that neither Leo nor Raphael lived to see the splendid pieces of tapestry to which their combined taste thus gave birth. Two principal sets were executed at Arras, in Flanders, under the superintendence of Bernard Von Orlay and Michael Coxis, with the utmost care and success. The set which was sent to Rome was twice taken away by invaders, the first time, in 1526, and secondly, in 1798; it was restored after the first sack in a perfect state; but after the second restoration in 1814, one was found wanting, which had been destroyed by a Jew for the sake of the precious metal it contained. The authorities differ as to their original number. Vasari gives a list of twenty-five, while Carlo Fea limits them to twenty-two; a difference, however, which may be easily reconciled, as the latter reckons as one, a subject which, after the cartoons were drawn, was divided into three. When Wright travelled in Italy, in 1720, there were, however, only nineteen of them. He says, that they "are kept within the Vatican palace; that they are exposed publicly for three days in one of the cloisters leading to St. Peter's

church, at the Feast of Corpus Christi, when they make their grand procession; that after this, they are hung up in some of the apartments within the palace a few days, to be seen there; and then they are put up in their wardrobes, where they continue all the rest of the year." When not publicly exhibited, they may now be seen at any time in the apartment of Pius the Fifth, in the Vatican.

It appears from Walpole's anecdotes, that the cartoons from which the tapestries were woven, were not returned with them to Rome. They remained as so much lumber in the manufactory, until after the revolution in the Low Countries, when seven of them, which had escaped destruction, were purchased by our Charles I. upon the recommendation of Rubens. They were found much injured, 'holes being pricked in them for the weavers to pounce the outlines, and in other parts they were almost cut through by tracing.' The taste, perhaps, more properly speaking, the ambition, of Cromwell, prevented them from being dispersed in the time of the Commonwealth. It is supposed that the whole seven were copied in tapestry under the superintendence of Cleen, at the manufactory at Mortlake, in Surrey, and that the pieces still exist in some of the royal palaces. If so, we trust that they may be speedily brought to light, and saved from the ruin which must otherwise await them.

What became of the other cartoons we are not very clearly informed. But the history of the second set of tapestries which was woven in Flanders is curious. Some accounts state that it was purchased by our Henry VIII. from the State of Venice; others say that it was presented to that monarch by Leo X. They all agree that it came to this country in that king's reign, and remained here until after the death of Charles I., when it was sold by auction, and purchased by the Spanish Ambassador, Don Alonso de Cardanas. When that nobleman died, it devolved to the House of Alva, and from the present duke of that name it was purchased by Mr. Tupper, an Englishman, formerly Consul at Barcelona, who died not long since in Madrid. Previously to his death he had spent some years in collecting paintings in Spain, as a matter of speculation, which he sent to this country. The tapestries of which, however, he procured only nine, he also transmitted to England for sale, but after having been exhibited in Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall for several months, no person was found amongst us to purchase them, and they have since, it is supposed, been removed to the continent, having been sold, we are ashamed to say, to a foreigner.

It would appear that other sets were executed at Arras, as seven pieces were presented by Leo X. to the Elector of Saxony, in the garrets of whose palace at Dresden they lay rolled up until the year 1814, when six of them were discovered in consequence of a search that was made upon the suggestion of Cardinal Albani.



They were cleaned, and now look as fresh as they were on the day they were finished. The seventh has not been found. Five pieces were presented to the Court of Vienna, and several to other Sovereigns.

Various copies have been painted of the seven Cartoons, which are in the palace at Hampton Court. Among the best are those which occupied Sir James Thornhill three years, and may be seen in the Royal Academy. The whole collection has been engraved in a very inferior manner, by Louis Sommereau. Mr. Holloway, an eminent English artist, took up the same subject, which, by his death, has recently devolved upon his nephews. The author is of opinion, that the series, when complete, will form one of the most important and interesting collections that ever issued from the hand of an engraver. We have seen lately some very good lithographic copies of the Cartoons, from the press of Engelman.

The great excellence of Raphael is, that all his works are addressed to the intellect, and appear to proceed from a mind unlimited in its resources. They are truly represented as comprehending drawing, composition, invention, and expression. They will stand the test of examination, and call forth our wonder, even when contemplated apart from what must ever be considered as mere accessories, the colouring, the light and shade. In the power of expression, he particularly surpassed all the artists who have preceded or followed him. 'He saw,' as Mr. Gunn well expresses it, 'in nature what every body sees, and he has transmitted her features, like the reflection in a lucid glass, unstained and unmodified. No one doubts that he should have done precisely like Raphael, till experience corrects the error. The power of expression in this great artist, was not limited to the countenance only, but pervaded the whole person, as displayed in attitude and motion. His hands too have their appropriate language, which few artists have understood, from his time to that of Mrs. Siddons. Neither is the cast of his draperies imitated from the cold formality of the lay-figure, but is indicative of living character and action.'

The subjects of the twenty-five tapestries, executed from the Cartoons of Raphael, are as follows:—1. The Nativity, or Adoration of the Shepherds, which forms what is called in Italy, the *Presepio*, or stable. Mr. Gunn's commentary upon this beautiful production is well written, and contains canons of criticism which we conceive to be in the most correct taste.

'That now before us is a night scene, illumined from the infant; and it has a very extraordinary effect in brightness and gradations of distance. The simplicity exhibited in the countenances of the shepherds, whose robust forms are finely contrasted with the graceful and airy lightness of the angels above, is very captivating; but not the least charm of this composition is to be found in the representation of the Holy Virgin, for whom, it is well known, Raphael had a particular devotion. Nothing better proves the varied feelings of a piety, sometimes artless and affec-

tionate, at other times marked by respectful and lofty conceptions, than that diversity of aspects, under which his pencil, ever noble when the idea of composition is simple, lovely and graceful when it is sublime, delighted to delineate her. Sometimes she appears as the modest inhabitant of Bethlehem; sometimes as the queen of angels. The mere description of all the Madonnas, painted, or simply drawn by Raphael, and the variety he introduced in these compositions, would, as in all his other works, display a marked progression; and would form, at the same time, a complete series of all the shades of character which he had the art of representing, either distinct or in combination, according to the subject. In these are united the ideas of innocence, virgin purity, grace, sublimity, sanctity, divinity, qualities which he has portrayed in all the variety of which they are susceptible. Some have supposed, that Raphael has, in point of beauty, been excelled by Guido, and several other painters of the second class.

‘All human excellence is founded in propriety; and the mind, to be engaged to any efficient purpose, must neither be distracted nor confused.

‘To establish lasting reputation, we must, therefore, be governed by those laws which are conformable to nature; for all the productions of taste and science rest on the same common basis; and, in proportion as they exhibit the powers of understanding or sensibility of heart, they excite the gratitude and approbation of posterity. The Madonnas of Raphael are portrayed after this general character. Those of Guido, on the contrary, display those graces of attraction which court the eye of the inexperienced beholder; while those of Raphael are void of all tendency to affectation, and, if but little varied, are always new. They look as if unconscious of observation, and never thinking of themselves. But, what is of more importance, those of Guido have a character which is not compatible with the subject, and are besides deficient in that religious expression, which was the exclusive talent of Raphael. Nor is the refinement of his women, taken generally, the result of education or rank, but the inherent attendant of modesty, sweetness, and beauty, the gifts of nature. They exhibit the combined points of attraction; as a sex, they are tender gentle, innocent: they are also intellectual: they possess what we all sympathise with, because their qualities are those which render a woman delightful. But he never seems to distinguish them, as nature often distinguishes them; they never look as if they could be daring or vicious, artfully frank, or insidiously timid, wittingly trifling, or coquettishly fond. Raphael never condescended to represent vice; his mind was too much that of an angel to bear the sting attendant on its conception. Raphael's women have general qualities, but not particular; distinctive marks of character, the result of habit or organization. All his women look, as if, should evil come into their minds, (which is a question,) it would pass out unapproved or unsanctioned, from the very artlessness of their simplicity.

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‘There is, perhaps, scarcely one among his Madonnas who is not more or less impressed with the character of religious inspiration, or in whom we may not trace a ray of that celestial dignity, which, diffusing itself through all the figures, raises the aspect of the objects above terrestrial ideas and affections, without trespassing upon those, in which the angels, mixing



their homage with that of the attending worshippers, teach the spectator that a supernatural bond unites this apparently human mother with the mysteries of heaven. There prevails, through the whole composition, an elevation and sanctity of sentiment, the principles of which cannot be mistaken. Sometimes, the infant is the subject of adoration, at other times Joseph, a tranquil spectator, seems to be in the secrets of the councils of the Most High, and meditating on their unfathomable depths. In some instances, the Virgin Mother intimates, by her tender and respectful attentions, that, while she contemplates the mysteries of the Redemption, she appreciates the value of the charge confided to her: whilst, on other occasions, an agonizing presentiment seems to reveal to her the sorrows for which she is rearing the fruit of her womb; and in the infantine relations of the son of Elizabeth with that of Mary, there is a measure of veneration and submission already indicating the distance which is to separate the Messiah from his forerunner.

‘To this (without subtracting from the merit of many others) we think particularly applicable the general eulogy which Vasari has conferred upon the Virgin of Raphael. “He exhibited all that can be effected by the power of beauty, in the representation of a Virgin, combining the expression of modesty, of honour, of grace, and of virtue.”’—pp. 59—65.

The second subject is the Adoration of the Magi, or Wise Men, of which Mr. Gunn’s opinion well deserves to be transcribed.

‘In the apparent complexity of this multitudinous composition of between 40 and 50 persons, Raphael has manifested his superior skill in grouping, by securing two important requisites in the *Epopée*, unity of design and unity of action. We have here fullness without confusion; each figure is a portrait; and although all bear the same expression of surprise which would be evident among a number of persons brought together on some novel occasion, and all are intent on the same object, yet each is impressed with consistent diversity of features, and with an expression characteristic of the various feelings of devotion and astonishment prevalent in each individual. Raphael, after having exercised his genius upon this subject, both in pictures and in designs, seems to have aimed at uniting, in this composition, all the ideas scattered through all that preceded it, all the varieties of character and expression, all the richness which the subject, as an historical piece, could endure, and all the splendour which oriental pomp suggests to the imagination. It is, also, probable that this superfluity of accessories, of minute delineations of camels, of elephants, of horses, was occasioned by the artist’s desire to furnish the tapestry-workers with happy objects of imitation in the splendour and variety of the stuffs, and the wonderful diversity of the ornaments; and it is certain that no other tapestry has so brilliant an effect, and that no other so powerfully attracts the eyes of the crowds of spectators. But what we must principally applaud, is the conception and tendency of the picture. Raphael enjoyed the privilege of viewing every subject in its highest dignity. No one understood better than he, that religious subjects, especially those appertaining to the mysteries of the origin of Christianity, may be conceived and represented by the painter in two different ways. In one, he simply represents the action, as the Evangelist relates it; and this he has done more than once, in

retracing the subject of this Cartoon. If he adopts the other style, like the epic poet well acquainted with succeeding events, he prophetically reveals them; and the spectator, in contemplating the action and principal subject, traces the miraculous consequences. Thus the adoration of the wise men signifies, as is comprised in the word Epiphany, the revelation of the Saviour, and the call of the Gentiles by their future Deliverer. It was a sublime idea in Raphael to oppose the poverty of the stable to the luxury and pomp of the wise men prostrated at the feet of the Divine Infant; and also, by a prophetic licence, to assemble round the manger this multitude of people, inhabitants of every country, who, by stretching their arms towards him, announce that the Redeemer of the whole world is come.—pp. 66—68.

The third subject, *The Massacre of the Innocents*, was originally comprized in one composition; but it was copied in the Tapestry, in three parts, (3, 4 & 5) and from the skill manifested in the division, there is strong reason for believing, that it was made by Raphael himself. It is ranked by artists among the noblest efforts of his genius, though the nature of the horrid deeds which it represents, prevents it from affording much pleasure. The sixth subject, *Christ presented in the Temple, at Jerusalem*, is of a very different description, and possesses charms for the most simple mind. In the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, (7) it is supposed that 'the water, the sky, the landscape, and the aquatic birds, which communicate a picturesque wildness to the scene,' are the work of one of his pupils. The smallness of the boats is, we think, justly censured, and there is in the whole a want of dramatic effect. The last charge to Peter (8), is thus described.

'The general expression of this picture is composure; the harmony is gentle, the effect clear, and the design and execution correspond, by their purity, with the greatness of the subject, and with the charm of the situation in which the scene is laid. But, however slightly the incident is touched by the sacred historian, and however slight it may appear in the narrative, in Raphael the whole is full, animated, and connected; rounded, and wound up to the highest pitch; and, for conception, discrimination of character, composition, and expression, stands forward as one of his most distinguished works. In this picture, the Apostles are all collected into one compact group, as would naturally happen when any important communication was expected; and the Saviour, both by his majestic simplicity of action, and by his detached situation, is evidently the principal figure of the piece.

'Before him, St. Peter kneels with joyful reverence, to receive the sacred charge. St. John, the beloved disciple, who may be supposed to feel some mortification at this choice of a pastor, presses forward with enthusiasm, as if to shew that, in zeal and affection, he yields to no one; and the rest, though all attention and dignity, are varied both in attitude and expression with an extraordinary and surprising felicity of management; some seeming to feel complete satisfaction in the preference given to St. Peter, some doubting its propriety, some appearing to whisper disapprobation, while the gestures of others betray their subjection to the



dæmon of envy. All these varied and contrasted emotions, accompanied each by that appropriate action and physiognomical character and temperament which display so deep an insight into the human mind, are the pure offsprings of the artist's imagination; and so happily supply the deficiencies of the historian, that, far from weakening or contradicting, they at once aggrandize, embellish, and render the truth more probable and affecting.'—pp. 80—81.

The ninth tapestry, representing the Descent of Christ into Limbo, is the one that was burnt by the Jew, as before mentioned. It was considered as the least interesting of the whole collection, and displayed very little of that invention which appears so conspicuous in most of the other Cartoons. The other subjects are—(10) The Resurrection; (11) *Noli me tangere*; (12) The appearance of Christ at Emmaus; (13) The Ascension; (14) The Descent of the Holy Ghost; (15) The Martyrdom of St. Stephen; (16) The Conversion of St. Paul; (17) St. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra; (18) St. Paul at Athens; (19) The Death of Ananias; (20) Elisha; (21) The Earthquake; (22) The Lame Man restored by St. Peter and St. John; (23 & 24) Two scenes which represent boys playing and pursuing little birds, and which are still kept in one of the private apartments of the Palace; and (25) A partly emblematical subject, representing Religion, Charity, and Justice, over the Papal arms.

In treating of the Ascension, Mr. Gunn gives an interesting account of various heads of the Redeemer, which have been handed down to us. He does not, however, arrive at any satisfactory conclusion upon the point of authenticity. A head has been recently engraved in this country, which is represented as the most genuine that has yet appeared. It is certainly the most characteristic that we have seen. It is exhibited at present in most of the printsellers' windows.

Of all the cartoons of Raphael, perhaps that of St. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, places his power of relating a story upon the canvas in the happiest point of view.

'This is another of these compositions, in which Raphael excels all other painters in his power of rendering his subject intelligible, by choosing those circumstances, and delineating those peculiarities, which will represent the action most clearly and most forcibly. Writers in general, says *Lanzi*, like to quote, as a proof and example of this particular talent in him, the Tapestry or Cartoon which represents St. Paul and St. Barnabas in the City of Lystra.

'The miracle of the man, a cripple from his birth, to whom these two Apostles had restored the use of his legs, had struck the people of Lystra with astonishment. They looked upon them as Gods, and were preparing to offer sacrifice to them. On one side of the picture we behold the multitude, leading the victims: the altar and the sacrifices are ready; the axe is raised. But, among the crowd, we distinguish one figure, who puts forth his hand, and seems to oppose the completion of the sacrifice. He is a disciple sent by the Apostles, to prevent the stroke. On the other side,

St. Paul is indignantly protesting against the sacrilege. He averts his head, and rends his clothes. No character can be more dignified and expressive; and the skill and good taste of the artist are equally displayed in contrasting with his figure that of St. Barnabas, who, placed behind him, with folded hands, implores Heaven to stop this profanation. But, what principally merits the attention of the spectator, is the ingenuity with which Raphael, in this composition, has united, and even illustrated by this union, the general act which passes before our eyes, and the particular act, by which it was occasioned; impossible, as it might seem, to effect this without the aid of writing. Now this act, or this cause, is the miracle already mentioned.

\* It is necessary that the spectator should learn, from the picture itself, the cause of the enthusiastic idolatry of the people. In front, therefore, and near the animal which is brought for the sacrifice, stands the cripple who has been cured, and who raises his hands in the act of thanking his benefactors. But it is also necessary that the painting should indicate both the infirmity he endured, and the miracle by which it was removed. The first is made clear by the two crutches which lie on the ground at his feet; the second point, the restoration of his limbs, is explained by the following episode. An old man, incredulous of the miracle, cautiously approaches the poor cripple, and, with a look full of curiosity, lifts up the hem of his garment, to assure himself of the straightness of his legs. The whole figure speaks; his right hand expresses the curiosity of one who doubts,—his left shews his surprise.

\* Inexhaustible are the objects of admiration in this composition; such is the variety of characters, of sentiments, and of affections. In some we behold admiration and respect, in others, concealed hatred and incredulity.

\* Raphael, who could draw the noblest forms with a masterly hand, excelled equally in designing the most ignoble, as the lame beggar in this Cartoon, and the two cripples in one which will presently be described, testify. In this Tapestry, the inhabitants of the city of Lystra are about to offer divine honours to St. Paul and St. Barnabas; and it was necessary that the cause of this extraordinary enthusiasm, the restoring the limb of a cripple, should be explained, which, to any powers less than those of Raphael, would have been an insurmountable difficulty, for this reason. Painting, having only the command of one single moment of time, if we take the instant before the performance of the miracle, how can we shew that it ever took place? If we adopt the instant after, how shall it appear that the man had ever been a cripple? Raphael chose the latter; and by throwing the now useless crutches on the ground, giving the man the uncertain and staggering attitude of one accustomed to be supported, and still, in some degree, doubtful of his newly acquired power, and also by the uncommon eagerness with which he makes him address his benefactors, he points out both the gratitude of him who had been restored, and the occasion of it. Then, still further, as before mentioned, to do away any remnant of ambiguity, he introduces a man of respectable appearance, who, lifting up a corner of the patient's drapery, surveys with unfeigned astonishment the newly and perfectly formed limb, in which feeling he is also joined by others of the by-standers. Such a chain of circumstances is equal to a narrative in clearness, and infinitely superior, in force: and would have



done honour to the inventor in the happiest æra of painting in Greece.'—pp. 99—102.

The genius of Raphael shines also to great advantage in the representation of St. Paul preaching at Athens, 'in which the student may find most of the principles of historical invention, composition, and expression, displayed in characters of fire, not addressed to the eye, or imagination only, but also to the understanding, and the heart.' To these masterpieces we must add the cartoon of the death of Ananias, which, perhaps, a Raphael alone could have produced. It is refulgent with poetic power.

'The disposition is amphitheatrical, the scenery a spacious hall, the heart of the action is in the centre, the wings assist, elucidate, and connect it with the ends. The apoplectic figure before us, is evidently the victim of a supernatural power inspiring the Apostle; who, on the raised platform, with threatening arm, pronounces, and, with the word, enforces his doom. The terror, occasioned by the sudden stroke, is best expressed by the features of youth and middle age on each side of the sufferer. It is instantaneous, because its shock has not yet spread beyond them; and this is done, not to interrupt the dignity due to the sacred scene, but to stamp the character of devout attention on the assembly. What preceded, and what followed, is equally implied in their occupation, and in the figure of a matron entering, and absorbed in counting money, whilst she approaches the fatal centre; her we may suppose to be Sapphira, the accomplice, and the wife of Ananias, and the devoted partner of his fate. In this composition of near thirty figures, none can be pointed out as *common place*, introduced for *mere convenience*. The figures are linked to each other, and to the centre by one common chain; all act, and all have room to act; repose alternates with energy.

'As a picture, as before mentioned, can represent but one instant of time, no action should be attempted which cannot be supposed to be carried on at that very instant. In the death of Ananias, the moment of his fall is chosen before the by-standers were apprised of it, and nothing is represented but what might be supposed to be going on at that precise point of time. It has been attempted by some painters of eminence, to crowd into composition a whole series of history, and a long space of time. But there must be one *principal action* in a picture; a maxim, however, that does not oppose the rule now expressed. Raphael has, in many instances, admitted under-actions going on at the same time with the principal act, which it may be proper to insert, in order to illustrate or amplify the composition; but he does not allow them to divide the picture, nor to divert the attention of the spectator, nor to produce ambiguity. In the case before us this rule is observed in an episode, where there are some people offering money, and others receiving it; who are so intent upon what they are about, as not to seem to know any of the amazing events before them. Still their presence does not interfere with the principal action.'—pp. 113—115.

The cartoon of the Earthquake borders on a caricature, and must be looked upon as an utter failure. Raphael, who, we suppose, was not much of a Geologist, seems to have taken his notions of

the cause of earthquakes from Virgil, who represents all Sicily as put into commotion as often as the giant Enceladus changed his position. Raphael actually displays the half of his giant, engaged in the operation of lifting up the superincumbent weight. But such a blot as this in the series would almost have been necessary to teach us that even the most gifted intellect is subject to error and weakness,—two of the conditions upon which we hold existence.

Mr. Gunn concludes his treatise with some pertinent remarks on the causes which retard the progress of the higher departments of painting in this country. Among these causes it must be admitted that we ought to enumerate the disproportioned duties which are imposed by our Custom-house laws upon foreign works of genius. This is a remnant of the barbarous period of our legislation which ought, undoubtedly, to be done away. We cannot help thinking that the importance which the author assigns to the prevailing love of caricature, as another impediment, is much exaggerated. It is not too much to say, nor is it unwarranted by the history of Hogarth, that those who succeed in that branch of art, are little likely to obtain celebrity in any other. We suspect that in many instances the caricatures which spring out of politics are in the first instance sketched by men who are not artists, and who, moving in the higher circles, choose this channel for the publication of satire. The present age is by no means retrograde in this respect. Perhaps some of the best caricatures that ever were produced are those which have seen the light since the resignation of the Duke of Wellington's cabinet. There is one representing his Grace and Sir R. Peel in the attire of market gardener's labourers in frosty weather. They look the very picture of misery. The conqueror of Napoleon wears a hat which seems saturated with despair. It is the most laughable hat that ever was devised. We really do not understand how the variety and excellence of these droll trifles, can at all stand in the way of historical painting. Neither do we go with the author in his opinion that the almost exclusive occupation of our celebrated painters in the execution of portraits is one of the causes of our national deficiency in the higher paths of the art. It is not one of the causes, but one of the consequences, of that state of things. Men of genius employ themselves in that line, because there is no real encouragement for any other. We have what is called a National Gallery, consisting of some excellent paintings, no doubt, but limited to a few, and, not endowed, as yet at least, with the means of purchasing any others. There should be an Institution for the express purpose of rewarding talent successfully applied to this department; until something of this kind be in existence, we shall in vain expect to see historical painting cultivated in England to the exclusion of those branches of the art which lead to opulence. But, although we do not agree in the reasoning used by Mr. Gunn on this subject, we are glad to



see that he has brought it into discussion. Indeed we would strongly recommend 'Cartonensia' to general attention. It bears about it all the marks of a liberal and accomplished mind, cordially devoted to the prosperity of the fine arts; and we trust that its criticisms, founded as they generally are in good sense, and always elegantly expressed, will exercise a salutary influence upon the public taste.

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ART. IV.—*The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D., late President of the Royal Society, Foreign Associate of the Royal Institute of France, &c. &c. &c.* By John Ayrton Paris, M.D., Cantab., F.R.S., &c. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. 4to. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

IF Dr. Paris proposed, in conformity with laudable precedents, to hold up Davy as a useful example to mankind, he ought, in all conscience, to have shown some slight manifestations of the influence of that example on himself. But what can be more opposed to the dignified simplicity of the great philosopher's life, than the redundant and turgid quarto before us? The worst of our author is, that he has *two* heroes to celebrate instead of one. Davy is the ostensible theme: but Dr. Paris is the real one. A divided empire over this quarto of five hundred and fifty pages, is, in fact, maintained by this medical Cæsar, with the Jupiter of chemical science.

The Doctor essays to shine as a great master of rhetoric.—Simile appears to be his favourite figure. He says of Davy's mind:—

'Nothing was too mighty for its grasp, nothing too minute for its observation; like the trunk of the elephant, it could tear up the oak of the forest, or gently pluck the acorn from its branch (!)'—p. 14.

Again—

'His life flowed on like a pure stream, under a sky of perpetual sunshine; not a gust ruffled its surface, not a cloud obscured its brightness. . . . . Davy in closing the door of his laboratory, opened the temple of science (!)'—p. 118.

This last sentence is a miserable imitation of one of Grattan's bold exaggerations, in his character of the celebrated Kirwan. The phrase was pardonable in a political orator and an Irishman—but to any one possessed of the qualifications that are necessary to relish the history of such a man as Davy, this language must appear conceited and foolish.

The Doctor celebrates Davy's early talent for poetry, and assumes a very ludicrous tone of pathos in mourning the destiny that transferred him from the flowery regions of fancy, to the dusky caverns of the mineral kingdom. But we really believe that Davy and his poetical capacity, would never have been thought worthy

of the slightest reminiscence in this memoir—only that they most fortunately enabled the Doctor to display his curious learning and ingenuity. He says:—

‘If we regret that Davy’s Muse, like *Proserpine*, should have been thus violently seized, and carried off to the lower regions, as she was weaving her native wild flowers into a garland, we may console ourselves in knowing that, like the daughter of *Ceres*, she also obtained the privilege of occasionally visiting her native bowers: for it will appear in the course of these memoirs, that in the intervals of more abstruse studies, Davy not unfrequently amused himself with poetical composition.’—p. 30.

Now to warn the Doctor, and all aspirants with similar pretensions to what is called fine writing, against the hasty employment of classical illustrations, we beg to inform him, that his elaborate period is altogether a complete failure. The resemblance between *Proserpine* and Davy’s Muse holds only for a very short way indeed. The mistake of the erudite Doctor consists in his supposing that the latter goes down to the lower regions, as well as the former, which is not the case. On the contrary, it is Davy that performs the infernal expedition, leaving his Muse behind him. How then is Davy’s Muse ‘like *Proserpine*’?—She is not like her at all—No license can allow the Doctor to represent that the said Muse descended into the bowels of the earth with Davy. If he sang of minerals—if he endeavoured to embalm *granite* and *wack* in natural verse, there would, indeed, be some pretence for the theory that supposed a Muse to accompany Davy to the infernal regions. But when we know that the fact, even as it is understood by Dr. Paris, is quite otherwise—when we find that instead of making his Muse a companion in his subterranean expedition, Davy altogether abandoned her before he started, then we are at liberty to tell the Doctor that he is ignorant of the conditions upon which a similitude in writing should be constructed, and that in endeavouring to be unusually fine, he has succeeded only in being uncommonly ridiculous.

But it is not as a mere Rhetorician that the Doctor challenges our criticism; a very extraordinary assumption of originality upon a particular subject, invites our attention for a moment, as it indeed excites our wonder. The following words occur at page 49.

‘It was a very ancient opinion that life, being in its own nature æriform, is under the necessity of renewing itself by inspiring the air. Modern chemistry, by teaching us the nature of the atmosphere, has dispelled many fanciful theories of its action, but it has not yet explained why respiration, the first and last act of life, cannot be suspended even for a minute without the extinction of vitality. When we reflect upon this fact, it is scarcely possible not to believe that the function has been ordained for some greater purpose than that of removing a portion of carbon from the circulating blood. Is it unreasonable to conclude that some principle is thus imparted, which is too subtle to be long retained in our vessels, and too important to be dispensed with even for the shortest period? “I



*offer this opinion,"* as Montaigne says, "*not as being good, but as being my own.*"

We say nothing of the very loose and incorrect manner in which Dr. Paris, as a scientific man, acquainted with the theory of respiration, expresses himself in the first part of this paragraph. We only ask the reader's attention to his words: "I offer this opinion as being my own." Simple men would instantly conclude that this notion about a "subtle principle" in the air communicating itself through the medium of the lungs to the blood, was an original, and perfectly peculiar, conception of the Doctor's. But what will the world think when we declare that this very opinion of the Doctor's own,—aye, and almost in the very words too which the Doctor has used,—was already promulgated by Sir H. Davy! We quote two short passages from that beautiful philosophic Romance, *The Consolations of Travel*, which, for the sake of a curious comparison, we shall place in juxtaposition with two from the Doctor.

## DR. PARIS.

'It is scarcely possible not to believe that the function (of respiration) has been ordained for *some greater purpose* than that of removing a portion of carbon from the circulating blood.'

'Is it unreasonable to conclude that *some principle* is thus imparted, which is too *subtle* to be long retained in our vessels, and too important to be dispensed with even for the shortest period?'

## SIR H. DAVY.

'It would appear as if the only use of respiration *were to free the blood from a certain quantity of carbonaceous matter*. But it is probable that this is only a *secondary object*, and that the change produced by respiration upon the blood is of a much more important kind.

'It is not easy to avoid the supposition that it (air) contains *some very subtile matter* which is capable of assuming the form of heat and light. My idea is that the common air inspired, enters into the venous blood entire, in a state of dissolution, carrying with it its subtile or ethereal part, which in ordinary cases of chemical change is given off.'—pp. 195, 196.

So much for the originality of Dr. Paris.

The account which we have here of the early life of Davy is full of the most ridiculous affectation. For instance we are told

'It is a fact worthy of being recorded, that he would at the age of about *five years* turn over the pages of a book as rapidly as if he were merely engaged in counting the number of leaves, or in hunting after pictures; and yet, on being questioned, he could generally give a *very satisfactory account* of the contents.'—p. 4.

Does the Doctor take his readers for a parcel of patients that he ventures to gull them after this fashion? No writer, whom habit

rendered callous almost to public opinion, would have to put forward such nonsense. Some other anecdotes of similar character are added, but deserve little attention. It is upon which these common-place biographers so often dwell, the necessity which they uniformly feel of making the hero of their works a downright hero from his cradle. He can eat, drink, nor sleep, like other infants, but he must find a method of his own for getting through the most natural of things—at least the biographers will endeavour to persuade us it is so; thus seeking rather to make his book a melodrama than a history. Why is it that these men cannot be content with the plain truth? How is it that they do not understand the law of the development of genius better than to expect its manifestations in the infancy of those who really possess it? Precocity in childhood was not a certain sign of an imbecile useless maturity. Passing over the conceits and trifles which Dr. Paris has nigh overwhelmed the early portion of his life, we shall proceed to a brief narrative of its principal

Humphry Davy was born on the 17th December, 1778, at Poughmool, in Cornwall, of respectable parents. He received his education at Penzance and Truro, and was subsequently apprenticed to Mr. Borlase, a surgeon and apothecary in Truro town. Davy, during his probation as an apprentice, spent his time between geology, chemistry, love, and the muses; and his poetry some very clever specimens are preserved in this

Chemical investigation, however, soon monopolized all his thoughts, and the originality and talent displayed by him in his experiments, were such as to attract the attention of his learned townsmen. Accident brought him in contact with Thomas Giddy and Mr. Gregory Watt, the former of whom recommended young Davy as an assistant to Dr. Beddoes, in the laboratory of the Bristol Pneumatic Institution. In

1798, Davy quitted Penzance for Bristol, having then attained his twentieth year. During his employment as an assistant to Dr. Beddoes, a collection of papers on Physical and

Knowledge was printed, a considerable portion of which was contributed. Dr. Paris, true to the instinct of a bookmaker, has given a detailed analysis of these papers, which, however, a more judicious biographer would content himself with generally describing.

Of poor Beddoes, who seems to have been a good man, we have the following anecdote:—

When, by the loosest analogies, he would arrive at a conclusion, without examining all the conditions of his problem. In the exercise of this system, therefore, he was frequently led to prescribe plans which he found necessary to retract the next hour. His friend, Mr. T——, used to consult him upon the case of his wife; the Doctor pre-



scribed a new remedy; but, in the course of the day he returned in haste, and begged it might be tried on a dog!

'The following anecdote, which was lately communicated to me by Mr. Coleridge, will not only illustrate a trait of character, but furnish a salutary lesson to the credulous patron of empirics. As soon as the powers of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr. Beddoes at once concluded that it must necessarily be a specific for paralysis. A patient was selected for the trial; and the management of it was intrusted to Davy. Previous to the administration of the gas, he inserted a small pocket thermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do upon such occasions, to ascertain the degree of animal temperature, with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the nature of the process to which he was to submit, but deeply impressed, from the representations of Dr. Beddoes with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer between his teeth than he concluded that the *talisman* was in full operation, and in a burst of enthusiasm declared that he already experienced the effects of its benign influence throughout his whole body. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost—Davy cast an intelligent glance at Mr. Coleridge, and desired the patient to renew his visit on the following day, when the same ceremony was again performed, and repeated every succeeding day for a fortnight; the patient gradually improved during that period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used than that of the thermometer. Dr. Beddoes, from whom the circumstances of the case had been carefully concealed, saw in the restoration of the patient, the confirmation of his opinion, and the fulfilment of his most ardent hope. Nitrous Oxide was a specific remedy for Paralysis!'—p. 51.

It was during his connection with Dr. Beddoes that Davy pursued the most laboured, and, we may add, the most perilous of his investigations. From determining the best mode of obtaining Nitrous Oxide, he proceeded to try its respirability and other powers. These experiments were conducted literally at the hazard of the operator's life, for he did not hesitate to inspire the gas at the risk of filling his lungs with *aqua fortis*. The result of his daring experiment is well known. The gas acted upon him like a stimulus.—He was resolved to ascertain the exact measure of its powers as such, and he proceeded to try if after having made himself nearly drunk with wine, a good inspiration of the oxide would increase or diminish the intoxication. He accordingly swallowed in eight minutes a full bottle of wine, which, as he was totally unused to liquor of any sort, soon produced the most violent consequences:—

'Whilst I was drinking,' he says in one of his letters, "I perceived a sense of fulness in the head and throbbing of the arteries, not unlike that produced in the first stage of nitrous oxide excitement: after I had finished the bottle this excitement increased, the objects around me became dazzling, the powers of distinct articulation was lost, and I was unable to stand steadily. At this moment, the sensations were rather pleasurable than otherwise: the sense of fulness in the head, however, soon increased,

so as to become painful, and in less than an hour I sunk into a state of insensibility. In this situation I must have remained for two hours, or two hours and a half. I was awakened by head ache and painful nausea. My bodily and mental debility was excessive, and the pulse feeble and quick.”

The experiment, however, was persevered in, and its termination convinced Davy that debility from intoxication was not increased by excitement from nitrous oxide; and he considers that the inspiring of the oxide greatly abridged the period of the head ache and depression which were produced by the wine.

Still more rash and perilous were Davy's attempts to breathe *carburetted hydrogen gas*, and after a very short interval, *fixed air*, or *carbonic acid gas*. The former vapour, it is needless to state to our scientific readers, is nothing more than the gas which now serves to light our streets and houses. The experiments which Davy made with it, prove it to be, beyond all doubt, deleterious, and treacherously so, for it produces no excitement or uneasy sensation of any kind. The propriety of domesticating so fatal an enemy as this, may well occupy the attention of our practical philosophers. Davy felt the effects of his temerity in the state of debility to which he was reduced, and on account of which he was compelled to make a journey to his native place to recruit his health. He took care, however, that he should repay himself as far as possible for his sacrifices—he published an account of his researches and exploits, and raised himself even thus early to a rare degree of celebrity. About the time when Davy had thus exalted himself in the public estimation, it luckily happened that the Royal Institution was established, and Count Rumford, who was at the head of it, determined to employ the youthful philosopher as an assistant. On the 11th of March, 1801, Davy entered upon his office, as Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, Director of the Laboratory, and Assistant Editor of the Journals of the Institution. The biographer observes—

‘It is a curious fact, that the first impression produced on Count Rumford by Davy's personal appearance, was highly unfavourable to the young philosopher, and he expressed to Mr. Underwood his great regret at having been influenced by the ardour with which his suit had been urged; and he actually would not allow him to lecture in the theatre, until he had given a specimen of his abilities in the small lecture room. His first lecture, however, entirely removed every prejudice which had been formed; and at its conclusion, the Count emphatically exclaimed, “Let him command any arrangements which the Institution can afford.” He was, accordingly, on the very next day, promoted to the great Theatre.

‘Davy's uncouth appearance and address subjected him to many other mortifications on his first arrival in London. There was a smirk on his countenance, and a pertness in his manner, which although arising from the perfect simplicity of his mind, were considered as indicating an unbe-



coming confidence. Johnson, the publisher, as many of my readers will probably remember, was in the custom of giving weekly dinners to the more distinguished authors and literary stars of the day. Davy, soon after his appointment, was invited upon one of these occasions, but the host actually considered it necessary to explain, by way of apology, to his company, the motives which had induced him to introduce into their society a person of such humble pretensions. At this dinner a circumstance occurred, which must have been very mortifying to the young philosopher. Fuseli was present, and, as usual, highly energetic upon various passages of beauty in the poets, when Davy most unfortunately observed, that there were passages in Milton which he could never understand. "Very likely, very likely, Sir," replied the artist in his broad German accent, "but I am sure that it is not Milton's fault."

' On the 7th of April he was elected a member of a society which consisted of twenty-five of the most violent republicans of the day; it was called the "*Tepidarian Society*," from the circumstance of nothing but tea being allowed at their meetings, which were held at Old Slaughter's coffee house, in Saint Martin's Lane. To the influence of this society, Mr. Underwood states, that Davy was greatly indebted for his early popularity. Fame gathers her laurels with a slow hand, and the most brilliant talents require a certain time for producing a due impression upon the public. The *Tepidarians* exerted all their personal influence to obtain an audience before the reputation of the lecturer could have been sufficiently known to attract one.

' Although the acquaintance between Davy and Count Rumford commenced so inauspiciously, they very soon became friends, and mutually entertained for each other the highest regard.

' Davy's improved manners, and naturally simple habits, at this period, were highly interesting and exemplary; towards his old friends he conducted himself with the greatest amity, and frequently consulted them upon certain points connected with his new station in society. The following anecdote was communicated by Mr. Underwood.—"I introduced him," says he, "to my old friend, the excellent Sir Henry Englefield, who was the first intimate acquaintance Davy had formed in the higher circles; he was received by him with all that warmth of manner, and kindness of feeling, which so eminently distinguish him. Shortly after this introduction, Sir Harry sent him an invitation to meet me at dinner. Davy found himself unable to frame an answer to his satisfaction, and fearing he might betray his ignorance of *etiquette*, he ran to my house, and greatly alarmed my mother by the extreme anxiety he displayed, and the manner in which he entreated her to send me to him the moment I returned. I went and found him cudgelling his brains to produce this first attempt at fashionable composition; a dozen answers were on his table, and he was in the highest degree excited and annoyed."—pp. 79—81.

There is a very curious letter from Davy to his friend Underwood, written a short time after he had filled his situation at the Royal Institution, and which exhibits the buoyancy of his mind. The excitement under which he seems to write, was produced by the anticipation of a country excursion.

"My dear Underwood,

"That part of Almighty God which resides in the rocks and woods, in the blue and tranquil sea, in the clouds and sunbeams of the sky, is calling upon thee with a loud voice; religiously obey its commands, and come and worship with me on the ancient altars of Cornwall.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We will admire together the wonders of God,—rocks and the seas, dead hills and living hills covered with verdure. Amen.

"Write to me immediately, and say when you will come. Direct H. Davy, Penzance. Farewell—Being of Energy!—

"Yours with unfeigned affection,

"H. DAVY."

It was not until the second year of his engagement with the Royal Institution, that Davy succeeded in making that strong impression on the public mind, which he was fortunately able to maintain to the hour of his death. We do not mean to underrate his powers, when we say that he owed his extraordinary popularity, in a great measure, to the address with which he kept himself almost constantly before the public. His exhibitions in the lecture room, were always sedulously contrived to interest and affect the multitude of the higher classes. His voltaic battery involved the ladies in the prettiest terrors possible. He built a miniature volcano—which threw out red hot lava at his call—and it was by such well adjusted devices, that he made chemistry, for a time, that fashionable freak, whose extravagances gave employment to the wits and satirists of the day. "Compliments," says Mr. Purkis, who knew Davy well, "invitations, and presents, were showered upon him in abundance from all quarters; his society was courted by all, and all appeared proud of his acquaintance." Davy had the *entré* of the best society: Duchesses vied with each other in their endeavours to exalt and compliment him—and no entertainment could be said to be complete, that had not the chemical lecturer amongst its guests. A lady, (says the same authority just quoted) who has since obtained celebrity in the literary world, sent a long poem to Davy filled with delicate eulogy. The manuscript was accompanied by a little ornament for a watch, which he was to wear at the next lecture, in token of his acceptance of both.

We can scarcely wonder that such incense should have intoxicated even a philosopher. Davy was subdued by it. A fatal blight seemed to have fallen on the simple and genuine soul which he had brought with him from the country—and never afterwards, as far as we can judge, did he recover his natural character. His love of science—his devotion to the pursuit of it, were as forcible as ever—but the moral man endured a shock from which he never recovered.

What must be the noxious power of that climate of society in



which such a mind as Davy's could have suffered immediate and incurable debility! Yet he is not the only victim that has brought integrity of soul and exalted intellect to a sacrifice on the same altar. Many a gifted being, whom power and adversity strove in vain to drive from the strait path of virtue, has been wiled into devious courses under the relaxing influence of fashionable life. There all the noblest purposes are too often decomposed into feeble and valueless elements—the simplicity of the heart is destroyed—the gloss of ingenuousness is speedily worn away—and for that natural alliance which ought to subsist between genius and truth, there is substituted between them, an almost irreconcilable hostility. What would not Davy, in his better moments, have given that he had never breathed any other than the atmosphere of his native hills and vallies? How often must he in his hours of reflection have sighed for that purity and contentment of mind, which would have made him, like the innocent rustic in Virgil, exclaim—*Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.*

It is stated in this volume, that Mr. Coleridge was a constant auditor of Davy's Lectures, and that on being asked the reason of his persevering attendance, he stated, that it was with the view of "increasing his stock of metaphors." The anecdote bears all the marks of probability. There is no science that has given more images to poetry and oratory than that of Chemistry. A well known existing public speaker, has told us, that he made chemistry his study, with the very same view as that which actuated Mr. Coleridge; and we remember well, that he added, that the great Burke was the first to show the curious applicability of similes and metaphors drawn from chemical science, to the ordinary subjects which a parliamentary speaker has to treat.

We regret that we cannot follow the biographer in his analysis of the memoir which Davy left in the Bakerian Lecture, delivered by him in Nov., 1806, and in which the author develops the laws of Voltaic Electricity. Perhaps nothing that Davy has done, is better calculated to exhibit the real force of his genius than this lecture. The perfect mastery which he obtained over those laws, will account for the ease with which he succeeded in subsequent discoveries, particularly in the detection of the metallic bases of alkalis. The details of the experiments on those alkalis are extremely curious and interesting. Indeed, so much curiosity was excited by the process which elicited the metal, that the Laboratory of the Institution was frequently crowded in a most inconvenient manner by persons of all sexes and ages, to witness the result. Davy sunk under the fatigue which this exorbitant curiosity produced. We do not wonder at the inadequacy of his physical strength to answer the demands which were made upon it, when we meet with such statements as the following.

'Such was his great celebrity at this period of his career, that persons

of the highest rank contended for the honour of his company at dinner, and he did not possess sufficient resolution to resist the gratification thus afforded, although it generally happened that his pursuits in the laboratory were not suspended until the appointed dinner hour had passed. On his return in the evening he resumed his chemical labours, and commonly continued them until three or four o'clock in the morning: and yet, though he retired to rest long after the servants of the establishment, he has not unfrequently risen before them. The greatest of all his wants was Time, and the expedients by which he economized it, often placed him in very ridiculous positions, and gave rise to habits of the most eccentric description; driven to an extremity he would in his haste put on fresh linen, without removing that which was underneath; and, singular as the fact may appear, he has been known, after the fashion of the grave-digger in Hamlet, to wear no less than five shirts, and as many pair of stockings, at the same time. Exclamations of surprise very frequently escaped from his friends at the rapid manner in which he increased and declined in corpulence.'—pp. 184, 185.

There must be some exaggeration in this statement of the biographer. It is next to impossible, that a sensible man like Davy could be induced to encounter the embarrassment of such an excess of covering as is here indicated. We cannot suppose that any rational person would incur the wearisomeness of so great an accumulation of costume, since the putting off one of those garments could scarcely add an atom to the appreciable time that would be employed in putting on another. We therefore dismiss the anecdote as a fable—or if it be true, it is to be explained on a totally different principle from that which has been offered by Dr. Paris.

'At the commencement of his severe illness,' continues our author, 'in 1807, he was immediately attended by Dr. Babington and Dr. Frank: and upon its assuming a more serious aspect, these gentlemen were assisted by Dr. Baillie. Such was the alarming state of the patient, that for many weeks his physicians regularly visited him four times in the day, and issued bulletins for the information of the numerous inquirers who anxiously crowded the hall of the Institution. His kind and amiable qualities had secured the attachment of all the officers and servants of the establishment, and they eagerly anticipated every want his situation might require. The housekeeper, Mrs. Greenwood, watched over him with all the care and solicitude of a parent; and with the exception of a single night, never retired to bed, for the period of eleven weeks. In the latter stage of his illness he was reduced to the extreme of weakness, and his mind participated in the debility of the body.'

'Youthful reminiscences and circumstances connected with his family and friends, were the only objects which, at this period, occupied his thoughts, and afforded him any pleasure. No Swiss peasant ever sighed more deeply for his native mountains than did Davy for the scenes of his early years. He entreated his nurse to convey to his friends his ardent wish to obtain some apples from a particular tree which he had planted when a boy; and, unlike Locke with his cherries, he had no power of controuling the desire by his reason, but remained in a state of restless-



ness, until their arrival. At the same time he expressed a wish to obtain several other objects, especially an antient teapot, endeared to him by early associations.—pp. 184, 185.

We return with pleasure from the sick bed on which Davy lay, to contemplate him in a character which, at all events, implies that he was in possession of complete health.

‘Hitherto his passion for angling has only been noticed in connection with his conversation and letters; I shall now present to the reader a sketch of the philosopher in his fishing costume. His whole suit consisted of green cloth, the coat having sundry pockets for holding the necessary tackle: his boots were made of caoutchouc, and, for the convenience of wading through the water, reached above the knees. His hat, originally intended for a coal-heaver, had been purchased from the manufacturer in its raw state, and dyed green by some pigment of his own composition; it was, moreover, studded with every variety of artificial fly which he could require for diversion. Thus equipped, he thought, from the colour of his dress, that he was more likely to elude the observation of the fish. He ‘looked not like an inhabitant o’ the earth, and yet was on’t;’ nor can I find any object in the regions of invention with which I could justly compare him, except, perhaps, with one of those grotesque personages who, in the farce of the Critic, attend Father Thames on the stage, as his two banks.

‘I shall take this opportunity of stating, that his shooting attire was equally whimsical: if, as an angler, he adopted a dress for concealing his person, as a sportsman in woods and plantations, it was his object to devise means for exposing it; for he always entertained a singular dread lest he might be accidentally shot upon those occasions. When upon a visit to Mr. Dillwyn, of Swansea, he accompanied his friend on a shooting excursion, in a broad-brimmed hat, the whole of which, with the exception of the brim, was covered with scarlet cloth.

‘Notwithstanding, however, the refinement which he displayed in his dress, and the scrupulous attention with which he observed all the minute details of the art; if the truth must be told, he was not more successful than his brother anglers; and here again, the temperament of Wollaston presented a characteristic contrast to that of Davy: the former evinced the same patience and reserve—the same cautious observation and unwearied vigilance in this pursuit, as so eminently distinguished his chemical labours; the temperament of the latter was far too mercurial; the fish never seized the fly with sufficient avidity to fulfil his expectations, or to support that degree of excitement which was essential to his happiness, and he became either listless or angry, and consequently careless and unsuccessful.’—pp. 189, 190.

In 1812, Davy received the honour of knighthood from the Prince Regent,—the first distinction of the kind which his Royal Highness had conferred. In the same year the philosopher retired from the Royal Institution, being on the eve of his marriage with Mrs. Apreece, a widow, the heiress of Charles Kerr, of Kelso, and possessing a considerable fortune. “How far such a measure (as Davy’s union with this lady) “was *calculated* to increase his

happiness," says Dr. Paris, "I shall not enquire." We beg to say that it was the duty of the biographer to "enquire" and to state the result. As it is, every reader is justified in entertaining some strong suspicions, that Davy was not as fortunate in the matrimonial lottery as he deserved. It was in this year also that Davy produced his "Elements of Chemical Philosophy," which was followed in the subsequent one by his ingenious and most useful production, entitled "Elements of Agricultural Chemistry." Dr. Paris has the hardihood to occupy a considerable number of pages in the analysis of this work, which is so well known to, and so justly appreciated by, practical farmers. With infinitely more propriety has he brought before us the strange history of Mr. Faraday's adoption of scientific pursuits. The circumstances that led this able, though modest and very unobtrusive philosopher, to study chemistry, were, with a simplicity and candour which high-minded men are alone capable of, communicated by the gentleman himself to Dr. Paris, in the following letter.

"To J. A. Paris, M.D.

Royal Institution, December 23, 1829.

"You asked me to give you an account of my first introduction to Sir H. Davy, which I am very happy to do, as I think the circumstances will bear testimony to his goodness of heart.

"When I was a bookseller's apprentice, I was very fond of experiment, and very averse to trade. It happened that a gentleman, a member of the Royal Institution, took me to hear some of Sir H. Davy's last lectures in Albemarle street. I took notes, and afterwards wrote them out more fairly in a quarto volume.

"My desire to escape from trade, which I thought *vicious and selfish*, and to enter into the service of science, which *I imagined* made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir H. Davy, expressing my wishes, and a hope that, if an opportunity came in the way, he would favor my views; at the same time, I sent the notes I had taken at his lectures.

"The answer, which makes all the point of my communication, I send you in the original, requesting you to take great care of it, and to let me have it back, for you may imagine how much I value it.

"You will observe that this took place at the end of the year 1812, and early in 1813 he requested to see me, and told me of the situation of assistant in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, then vacant.

"At the same time that he thus gratified my desires as to scientific employment, he still advised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that science was a harsh Mistress; and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service. *He smiled at my notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years, to set me right on that matter.*

"Finally, through his good efforts I went to the Royal Institution early in March, 1813, as assistant in the laboratory; and in October of



the same year, went with him abroad as his assistant in experiments and in writing. I returned with him in April, 1815, resumed my station in the Royal Institution, and have, as you know, ever since remained there.

“I am, dear Sir, very truly, your’s,

“M. FARADAY.”

The following is the note of Sir H. Davy, alluded to in Mr. Faraday’s letter.

“To Mr. Faraday.

Dec. 24, 1812.

“Sir,

“I am far from displeased with the proof you have given me of your confidence, and which displays great zeal, power of memory, and attention. I am obliged to go out of town, and shall not be settled in town till the end of January: I will then see you at any time you wish.—It would gratify me to be of any service to you. I wish it may be in my power.

“I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant,

“H. DAVY.”

It is a fact most honourable to the late Emperor of France, that notwithstanding his strong animosity to this country, and his determination to deny admission into his territories of any subject of Great Britain, he cheerfully sacrificed his national antipathy in the case of such a claimant as Davy on his indulgence. He granted a passport to the English philosopher, as he had previously done in the instance of Mrs. Perry, to enter France, and the permission was quite unconditional. In October, 1813, Sir Humphry, his lady, and servant, accompanied by Mr. Faraday, proceeded in a cartel from Plymouth to Morlaix, in Brittany. We quote an account of the subsequent events from Dr. Paris.

“On landing in France, they were instantly arrested by the local authorities of the town, who very reasonably questioned the authenticity of their passports, believing it impossible that a party of English should, under any circumstances, have obtained permission to travel over the continent, at a time when the only English in France were detained as prisoners. They were accordingly compelled to remain during a period of six or seven days at the town of Morlaix, until necessary instructions could be received from Paris. As soon, however, as a satisfactory answer was returned, they were set at liberty; and they reached the French capital on the evening of the 27th of the same month.

“Shortly after his arrival, Davy called upon his old friend and associate, Mr. Underwood, who, although one of the *detenus*, had during the whole war enjoyed the indulgence of residing in the capital.

“The expected arrival of Davy had been a subject of conversation with the French *Savans* for more than a month. Amongst those who were loudest in his praises, was M. Ampère, who had for several years frequently expressed his opinion that Davy was the greatest chemist that had ever appeared. Whether this flattering circumstance had been communicated to the English philosopher I have no means of ascertaining; but Mr. Underwood informs me that the very first wish that Davy expressed, was to be introduced to this gentleman, whom he considered as the only chemist in Paris who had duly appreciated the value of his discoveries; an opinion

he afterwards took no care to conceal, and which occasioned the Savans much surprise, and some dissatisfaction. M. Ampère, one of Davy's arrival, was spending the summer at a place a few miles from Paris, in consequence of which the introduction so much was necessarily delayed.

On the 30th he was conducted to the Louvre by Mr. Underwood. The philosopher walked with a rapid step along the gallery, and, to the astonishment and mortification of his friend and Cicerone, did not attract his attention to a single painting; the only exclamation of surprise that escaped him was—"What an extraordinary collection of masterpieces!"

On arriving opposite to Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration, Mr. Underwood could no longer suppress his surprise, and in a tone of enthusiasm directed the attention of the philosopher to that most sublime work of art, and the chef-d'œuvre of the collection. Davy's reply was as chilling—"Indeed, I am glad I have seen it;" and he hurried forward, as if he were desirous of escaping from any remark upon its excellencies.

He afterwards descended to a view of the Statues in the lower apartment, where Davy displayed the same frigid indifference towards the higher works of art. A spectator of the scene might have well imagined that the icy spell was in operation, by which the order of nature had been reversed:—while the marble glowed with more than human passion, the man was colder than stone! The apathy, the total want of feeling displayed on having his attention directed to the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocœus, and the Venus de Medicis, was as inexplicable as it was probable. But an exclamation of the most vivid surprise escaped him at the sight of an Antinous, treated in the Egyptian style, and sculptured in porphyry.\*—"Gracious powers," said he, "what a beautiful stalactyte!" At a strange, what a discordant anomaly in the construction of the human mind do these anecdotes unfold! We have here presented to us a philosopher, who, with the glowing fancy of a poet, is insensible to the divine influence of the sister arts! Let the metaphysician, if he can, unravel the mystery,—the biographer has only to observe, that the Muses could never be numbered in chorus at his birth.

The following morning, Mr. Underwood accompanied him to the Jardin des Plantes, and presented him to the venerable Vanquelin, who was the first scientific man he had seen in Paris. On their return they viewed the Colossal Elephant, which was intended to form a part of the new then erecting on the site of the Bastille. Davy appeared to be delighted with this stupendous work than with any object he saw in the garden. To its architect, M. Alavair, he formed an immediate attachment. It was soon observed, that during his residence in this city, his likes and dislikes to particular persons were violent, and that they were, apparently, dictated by any principle, but were the effects of sudden impulse. His course of removing the foundations, and digging the canal, the mean dungeons of the Bastille were discovered: they were eight in number, and were called *Les Oubliettes*. As they were under the level of the ground of the fortress, any attempt to escape from them by piercing the

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the celebrated Italian antiquary, Visconti, has so denominated it.



wall, must have inevitably drowned the unhappy prisoner, together with all those who inhabited the contiguous cells; one of which was discovered with the entrance walled up. Upon demolishing this wall, there appeared the skeleton of the last wretched person who had been thus entombed. In all these discoveries Davy took the warmest interest.'—pp. 267—269.

The Chemists and Men of Science showed every attention to Davy that his vanity could require; and so far was their courtesy towards him carried, that the health of the Emperor was omitted in the toasts which were given at a grand entertainment, held to compliment the English philosopher. Dr. Paris relates the following anecdote connected with Davy's visit to Paris.

'During his visit to Paris, Davy was not introduced to the Emperor. Lady Davy observed to me, that although Sir Humphry felt justly grateful for the indulgence granted to him as philosopher, he never for a moment forgot the duty he owed his country as a Patriot; and that he objected to attend the levee of her bitterest enemy. On the other hand, it is said, that Napoleon never expressed any wish to receive the English chemist; and those who seek in the depths for that which floats upon the surface, have racked their imaginations in order to discover the source of this mysterious indifference; but I apprehend that we have only to revert to the political state of Europe in the year 1813, and the problem will be solved.

'Amongst the reasons for supposing that the Emperor must have felt ill disposed towards the English philosopher, the following story has been told; which, as an anecdote, is sufficiently amusing; and I can state upon the highest authority, that it is moreover perfectly true.

'It is well known that Bonaparte, during his whole career, was in the habit of personal intercourse with the *Savans* of Paris, and that he not unfrequently attended the sitting of the Institute. Upon being informed of the decomposition of the alkalies, he asked with some impetuosity, how it happened that the discovery had not been made in France?—"We have never constructed a voltaic battery of sufficient power,"—was the answer—"Then," exclaimed Bonaparte, "let one be instantly formed without any regard to cost or labour."

'The command of the Emperor was of course obeyed; and on being informed that it was in full action, he repaired to the laboratory to witness its powers; on his alluding to the taste produced by the contact of two metals, with that rapidity which characterised all his motions, and before the attendants could interpose any precaution, he thrust the extreme wires of the battery under his tongue, and received a shock which nearly deprived him of sensation. After recovering from its effects, he quitted the laboratory without making any remark, and was never afterwards heard to refer to the subject.

'It is only an act of justice to state that Davy, during his residence in the French Capital, so far from truckling to French politics, never lost an opportunity of vindicating with temper the cause of his own country. At the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin, a Melodrame was got up, with the avowed intention of exposing the English character to the execration of the audience. Lord Cornwallis was represented as the merciless assassin of the children of Tippoo Saib. Davy was highly incensed at the injustice of the representation, and abruptly quitted the Theatre in a state of great indignation.'—pp. 275, 276.

Although Davy refused to bow at the levee of the Emperor, he had no objection to accompany his lady to Malmaison, to pay his respects to the Empress. "But," says Dr. Paris, "he could not be prevailed upon to appear upon that occasion, in any other than a morning dress; and it was not until after repeated entreaty, and the assurance that he would not be admitted into the *Salle de Reception*, that he consented to exchange a pair of half boots that laced in front, and came over his pantaloons, for black silk stockings and shoes." This story, if it be true, would overturn, in the minds of sensible persons, ten times the respect which his brilliant discoveries might have excited towards Davy. But when we think of Davy's general character, to believe this story is almost impossible; yet we must admit, that it is of the very nature of plebeian upstarts, to be tenacious of marks of respect or deference, to those who rise in the world like themselves. Davy would lick the dust where an English duchess placed her foot; and yet he could be scarcely prevailed on to observe the common decencies of life, when a foreign empress was in question. His demeanour to the Savans, who treated him in a manner that was every way worthy of minds which science had purified from the dross of all mean and selfish considerations, was of a piece with the conduct which we have just described; and it is admitted by Dr. Paris, that in the presence of those distinguished men "there was a flippancy in Davy's manner, a superciliousness and hauteur in his deportment, which surprised as much as they offended." Napoleon, to whom no doubt a report of Davy's conversations was made, tauntingly observed that the young English chemist seemed to hold all the members of the Institute in low estimation. On a particular occasion, even Davy had the grossness to receive one of the most venerable and most distinguished of those members, without rising from his seat. Dr. Paris, who seems to think himself very clever at unravelling a mystery, tells us that all this bad manner arose from an awkward attempt to conceal a *mauvaise honte*, which the philosopher was never able to get rid of. This is trifling with the subject. The corrupt society at home, into which, if Davy had been wise, he never would have entered, brought him to indulge too freely a notion of his own importance; it nearly changed his nature, and he satisfied himself, that the companion of British lords—and the "observed" of British countesses, was much too good for Frenchmen of any kind. The John Bull pride was stirring in his heart, and every act of his in Paris only shows how inveterately bigotted he was to the vulgar belief of his countrymen, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen. Was it in an effort to conceal his *mauvaise honte*, we desire to know, that the spirit of insolent exclusion originated, which is to be found in a passage of his *Salmonia* on the education of the people? Or was it to such a cause that we are to attribute the



ebullition of overweening and offensive ill-humour, which he sent forth against the just criticism that was levelled at his unsuccessful plan for preserving ships' bottoms? Enough, however, of this. Let the good which Davy has done live after him, and his faults lie buried with his bones.

A description of the researches of various kinds which Sir Humphry prosecuted abroad, occupies a considerable portion of the volume. They were all however sufficiently accessible to the public, for the philosopher, still true to his original determination, never allowed the public to lose sight of him. It was on his return from the Continent in 1815, that he was induced to turn his attention to a method of preserving miners from the disastrous effects of the fire damp in collieries. The result of his ingenious and truly scientific investigations, has been long known to the world in that simple and beautiful apparatus—the Safety Lamp. For the following short summary of the progress of this invention, we are indebted to Dr. Paris.

‘I have thus related, somewhat in detail, the history of a discovery, which, whether considered in relation to its scientific importance, or to its great practical value, must be regarded as one of the most splendid triumphs of human genius. It was the fruit of elaborate experiment and close induction; chance, or accident, which comes in for so large a share of the credit of human invention, has no claims to prefer upon this occasion; step by step, may he be followed throughout the whole progress of his research, and so obviously does the discovery of each new fact spring from those that preceded it, that we never for a moment lose sight of our philosopher, but keep pace with him during the whole of his curious enquiry.

‘He commenced, as we have seen, with ascertaining the degree of combustibility of the fire damp, and the limits in which the proportions of atmospheric air and carburetted hydrogen can be combined, so as to afford an explosive mixture. He was then led to examine the effects of the admixture of azote and carbonic acid gas; and the result of those experiments furnished him with the basis of his first plan of security. His next step was to enquire, whether explosions of gas would pass through tubes; and on finding that this did not happen if the tubes were of certain lengths and diameters, he proceeded to examine the limits of such conditions, and by shortening the tubes, diminishing their diameters, and multiplying their number, he at length arrived at the conclusion, that a simple tissue of wire-gauze afforded all the means of perfect security; and he constructed a lamp, which has been truly declared to be as marvellous in its operation as the storied lamp of Aladdin, realizing its fabled powers of conducting in safety through “fiends of combustion,” to the hidden treasures of the earth. We behold a power which, in its effects, seemed to emulate the violence of the volcano and the earthquake, at once restrained by an almost invisible and impalpable barrier of net-work. We behold, as it were, the dæmon of fire taken captive by science, and ministering to the convenience of the miner, while harmlessly fluttering in an iron cage. And yet, wonderful as the phenomenon may appear, his experiments and reasons have demonstrated, that the interruption of flame by solid tissues

permeable to light and air, depends upon no recondite or mysterious cause, but simply upon their cooling powers, which must always be proportional to the smallness of the mesh, and the mass of metal. When it is remembered that the security thus conferred upon the labouring community is not merely the privilege of the age in which the discovery was effected, but must be extended to future times, and continue to preserve human life as long as coal is dug from our mines, can there be found in the whole compass of art or science, an invention more useful and glorious?

'The wire-gauze lamp has now been several years extensively used in the mines, and the most satisfactory and unequivocal testimonies have been published of the complete security which it affords. They have amongst the miners obtained the name of *Davy's*; and such is the confidence of the workmen in their efficacy, that by their aid they enter the most explosive atmospheres, and explore the most remote caverns, without the least dread of their old enemy the *fire-damp*.

'Into the mines of foreign countries the Safety-lamp has been introduced with similar success; and the illustrious discoverer has been repeatedly gratified by accounts of the enthusiasm with which his invention has been adopted in various parts of Europe.\* Nor is the utility of this invention limited to the operations of mining. In gas manufactories, spirit warehouses, or druggists' laboratories, and in various other situations, where the existence of an explosive atmosphere may expose persons to danger, the Safety Lamp may be advantageously used; and as science proceeds in multiplying the resources of art, this instrument will no doubt be found capable of many new applications.'—pp. 325—327.

As our readers must have heard the merits of the Safety Lamp occasionally questioned—and as some late accidents from fire damp have taken place, we think it desirable to show the estimation in which it is at present held in the collieries, by enlightened and practical men. We do not know that we could point out any individual connected with the collieries, more fitted to represent the class we have just named, than the author of the subjoined letter. It was written in reply to a series of questions which Dr. Paris commissioned Sir Cuthbert Sharp to propose in the collieries.

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\* \* A pamphlet appeared at Mons, in the year 1818, on the explosions that occur in coal mines, and on the means of preventing them by Davy's Safety Lamp. It was published under the direction of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures of Mons, accompanied by notes, and by the results of a series of experiments that had been conducted by M. Gossart, President of the Chamber. The province of Hainault is said to be richer in coal mines than any other part of the continent of Europe, and to have no less than 100,000 persons employed in the working them. The same kind of dangerous accidents occurred in these mines as in those of the North of England, and various expedients had been adopted for their prevention, which, however, availed but little in obviating them. "All the precautions," observe the reporters, "which had been hitherto known or practised, had not been able to preserve the unfortunate miners from the terrible effects of explosion. It is therefore an inappreciable benefit which we confer by making known the equally simple and infallible method of preventing these accidents, which has been discovered by the celebrated Humphry Davy."\*



“To Sir Cuthbert Sharp.

“My dear Sir Cuthbert, Newcastle, August 28, 1830.

“I return Dr. Paris's letter, and shall briefly answer his enquiries. If the Davy lamp was exclusively used, and due care taken in its management, it is certain that few accidents would occur in our coal-mines; but the exclusive use of the “Davy” is not compatible with the working of many of our mines, in consequence of their not being workable without the aid of gunpowder.

“In such mines, where every collier must necessarily fire, on the average, two shots a day, we are exposed to the risk of explosion from the ignition of the gunpowder, even if no naked lights were used in carrying on the ordinary operations of the mine. This was the case in Jarrow Colliery, at the time the late accident happened. As the use of gunpowder was indispensable, naked lights were generally used, and the accident was occasioned by a ‘bag’ of inflammable air forcing out a large block of coal, in the face of a dript, from a fissure in which it had been pent up, perhaps from the Creation, and firing at the first naked light with which it came in contact, after having been diluted down to the combustible point by a due admixture of atmospheric air.

“As to the number of old collieries and old workings which have been renovated, and as to the quantity of coal which has been, and will be saved to the public by the invention of the “Davy,” it is scarcely possible to give an account, or to form an estimate.

“In this part of the country, “Walker's Colliery,” after having been completely worked out according to the former system, with candles and steelmills, and after having been abandoned in 1811, was re-opened in 1818 by the aid of the “Davy,” and has been worked on an extensive scale ever since, and may continue to be worked for an almost indefinite period.

“Great part of the formerly relinquished workings of Wallsends Willington, Percy-main, Hebburn, Jarrow, Elswick, Benwell, &c. &c., as well as several collieries on the Wear, have been recovered, and are continued in work by the invention of the “Davy.”

“If I had only, what you know perfectly well I have not—time, I could write a volume on this subject. I shall shortly, through the medium of a friend, get an important paper on the subject of the “Davy,” put into Dr. Paris's hands.

“Believe me, my dear Sir Cuthbert, to remain

“Your's very faithfully,

“JOHN BUDDLE.”

The history of Davy's experiments for protecting the copper sheathings of ship's bottoms from oxidation, is perhaps the best part of Dr. Paris's book. The plan which Davy determined on, like all his discoveries, resulted from the application of the principles of sound reasoning, to the understood operations of nature. The perfection of the philosopher's invention, (as is well observed by Mr. Babbage, whose happy phrase is copied by Dr. Paris without acknowledgment) was proved in its complete failure as a protection, inasmuch as by keeping the copper uninjured, it provided a resting place on the metallic surface, on which marine shells and vegetables accumulated, so as to retard the velocity of the ship. This, and the abortive attempt to ventilate the House of Lords, were, we

believe, the only two important cases in which Davy's theories were not successful upon a practical trial.

We now come to the close of Davy's life. Dr. Paris thus describes the last hours, the death and funeral of the great philosopher.

\* During his slow and partial recovery from this seizure, he learnt the circumstance of his name having been introduced into parliamentary proceedings, in the following manner. On the 26th of March, 1829, on presenting a petition in favour of the Catholic claims, from a very great and most respectable meeting at Edinburgh, Sir James Mackintosh, after having mentioned the name of Sir Walter Scott, as being at the head of the petitioners, continued thus :—"Although not pertinent to this petition, yet connected with the cause, I indulge in the melancholy pleasure of adding to the first name in British literature the first name in British science—that of Sir Humphry Davy. Though on a sick bed at Rome, he was not so absorbed by his sufferings as not to feel and express the glow of joy that shot across his heart, at the glad tidings of the introduction of a bill, which he hailed as alike honourable to his religion and his country."

\* I am assured, that the last mark of satisfaction which he evinced from any intelligence communicated to him, was on reading the above passage. He showed a pleasure unusual in his state of languor, at the justice done, in the face of his country, to his consistency, to his zeal for religion and liberty, and to the generous sentiments which cheered his debility. The marks of his pleasure were observed by those who were brought most near to him by the performance of every kind office.

\* Although there appeared some faint indications of reviving power, his most sanguine friends scarcely ventured to indulge a hope that his life would be much longer protracted. Nor did he himself expect it. The expressions in his will (printed in an appendix) sufficiently testify the opinion he had for some time entertained of the hopelessness of his case.

\* In addition to this Will, he left a paper of directions, which have been religiously observed by his widow. He desires, for instance, that the interest arising from a hundred pounds stock may be annually paid to the master of the Penzance Grammar School, on condition that the boys may have a holiday on his birth-day ; \* There is something singularly interesting in this favourable recollection of his native town, and of the associations of his early youth. It adds one more example to show that, whatever may have been our destinies, and however fortune may have changed our conditions, where the heart remains uncorrupted, we shall, as the world closes upon us, fix our imaginations upon the simplicities of our youth, and be cheered and warmed by the remembrance of early pleasures, hallowed by feelings of regard for the memory of those who have long since slept in the grave.

\* With that restlessness which characterises the disease under which Sir Humphry Davy suffered, he became extremely desirous of quitting Rome, and of establishing himself at Geneva. His friends were naturally anxious

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\* \* I understand that the present Master, the Rev. Mr. Morris, has expressed his intention to apply the above sum to purchasing a medal, which he intends to bestow as a prize to the most meritorious scholar.



to gratify every wish; and Lady Davy therefore preceded him on the journey, in order that she might prepare for his comfortable reception at that place. Apartments were accordingly in readiness for him at *L'Hotel de la Couronne*, in the Rue du Rhone; and at three o'clock on the 28th of May, having slept the preceding evening at Chambéry, he arrived at Geneva, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Tobin, and his servant.

At four o'clock he dined, ate heartily, was unusually cheerful, and joked with the waiter about the cookery of the fish, which he appeared particularly to admire; and he desired that, as long as he remained at the hotel, he might be daily supplied with every possible variety that the lake afforded. He drank tea at eleven, and having directed that the feather bed should be removed, retired to rest at twelve.

His servant, who slept in a bed parallel to his own, in the same alcove, was, however, very shortly called to attend him, and he desired that his brother might be summoned. I am informed that, on Dr. Davy's entering the room, he said, "I am dying," or words to that effect; "and when it is all over, I desire that no disturbance of any kind may be made in the house; lock the door, and let every one retire quietly to his apartment." He expired at a quarter before three o'clock without a struggle.

On the following morning, his friends Sismondi\* and De Candolle were sent for; and the Syndics, as soon as the circumstance of his death was communicated to them, gave directions for a public funeral on the Monday; at which, the magistrates, the professors, the English residents at Geneva, and such inhabitants as desired it, were invited to attend. The ceremony was ordered to be conducted after the custom of Geneva, which is always on foot—no hearse; nor did a single carriage attend. The cemetery is at Plain Palais, some little distance out of the walls of the town. The Couronne being at the opposite extremity, the procession was long.

\* The following was the order of the procession:—†

† The two Syndics (*in their robes*) { M. MASTOW,  
M. GALLATIN,

† Magistrates of the Republic . . . { M. FAZIO,  
M. SALLADIN.

† Professors of the College in their robes,

† MM. Simond de Sismondi—A. de Candolle.

† THE ENGLISH.

† Lord EGLINGTON,	Captain ARCHIBALD HAMILTON,
† Lord TWEDELL,	Mr. CAMPBELL,
† The Right Hon. WM. WYCKHAM,	Mr. FRANKS,
† WM. HAMILTON, Esq., Ex-Am-	Mr. ALCOCK,
bassador at Naples,	Mr. DREW,
† Sir EGERTON BRYDGES, Bart.,	Mr. HEYWOOD,
† Colonel ALCOCK,	Mr. SITWELL,
† Captain SWINTERS,	&c.

† The Students of the College.

† The Citizens of Geneva.

\* Simond de Sismondi, the celebrated author of the History of the Italian Republic.

† For these particulars I am indebted to Sir Egerton Brydges.

'The English Service was performed by the Rev. John Magers, of Queen's College, and the Rev. Mr. Burgess.

'The grave was stated in the public prints to be next to that of his friend, the late Professor M. A. Pictet; this is not the fact. It is far away from it, on the second line of No. 29, the fourth grave from the end of the west side of the cemetery.

'Sir Humphry Davy having died without issue, his baronetcy has become extinct.

'At present, the only memorial raised to commemorate the name of this distinguished philosopher is a Tablet placed in Westminster Abbey by his widow. It is thus inscribed:—

TO THE MEMORY OF  
SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BARONET;  
DISTINGUISHED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD  
BY HIS

DISCOVERIES IN CHEMICAL SCIENCE.  
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY;  
MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.  
BORN 17 DECEMBER, 1778, AT PENZANCE,  
DIED 28 MAY, 1829, AT GENEVA,  
WHERE HIS REMAINS ARE INTERRED.

'The numerous scientific societies of which he was a member, will, no doubt, consecrate his memory. An eloquent Eloge has been read by Baron Cuvier before the Institute of France, but it has not yet been published: I have obtained, however, a copy of a speech delivered upon the same occasion, by H. C. Van der Baon Mesch, before the Institute of the Netherlands.'—pp. 514—517.

The volume which we are now about to dismiss, can hardly fail, from its subject alone, to excite attention. But it is vastly too extended—and it continually excites in our mind the unpleasant recollection that one is dealing with a mere mechanical bookmaker, with whose mercantile devices it is impossible to associate the disinterestedness and the purity of mind that are ever suggested by subjects of philosophy. If biography consisted of a review of a man's works, Dr. Paris would be the greatest author that ever penned a life. But such is not the case. He has given us a great deal too much about Sir H. Davy as a writer—and a lecturer—but a great deal too little about him as a man.

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ART. V.—*Recollections of Seven Years' Residence at the Mauritius.*  
By a Lady. 1 vol. 8vo. London: Cawthorn. 1830.

We could very much wish that more of our English wives and mothers, who are destined, from time to time, to spend a portion of their lives in foreign lands, would furnish the public with the record of their observations and adventures. There are many reasons why the works of such tourists should claim attention.



The delicacy of the sex, in the first place, is a sure guarantee of the good faith of female writers; a cardinal virtue in the locomotive tribes; and, therefore, their statements are always certain of being received with confidence. They are also the best judges of manners—domestic and national; and, with reference to the former, they have far more favourable opportunities for acquiring information than the members of the other sex can, by possibility, enjoy. Neither does it often happen that they are driven to the press by the mere ambition of authorship. A certain modest reserve always offers an impediment to their appearance before the public, and when they succeed in overcoming the difficulty, we feel ourselves at liberty to conclude, that it is upon very sufficient grounds that they do so.

The critics are by this time perfectly tired and ashamed of the bigotry and the folly, the national arrogance, and the personal impudence, of some of our chief male travellers. These persons look down with a most offensive aspect of thorough contempt on all that they see and hear in their foreign excursions; an ill-dressed herring—an unsatisfactory couch—an inadequately humble bow from a landlord—seem, to such, an ample excuse for the most atrocious excesses of calumny against the strangers amongst whom such accidents take place. Then the long yarns, beneath whose thin disguise are recommended to our credulity the very concentrated essence of falsehood itself! We are a-weary of travels and voyages, the works of such pretenders and deluders! Women travellers will, in all probability, restore our affections to that important branch of literature. They are always considerate; they make allowance for circumstances; they enter into the excuses by which the people with whom they communicate, might justify those singularities of manners which others would say were obnoxious to censure; and all their ready sympathies are so amiably excited when they behold a trait of natural tenderness and feeling!

The unassuming little volume before us bears all the characters of being the production of one of that class of lady tourists for which we have professed so unequivocal a partiality. An officer's widow, the writer professes to indulge no more ambitious views, in sending forth these pages to the world, than those of gratifying her orphan children. We are of opinion that what she has written will afford amusement and instruction to a much more extended circle of readers; and, with this impression, we shall make a few extracts from the work.

The writer, accompanying her husband, who was a military officer, and family, arrived at the Mauritius early in 1820. Here she remained for seven years, and so far as the country and inhabitants are concerned, she seems to have been well pleased with her residence. She gives occasional descriptions of the principal places which she visited, and praises, particularly, the vegetable

productions of the island. The manners of the Creole inhabitants, however, she appears to have very attentively noticed. She says—

‘ Their drawing-rooms are generally furnished in a showy manner, with a superabundance of looking-glasses; the dining-room is the worst apartment in their houses. The floor of their rooms is of a dark wood which takes a fine polish, and by being rubbed every morning with wax and a brush, rivals in brilliance a mahogany table; this process is performed at an early hour, and the slaves are extremely expert at it; they fix one foot on the brush, which is a large flat one, and jumping alternately on the other foot, with a bend of the body each time, pass the brush rapidly up and down the floor, with a motion not unlike that of skating. I recollect hearing a young naval officer relate, that the first night he slept on shore at Port Louis, being ignorant of this colonial custom, he was exceedingly surprised, on awaking in the morning, to find two or three negroes skating about his room in this extraordinary style. He desired they would leave the room, but they only laughed at him, and continued their jumping, until the work of polishing was completed. Sometimes the floor is inlaid with woods of different shades of colour, in different forms, such as diamonds, squares, &c., which has a very pretty effect.

‘ The Creoles, instead of tea in the evening, offer eau sucrée and beer; but, unless they are entertaining visitors, they seldom remain within doors after the sun has declined, usually preferring to sit out in their gardens, enjoying the air. I have observed many a cheerful looking family party so seated together; sometimes one of the young females playing on the guitar, and accompanying the instrument with her voice.—pp. 58—60.

‘ It is the custom with the Creole ladies, not to call on strangers, but to await a visit from the newly-arrived; in conformity with this usage, I went, accompanied by your father, to visit some French ladies, to whom your father’s relative, Mr. ——— introduced me. On one of these occasions, the lady of the house had lately lost a child, of which circumstance I was ignorant, or I should have deferred my visit some time longer, concluding that it could not be agreeable to one suffering from so recent an affliction to receive a stranger; however, I found, upon a further acquaintance with the French character, that their habits of feeling are very different from ours: they feel acutely, no doubt; and the Creoles, in particular, are most tender mothers; yet, in the first anguish of their hearts, after losing one of the dearest objects of their affection, they will expatiate on the subject with a fluency of speech, and minuteness of detail, which we should think incompatible with the character of mourners; these are, however, peculiarities of national habits and manners, which do not detract from the excellence of individuals: and the grief of a French mother venting itself in eulogiums on the child she has lost, may be equally as deep and sincere, as the silent sorrow of an English one.

‘ I was but newly arrived in the colony, when I called on the lady above mentioned, and being unacquainted with the customs of the inhabitants, was unprepared for the scene which I witnessed, and which I shall now describe.

‘ After waiting some time in the drawing room, before any of the inmates of the house made their appearance, at length a door opened, and a tall figure



wrapped up in black crape, advanced with slow and dignified steps; another figure, similarly attired, followed the first; and I thought I had to await a spectral procession; for a string of five female mourners occupied the length of the room, at small distances from each other. I could have imagined myself at the representation of a sentimental German play, in which the murdered victims of some wicked baron were appearing, to demand vengeance; but the illusion ceased, as in all the politeness of French accent, the foremost lady introduced her sister and daughters, and informed me of her late loss, with more detail than our habits of feeling would allow on a similar occasion. I found it was the custom to receive visitors in this nun-like attire, after a death in the family.

'In speaking of foreign countries, it cannot be too often repeated to others, nor can one too frequently remind oneself, that manners are a kind of language, which should be as carefully studied as that spoken by the natives; it requires, however, a long practice of travelling, in order to become fully aware of this fact; though, without habitual attention to it, the traveller will be exposed to constant mistakes, which must make the natives disagreeable to him, even when they are most desirous of pleasing him.

'I recollect being no less surprised by another occurrence in the visiting way, soon after my arrival: one evening, about tea-time, I was told that a lady had called to see me, and on her being invited to enter, I found that she was accompanied by four or five others, and six or seven children, of different ages, each attended by a negress; a couple of dogs followed: this formidable array of visitors entered the room *en masse*, the children crowding on each other, staring at *la dame Anglaise*; and their attendants close behind them, determined not to lose sight of their young charges, who seemed equally resolved to force their way into the room, without paying any regard to the remonstrances of their maids.'—pp. 61—65.

The following is the account of a tragical event which took place shortly after the Mauritius had been distracted by a spirit of revolutionary disorder, after the example of the mother country:—

'A young married gentleman lived on an estate in a very retired and lonely part of the country, at a great distance from town. At that time the island was covered with thick forests and impenetrable jungles. Estates were far apart, and divided from each other by deep ravines, high mountains, rapid rivers, or pathless woods: communication was very difficult in consequence; narrow foot paths, and devious tracts over the mountains, and along the brink of precipices, were the only medium of intercourse between the inhabitants, instead of the fine broad roads over which the carriages of the English now roll so smoothly. This gentleman's family consisted only of his wife, her sister, and himself; both the ladies were very beautiful and attractive. It happened, unfortunately, that some troops were stationed in the neighbourhood of the estate, commanded by a man of the most infamous character. The army of revolutionized France was of a very different order from that which Condé and Turenne had led into the field; and of that army the regiments stationed at the colonies were the worst specimens, and composed of the most abandoned characters. The colonel of the military party stationed near this estate was of this

description, but had plausible manners and handsome features; yet it was said that there was a certain fearful expression in his eyes which seemed to tell of evil passions and wicked deeds.

‘ It was the misfortune of the young Madame B—— to attract the attention of this bad man; he soon took an opportunity of declaring his sentiments to her; shocked and alarmed, she shrunk with horror from the passion she had inspired in this desperate and daring man, of whom she always had an unconquerable dread. After his declaration, she shunned his presence, but refrained from mentioning the circumstances to her husband, fearing that the impetuosity of his feelings would hurry him to a meeting with the colonel, which would doubtless prove fatal to him, and thereby throw her completely in the power of their mutual enemy.

‘ The colonel continued to visit at the estate, and was always attended by a junior officer, who being the professed admirer of this lady’s sister, became a frequent guest, and it was not considered extraordinary that the colonel should accompany his friend. The unhappy lady, in the mean time, endured great uneasiness of mind, and confided to an elderly female friend, who sometimes came to visit her, the cause of her disquiet; adding, that she had a presentiment of some approaching evil which she could not banish from her mind.

‘ Some urgent business obliging her husband to go to town for a day or two, the lady, alarmed at the thought of being at the estate without him, expressed a wish that she and her sister should accompany him; he strongly opposed her desire, alleging that the fatigue of the journey would be highly injurious to her, as she was then expecting to be a mother. In vain she urged her entreaties;—he at first laughed at her extraordinary wish to visit the town, and then felt surprised at the more than common grief she evinced at parting for so short a time: bidding her keep up her spirits, he gaily bade her adieu, and, as he told his friend afterwards, saw her, on turning his head to look back, weeping bitterly when he had taken leave of her. When his swift-footed bonnet had borne him through the avenue of trees, and turned into the narrow road he was to travel along, he looked back at her for the last time;—it was, indeed, the last time!—he never saw her again.

‘ On the evening of his departure, she was particularly anxious and uneasy, and started at every sound, (as her favourite maid afterwards related) and expressed a desire that the house should be shut up at a much earlier hour than usual, and that every one should retire to bed; requesting her sister to sleep with her that night. As she was not naturally fearful, her restlessness and evident terror that evening excited the surprise of her sister and her maid. On being rallied on her timidity, she burst into tears, saying that a great calamity, she was sure, was hanging over her, and she should never see her husband again. All these terrors and forebodings were attributed to weakness of nerves, and the delicacy of her situation at the time, and it was agreed that they should go to bed; before she retired to her room, however, she carefully examined every door and window, to be sure of all being well secured.

‘ Towards the morning of the following day, the blacks on the estate, aroused by the outcry of the watchman, beheld their master’s house a blaze of flames; and by sun rise, a heap of ruins alone was seen where that happy dwelling had stood;—all efforts to extinguish the fire had been



in vain; it had been burning too long, and had too surely penetrated into every part of the mansion before it was discovered, for any endeavour to prevail against it. A slave was dispatched to town with the dreadful tidings for his master, whose anguish at learning the misfortune that had befallen him may be more easily imagined than described. It was at first supposed that the fire had accidentally happened, and that the two ladies had been burnt to death in the house; but a small silk shoe, which was at once recognized as belonging to Madame ———, having been found in a narrow path leading down to the river, it was then conjectured that some horrible act of violence had been perpetrated, and that the two females had been murdered in some part of the ground: search was made for the bodies, but they were never found.

\* After a careful investigation of the matter, it was discovered that the waiting maid, who slept in the room adjoining her mistress' apartment, had admitted a soldier into the house, who was immediately followed by two other men, wrapped up in cloaks. The woman, not expecting the two latter, and seeing them approach her lady's room, was about to scream out, when the soldier seized her, and throwing a thick great coat over her head, prevented her from moving or speaking, and hurried her out of the house. When at length he released her from his grasp, she saw the building in flames. Such was her account; she protested that she had no knowledge of the intentions of the men who accompanied the soldier, and expressed the greatest grief at the unhappy catastrophe. Her assertions, however, were not credited, and she was taken into custody: the soldier, also, was taken up, and confessed having entered the house at the command of Colonel ———, who, with another officer, had accompanied him. The Colonel denied the charge, but the man most solemnly declared the truth of what he affirmed, at the same time acknowledging his guilt, and expressing great contrition for what he had done in obedience to his officer's commands. No doubt of the Colonel's guilt remained on the minds of any; so much evil was known, and so much more suspected of him, that all were ready to believe the evidence against him; yet, such was the general fear entertained of the military, and so little was justice understood or attended to, that this wicked man was acquitted, and the far less guilty accomplice of his crime, was executed, calling on heaven to testify to the truth of his allegation, and accusing the colonel of having drawn him into sin, and then leaving him to his fate: the woman, also, suffered death. Finding that the law did not punish the author of his misfortunes as he deserved, the unhappy husband challenged his enemy to combat, and, as was to be expected in so unequal a contest, he fell beneath the blows of the practised swordsman.

\* The mystery of this transaction has never been cleared up, and it remains unknown how the unfortunate females met their death.—pp. 95—103.

The English government has greatly contributed to facilitate travelling in the Mauritius, by the improvement of its roads. A corresponding change in the animals of burden has taken place since the conquest; and instead of almost impassable ways and wild donkeys, the inhabitants have now the luxuries of horses, carriages, and level paths. But these improvements do not appear

to have raised, in the population of the island, a distaste for ancient habits.

‘ The usual mode of conveyance is by palanquins, as in India, and very comfortable, luxurious conveyances they are: the bearers are never less than four in number, and are sometimes six, eight, or twelve, according to the distance they are to travel; these men have a quick running pace, very much resembling the trot of a horse; the motion is not unpleasant, and rather disposes one to sleep, which is not surprising, considering that you recline on a soft mattress, with a cushion for the head, whilst the sun is quite excluded by silken curtains and blinds: the bearers carry a long stick in one hand, whilst the pole of the palanquin rests on the opposite shoulder, and move about this stick, so as to keep time with the movement of their feet; and they beguile their journey by a discordant kind of song, a sort of recitative, which they keep up all the way, and which, although not very agreeable to the traveller, serves to cheer and animate those who are bearing him along: the bearers are quite unclothed to the waist, and wear short full petticoats, confined by a broad sash over the hips; and bordered with coloured cloth or worsted: a cotton handkerchief round the head, or a Scottish looking cap, completes the costume. Palanquins are used for paying visits in the town, no less than for long journies, and sedan chairs are also employed in the same way. The most extraordinary looking vehicle I saw there, was a large coach drawn by oxen, in which a French gentleman travelled about.’ —pp. 125—127.

Upon that much talked-of subject, the treatment of slaves, the fair writer has the following observations:—

‘ The conduct of the free coloured persons towards their slaves is invariably very harsh and severe, and they far surpass the whites in strict discipline and cruel usage; every kind of torture short of murder—and it too often ends in murder—is practised by these persons towards those who are in bondage to them; and, strange as it may appear, they who once were slaves, are always the most cruel masters. Sterne, in describing the black girl who had so much compassion as to avoid killing flies when she brushed them away, remarks, “ having suffered persecution she had learned mercy.” Now this, I think, is by no means the case with mankind in general;—the child who has been treated with severity and stern unkindness—“ which mocks the tear it caused to flow”—who has never been accustomed to the voice of affection or encouragement, commonly grows up a selfish, callous being. I have heard it remarked, that at public schools, the boys who have suffered most as fags, are generally the most despotic when it becomes their turn to rule. And, undoubtedly, they who have worn the chains of slavery are always found the most ready to rivet the fetters on their fellow men, and to increase, by every means in their power, the heaviness of the yoke which has been imposed on those whom circumstances have made their property. Some instances of great cruelty in the conduct of those persons, occurred during our abode at the Mauritius; and it is universally allowed that they are, in their general treatment, unrelenting and severe in no common degree;—this is also the case with the free coloured people of the West Indies, and it is well known that the slaves there prefer the hardest labour in the service of the whites to being the property of those of their own colour;—I have myself



heard this assertion repeatedly made by negroes, by whom nothing is dreaded more than to be sold to a black, or mulatto master or mistress: this description of persons at the Mauritius are usually very insolent and overbearing in their deportment, even to their superiors; many of them are affluent, and it is said that they are fast rising to importance as a wealthy portion of the community, whilst the whites are decreasing in riches proportionably; they have, of late years, evinced a great desire for the progress of education amongst their own class, who, it will be remembered, do not associate at all with the white Creoles; and I heard that they had petitioned government for permission to found a college, or rather public school, for the instruction of their youth in the various branches of learning at their own expence, their children not being admitted into the school for white boys. I have not since been informed whether the plan is likely to be carried into execution; but it is to be hoped so praiseworthy a design has not been frustrated. With the increase of affluence, the progress of education should keep pace; when their minds become properly enlightened, and adorned with useful knowledge, they will be better qualified to maintain their due station in society, and correct notions of self-estimation will be substituted in the place of those vulgar feelings of imagined consequence, arising from ignorance, and founded on the possession of riches only.

'The dreadful practice of poisoning is but too frequent amongst the slaves:—the island abounds in poisonous plants, and their fatal properties are well known to the negroes, who make use of that knowledge as vengeance prompts. The draught of death is often administered by the waiting maid to her mistress, or by the valet to his master, and sometimes the most indulged and trusted servants are the ministers of the revenge of others, and at their instigation mix poison in the food of their owners, who take, unsuspectingly, from *their* hands, what, perhaps, they would fear to take from others.—pp. 154—158.

To counteract the effect of these representations, the author, with a very just sense of equitable dealing, gives the following anecdote of gratitude in a slave.

'A lady residing at the Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward: being in affluent circumstances, she gave him, with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business; and being very industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family:—years passed away, and whilst he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty; misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common comforts of life:—this man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town and sought her out in her humble abode: with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honoured lady in so reduced a state, and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future comforts. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant, but declined his offer; he could not however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design: "My good mistress," said he, "oblige me by accepting my services; when you were rich you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which, through

God's blessing, I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life, and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my prosperity when you are in need." His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed, in his palanquin, to the comfortable and well-furnished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care; his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always shewed, by their conduct, that they considered themselves her servants: deserted by those who had been her equals in station, and who had professed themselves her friends whilst she was in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amid those who had once been her dependants.—pp. 161—163.

There are few, we believe, to whom the modern languages are familiar, who do not know that the Mauritius embraces the scene of the melancholy story of Paul and Virginia. To the French and English, who remain any time in the island, the spot where the tombs of those lovers are said to lie, is a shrine of frequent and devout pilgrimage. But as it too often happens, the romance is destroyed in the unfolding of it. The writer says,

‘ In December, 1825, we quitted Port Louis, to spend the warm season in that district of the island which is named Pamplemonsses, a part of the country to which a romantic interest has been given by the tale of Paul and Virginia: strangers are generally eager to hasten to the spot where they are told they will behold the tombs of those unfortunate Creoles, whose mutual affection and unhappy fate are described so pathetically by St. Pierre.

‘ Junior lieutenants and midshipmen, and others of the age of romance, always make it a point to visit these tombs as soon as possible after their arrival: if they can only get on shore for a few hours, they hire or borrow horses, and proceed with all haste to the interesting scene. On reaching the spot to which they are directed, they enter a pretty garden, laid out with great care, and are conducted along a walk, bordered with bushes, bearing a profusion of roses, and having a stream of the clearest water flowing on each side: at the end of this walk the visitor sees a red, glaring monument, which he is told is the tomb of Virginia; at the termination of a similar avenue, on the opposite side of the garden, appears another monument, exactly resembling the first, which is designated the tomb of Paul: a grove of bamboos surrounds each. The traveller feels disappointed on beholding these tasteless red masses, instead of elegant monuments of Parian marble, which would seem alone worthy of such a purpose and such a situation; but that is not the only disappointment destined to be experienced by him: after having allowed his imagination to depict the shades of Paul and Virginia hovering about the spot where their remains repose—after having pleased himself with the idea that he had seen those celebrated tombs, and given a sigh to the memory of those faithful lovers, separated in life, but in death united—after all this waste of sympathy, he learns at last, that he has been under a delusion the whole time—that no Virginia was there interred—and that it is a matter of doubt whether there ever existed such a person as Paul! What a pleasing illusion is then dispelled! how many romantic dreams, inspired by the perusal of St. Pierre's tale, are doomed to vanish when the truth is ascertained!—



The fact is, that these tombs have been built to gratify the eager desire which the English have always evinced to behold such interesting mementos;—formerly only *one* was erected, but the proprietor of the place, finding that all the English visitors, on being conducted to this, as the tomb of Virginia, always asked to see that of Paul also, determined on building a similar one, to which he gave that appellation. Many have been the visitors who have been gratified, consequently, by the conviction that they had looked on the actual burial place of that unfortunate pair. These “tombs” are scribbled over with the names of the various persons who have visited them, together with verses and pathetic ejaculations, and sentimental remarks. St. Pierre’s story of the lovers is prettily written, and his description of the scenic beauties of the island are correct, although not even *his* pen can do full justice to them; but there is little truth in the tale: it is said, that there was indeed a young lady sent from the Mauritius to France, for education, during the time that Monsieur de la Bourdonnais was governor of the colony—that her name was Virginia, and that she was shipwrecked in the St. Geran. I heard something of a young man being attached to her, and dying of grief for her loss; but that part of the story is very doubtful. The “Bay of the Tomb,” the “Point of Endeavour,” the “Isle of Amber,” and the “Cape of Misfortune,” still bear the same names, and are pointed out as the memorable spots mentioned by St. Pierre. The bay tree, said to be planted by Petrarch at the grave of Virgil, could not have been held in greater veneration than the bamboos which flourish round these “tombs” are honoured with: some persons have received commissions from their friends in England, to send them slips from those trees. The plant that grows near the remains of the Latian bard is now said to be destroyed by the incessant spoliation it received from English visitors; but the bamboo groves are not likely to share the same fate, since they are private property, and will, no doubt, long continue to overshadow the spot, and to form an agreeable abode for the beautiful birds that sport among their branches. But although the romance of the story is soon dispelled to those who reside at the Mauritius, the country about Pamplemonsses is worth taking a journey to see; it is not so striking in picturesque and grand scenery as some other parts of the island, but it displays a well cultivated, smiling aspect, very much resembling the general appearance of English landscapes; it is well wooded, but not mountainous; and there is less to remind one of being in a tropical region than might be expected. The village is pretty and populous, and has a catholic church. There is also a botanical garden in that neighbourhood, which, although not affording a great display of flowers, is well stocked with valuable and curious trees from different parts of the east: it is kept in good order, and is an agreeable promenade.’—pp. 165—171.

We shall conclude with the account of a prisoner of war, who resided near the estate where the author had, for some portion of the year, sojourned.

\* At the distance of a tolerable walk from the estate resided a prisoner of war from Ceylon, who had not been many months at the Mauritius, and was then living at a small but comfortable cottage at Pamplemonsses: this was Eyhelapola, the maha nilimi, or prime minister to the king of Candi in Ceylon, who had been so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure

of his royal master, and was, in consequence, subjected to the fury and revenge of the tyrant. The king sent an order for Eyhelapola, who was at some distance from the capital, to appear before him; he, dreading to obey the summons, sent his wife, his sister, and his two children, to plead for him, and implore pardon:—the wrath of the barbarian monarch was not appeased by the sight of Eyhelapola's family; on the contrary, he was resolved to wreak his vengeance on those unoffending individuals:—with savage cruelty, he caused the heads of the two children to be severed from their bodies in the presence of their agonised mother, and she was then made to pound them in a mortar! her hands were tied to the pestle, and a man, holding each arm, moved it up and down until the dreadful task was completed: the two females were then drowned. The injured Eyhelapola, on being informed of the fate of his family, became from that moment the implacable enemy of the author of his misfortunes, and the friend of the English. After the conquest of Candi, it was deemed a politic measure to secure the person of this chief, as he was much beloved by the Cingalese, and it was feared he might exert his influence over them in a manner prejudicial to the interests of the English: it was thought expedient afterwards to send him to the Mauritius, where he arrived in the year 1825. Twenty or thirty Candian, or Kandyan prisoners had been sent thither several years previously, and were kept in confinement. Eyhelapola was at liberty to travel about the country, and lived in great comfort at Pamplemonsses, receiving the kindest attentions from Major B——, the officer who had the chief superintendence of the Kandyan prisoners, and who did every thing in his power to render the old chief happy his exile: indeed many of the English paid him much attention and respect:—his domestic misfortunes and altered condition inspired sympathy, and he was an object of interest to all who had seen him: he was always entitled the *Prince*, although I do not know that he had a legitimate claim to that distinctive appellation; his countenance is very mild in its expression, but not intelligent, and his manner is gentle and unassuming: if one might judge from his physiognomy, I should pronounce him a person by no means likely to foment political disturbances, or to take an active part in public affairs: he seemed devoid of energy, and looked like a very harmless, quiet personage. Fond of children, he took great notice of those he met with amongst his English friends: my little Mary attracted his attention particularly; she evinced much apprehension on being placed on his knee for the first time, but soon became familiar with him, and smiled in his face as he patted her cheek. His dress was the subject of your particular investigation, my dear Ellen: he wore a flat kind of hat, covered with white muslin, sometimes ornamented with gold; his hair, which was as white as snow, was rolled up in a ball at the back part of his head, nearly on the nape of his neck, and was seen projecting beneath his hat; the rest of his dress consisted also of white muslin, and he had a necklace of lumps of gold, each the size and shape of a small hen's egg: whether these were solid or not, I cannot say; if they were, the weight of the whole necklace must have been very great; he wore also a ring, the stone of which, apparently an emerald, was nearly the size of a half-crown.'—pp. 177—181.

We had proposed to confine ourselves to the quotation of a few specimens, such as would give a fair idea of the manner i



the book generally is written, but we find that we have been betrayed into long extracts. We are satisfied, however, that none of our readers will complain that we have drawn too copiously from the pages of the author. They will, we are assured, be ready to join with us in admiring the power of neat and elegant diction, which the writer unites with the charms of unassuming and truly feminine modesty; and they will not hesitate, now that they have read those extracts, in agreeing in the wish which we set out with expressing, that we had more such literary recruits from the gentler sex, as the author of the "*Recollections of the Mauritius*."

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ART. VI.—*The Siamese Twins. A Satirical Tale of the Times. With other Poems.* By the Author of "*Pelham*," &c. 8vo. pp. 390. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

MR. BULWER having, as he is told by some of his critical friends, established for himself an ever-during fame as a writer of novels, has lately tried his prentice-hand in the poetical line, and has moreover,—if those same organs of public opinion may be credited,—succeeded to a degree altogether beyond his hopes. Whether the character of the "*times*" in which we live, of those which died with the last administration, or of those which are approaching, is or has been or may be favourable to poetry, is a question which no poet will ever think of asking. We take it to be certain, that in an intelligent age no good poem ever can fail to attract notice, and to win its just meed of praise; and consequently, we think that Mr. Bulwer might have very well dispensed altogether with the preface which he has presented to his readers, in order to convince them that he is not the man to echo a sound of which the world is tired, or to deal in worn-out sentiments. We perceive and admit at once that he is a versifier of a school altogether new—that he plagiarises neither from Butler, nor Byron,—that he is neither a *Hudibras*, nor a *Don Giovanni*, but something between both, well entitled to the admiration of his contemporaries, and even of posterity.

It is a delightful consolation to feel that there is another tribunal, to which we may confidently appeal from the decision of that living envy, which, like its shadow, always dogs the path of merit. The poetical aspirant must be particularly happy in reflecting upon that superior resort, that House of Lords,—a future age,—when he knows that he has accomplished something, though it be but a tale or a satire, which is above the comprehension of the uncivilized hordes that breathe and move around him. It is, however, Mr. Bulwer's good fortune not only to obtain the praises of the generations amongst whom he lives, but also to deserve those of the myriads who are to follow them. His '*Siamese Twins*' bear about them all the tokens of immortality!

The poem, we can call it by no other name,—seeing that it is uniformly so styled by the author, and printed in the usual manner, with capital letters at the beginnings of the lines, and rhymes at their terminations,—is dedicated to Captain Basil Hall, of Bourbon memory. One would suppose from the exordium, that the author and the Captain were the best friends in the world. That would be a great mistake. The man of the sea is cut up most dreadfully a little farther on, and towards the conclusion he is literally reduced to the size of a nine pin. This is playing at bowls with a vengeance. We are not altogether oppressed with remediless grief by the execution which is thus done upon the naval litterateur, as he has been for some time engaged in a kind of personal crusade against liberty, both at home and abroad. Whatever popularity his work upon South America had acquired for him he has taken all the pains in his power to shake off, by his writings about North America and France, both of which countries he has pretty equally misrepresented. He must change his actics altogether. They will not do any thing for him with the present Board of Admiralty.

The poet, determined to be occasionally comic after a fashion of his own, very properly avoids introducing the Twins too abruptly. He begins with their origin from the illustrious house of Fiam—Fiam of Bancoek, (the Siamese capital,) with whom the reader, doubtless is, or very soon will be well acquainted.

‘ Our Fiam was a handsome fellow,  
His nose was flat, his skin was yellow ;  
Tho’ black his locks, with truth you’d swear,  
His teeth were blacker than his hair ;  
He might have seem’d Apollo’s grandson,  
And borne the bell from Colonel Anson !’

Having thus introduced our friend Fiam, he may be allowed to and in his wife, whom he paints in the following glowing language:—We are mistaken—the wife, we beg pardon, is a non-descript ; all that we hear about her is, that in order to make up for the barrenness of twenty years, she is one day brought to bed and favours her husband, as our poet aptly and elegantly expresses, with ‘the kind gratuity of twins.’ ‘So far so good,’ as the same great author adds. There is nothing, generally speaking, more difficult to poetical writers than the explanation of phenomena, which demand technicality of diction. Even in sober philosophy, men most conversant with the resources of our language, are often at a loss for felicitous and concise expressions to convey their meditations. No obstacle of this kind ever stands in Mr. Bulwer’s way. We were particularly anxious to see how he conquered the deficiencies of our tongue, in representing the palpable and extraordinary link by which nature had united the Siamese twins ; but our solicitude for his happy deliverance from the dan-



gers of what College men would call the "ass's bridge," was speedily removed by the following sweet and picturesque lines:—

' But ah!—the works to come!—for Fate  
Her boon with bane will ever make,  
And often with her childish antics  
The fairest hope of mortal man tricks;  
So now she by a bony tether,  
Joined breast to breast—our Twins together!'

Short as this passage is, it displays uncommon genius for poetry—for comic poetry. The *ah!*—prepares us for something out of the usual course of things, and throws us into a pensive and anxious mood, which is considerably heightened by the reflections upon Fate, and the tricks which she sometimes plays upon mankind. But our melancholy is in a moment superseded by a fine peal of laughter, when we reach that glorious anti-climax:—

' So—now—she—by a bony \* tether,' &c.

The astonishment of the mother, the horror of old Fiam, the gossip of Bancoek upon this extraordinary event, are painted in appropriate colours, and the first canto, or rather the first chapter of the first book, as with comic originality it is called, ends with the modest intimation that

' —our twins were saved to flow  
Through Time's far stream in rhyme and glory,  
And inch by inch together grow,  
The heroes of an English story.'

The twins being now fairly launched upon the stream above-mentioned, the poet is at liberty to expatiate a little upon their dispositions, which he represents to be

' —as much dissimilar  
As ever Honesty and Miller are.'

One was in fact a saint, and the other a sinner; one was called *Chang*, the other *Ching*; one learned quickly, the other slowly; one was serious, the other gay; one loved to run after butterflies, the other to stay at home; in short, so different were their dispositions, that it is a matter of wonder how they were kept together, even by the 'bony tether.' What a charming subject for the modern comic muse—for something between a Butler and a Byron!

Fate brings a certain Mr. Hodges in the character of a missionary to Bancoek, where the same fate condemns him to be tossed, after his introductory sermon, in an ignominious blanket. This delightful ceremony supplies Mr. Bulwer with the materials for a second chapter, which he concludes in rather a graver strain. The twins form an acquaintance with Hodges, who induces them to think of a voyage to England, and forthwith the author indulges

\* *Bony* is anatomically incorrect.

himself in some sublime reflections upon the fascinations of roaming, which tend more to the verge of Byron than of Butler.

The third chapter begins, however, in a strain peculiar to Bulwer. Vindicating the imputed vulgarity of one of his late novels, from the complaints that were made against it by the "British fair," he shews at the same time that he could be elegant if he pleased. The versatility of our comic poet's talents is truly prodigious. What a contrast does the following polished diction present to the phraseology which was so objectionable in "Paul Clifford!"

' Hear me one word, sweet country-women !  
 I hear a certain novel lately  
 Sent forth by me, displeased you greatly ;  
 You thought the gentry of the road  
 Should choose their words more à-la-mode ;  
 You felt indignant that such ug-  
*Ly words my vulgar folks should utter,*  
*And Peggy Lobkins of " the Mug,"*  
 Be less refined than Lady Flutter :—  
 And you were right I must allow,  
 But I will mend my manners now,  
 Bid Nature seek some other place,  
 Paint Man no more—but sketch " his Grace ; "  
*Mince truth like any other Mister,*  
*And shrink, smirk, drivel into Lister.'*

While in this remorseful vein, the poet also apologizes for what he considers the extreme dulness of the second chapter of the exquisite composition now before us. We do entreat that he will look more cheerful. It is not at all so bad as he supposes. Perhaps he was bilious when he wrote it—perhaps vertiginous, or a little stupified from the *hesternis vitiis*—or haply he may have conceived that he was at his old trade of mere prose, when he was actually pouring forth right excellent verse. We tell him that it is right excellent verse, and therefore let him dry his penitential tears, and put his handkerchief in his pocket. To apologize for Paul Clifford was a becoming act ; but the second chapter of the Siamese Twins stands in need of no such excuse. Still less the third chapter, in which we are promised

' A general satire, quite refined,  
 But also *stinging* on mankind.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 One draught of that sweet inebriety—  
 The best champaign of " good society ; "  
 And just to zest the " glass of fashion,"  
*Un petit verre of cream of passion.'*

Among sundry grand sights which attract the notice of the Twins on their way to England, one particularly deserves our attention, from the singular melody and beauty of the verse in which it is sung :—



' They see (in Siam a frequent sight—

A drollish sort of constitution her's!)

A robber who should have been hanged that night,

Walking coolly off with his executioners.'

The newspapers frequently informed us, some years ago, when the duties on whiskey were enormously high in Ireland, of the existence of such things as private *stills*. We were not aware before we read Mr. Bulwer's poem, that a similar mode of evading the law is practised in Siam; for considering the loneliness of the place where the following stoppage of the Twins occurred, we suppose that the *still* there spoken of could be no other than one upon the Hibernian plan—an unlicensed one, at all events, it certainly is.

' There while the brothers gazing stood,

Their youthful blood grew chill,

Appalled beneath the solitude,

The sternness and the *still*!'

The young travellers next encounter a fearful adventure with a sorcerer, whose magical proceedings are detailed with a minuteness which shews the author to be deeply skilled in all sorts of mysteries, and thus endeth the first book. Though we have necessarily passed over this part of the poem, as in truth we are rather anxious to arrive within the precincts of that 'general satire,' which the author has promised, yet we must persuade our readers not to follow our example, especially those amongst them (if any there be) who love to mingle with fiery dragons, and spirits feeding on mortal woe; who like to look at graves newly dug, in which women are buried with children in their wombs, amidst shrieks and shouts, and in the presence of monstrous birds waving their giant wings, of dragon snakes, of Genii whose stony glare, and gnashing teeth, and ghastly yell, it must be delicious to witness. If these extraordinary accessories of the poem do not satiate the appetite of the most romantic admirer, he may go a step farther, and behold the sorcerer, already mentioned, descend into the grave, tear the babe from its resting place, and sever from the trunk, the hands, the feet—the head! We do not remember any thing so grand as this in Byron. It is far, very far indeed beyond the grasp of that poet's imagination!

We own that we should have felt some hesitation in speaking so highly of this particular part of the poem, if we had not been perfectly assured of the discretion of the author,—a qualification upon which he very justly prides himself, as we shall see.

' Among the thousand virtues which

Are only found in my possession,

I think I'm singularly rich

In that—the best of all—Discretion.

Not less in letters than in action,

I know the golden mean to keep,

What scene to dwell on, or what fact shun,

And where to gallop or to creep.'

The whole of the magical affair may therefore be set down to 'galloping' side of the account, which the author's 'discretion' puts with his fancy. He may, consequently, be now allowed to 'peep' for awhile, as, after making short work of the passage from *see*, as he classically calls that part of the world, he lands his oes, without much trouble, in Piccadilly, under the care of their friend, Mr. Hodges. Having undergone the labours of exhibition, a season or so, and having made their fortunes, the author introduces them to Almack's, and other resorts of "good society," and enters upon the promised

'General Satire, quite refined,  
But also stinging, on mankind,'

which the following passages will, we presume, be considered satisfactory samples.

'Tis eve! the party met, our pair,  
The "observed of all observers" there!  
Charming the *mélange*!—what variety  
Chequers the tints of *blue* society!  
A chatterer here, and there a *still man*;  
A Spanish air, a German guttural,  
A sharp, dry sentence shot from Luttrell,  
A song from Tom, a hit from Sam,  
A glorious laugh from William Lamb;  
A prosy man from Timbuctoo,  
A fine free-thinking, liberal Jew;  
A general hash of odds and ends—  
New books—old medals—deaths of friends—  
Stewed down into a conversation,  
By men of "general information."

This is what may be called the 'general' portion of the satire. The 'refined' comes next, in the shape of an attack which Hodges makes upon a spendthrift named Laneham, whom he caught in the act of wooing his daughter.

"Out of my house, Sir! not a word,  
Your chaff wont catch so old a bird!  
Out of my house, Sir!—Oh! ungrateful,  
How often here you've had your plateful!  
How often—but—but 'tis no matter!  
Just look, thou base seducer at her;  
Is that the lady you'd predestine  
To plunge into a match clandestine?  
Sir, she's my only child, and I  
Can leave her rich, Sir, when I die;  
And you, with scarce a single *sous*,  
My heiress thus presume to woo.  
I never heard such impudence, Sir,  
My home's my castle—budge—trot hence, Sir."



' Succinct and clear, thus Hodges said—  
 He ceased, and sternly shook his head.  
 His small eyes twinkled in their sockets—  
 He buttoned up his breeches pockets;  
 As if to say, "What these contain—them  
 "You'll never get, young Master Laneham."  
 So stood he sour—austere, majestic!  
 "Oh! home—sweet home!"—O scene domestic!

The 'stinging' example shall be taken from the commencement of the third book.

' The morning now begins to press on;  
 The nursery maidens home repair,  
 Young gentlemen resume their lesson,  
 And the stern Justice takes his chair;  
 Some half a dozen cases hurried;  
 Some half a dozen wretches worried;  
 Some half a dozen of the worst of  
 Culprits to prison justly thrust off;  
 Base varlets with such ragged breeches,  
 The very tread-mill for the witches.  
 Some half a dozen so respectable,  
 That justice is not to suspect able  
 Paying the wonted fine, and giving  
 Seemly account of mode of living,  
 Dismissed, break through the cobweb, leaving  
 To Fate the poorer class of Fly;  
 Whom Justice, that old spider, grieving  
 Much for their guilt, condemns for thieving  
 Upon the very web she's weaving,  
 And eats them up whilst they reply.

If any of these lines be considered by the reader unintelligible in the ordinary sense of that word—if any of them be deemed by him deficient in elegance of diction, in harmony of measure, in felicity of rhyme, we can only say that he is not so easy to be pleased as the author. The Siamese twins are now cut asunder, and each chooses a path for himself, in order to enjoy his new-born freedom. Ching becomes a very pleasant sort of a fellow, while Chang is made a sort of Corsair, and roams through the world *ad libitum*.

The success which has already saved this poem from falling still-born from the press, will, doubtless, create many imitators of Mr. Bulwer's style. He may be said to have already formed a school of his own, which has hit the happy medium between *Hudibras* and *Don Giovanni*. His forte in comedy, it will have been seen, is quite peculiar. It does not, indeed, make us laugh, for that is not consistent with modern manners; but it certainly does not make us weep, unless it be for the follies of mankind, which it lashes with so much vigour. His pathetic and sublime touches, alternate in the most skilful manner with the gayer parts of his production.

Whenever we light upon any thing more than ordinarily mirthful, we may prepare ourselves immediately for something of a contrasted character, an apostrophe to love, or to a river, a tree, or a boat, or some such interesting and unexpected object. The process of alternation, Mr. Bulwer has reduced, for the first time, to a system. Lord Byron now and then indulges in a sigh, after he has been laughing at the errors of mankind. The mine which the noble poet opened, the commoner has explored with so much industry as to have made it his own.

Some critics may charge against our author, that in this, and in his style in some passages, he has "aped" (that will be the phrase) the patron of Giovanni. To one part of the expected imputation we have already anticipated the answer; to the other part we need only say, that we have not discovered, and indeed, the author has most frankly and truly disavowed, the slightest approach to the noble bard, in diction, figure, sentiment, or in any other ingredient whatsoever of poetic composition. Byron, for instance, is what the schoolmen call "classical" in his language; Bulwer never is; Byron leads us sometimes to a higher world, sometimes to a lower than that which he inhabits; Bulwer sticks to the squares and Piccadilly; Byron, for want of forcible terms, has frequent recourse to metaphor; Bulwer does not seem to know what metaphor is; a cat he calls a cat, breeches,—breeches; a rogue,—he calls a rogue, in plain unvarnished phrase; and notwithstanding the establishment of the new police, he does not forget that the watchmen were always known by the name of Charlies. Now this is poetry of the most unquestionable order. It is original, true, and enduring, deserving of all praise and of being the favourite of all ages. We may say with him in his own emphatic lines,

‘ *Creep slowly on, thou grey and wizard Time—  
Thou grey and wizard Time, creep slowly on !* ’

but whether it creep on slowly, or break out into a gallop, it cannot, we expect, leave the present poem behind it.

Justice requires of us to say not quite so much, perhaps, for the minor pieces, added to the principal work by way of filling up the volume. Indulgence will look upon these as the errors of Mr. Bulwer's youthful Muse, ere yet she took a bolder flight to *Bancock*. It is well that they are printed, inasmuch as the early writings of all great bards are in themselves interesting, and because they tend to the encouragement of the unfledged aspirants, in the same path, to glory. Unfortunate indeed they must be, in their hope of a poetical vocation, if at their outset they do not surpass, or at least equal these trifles, which are published for the very purpose of demonstrating the surprising difference that exists between *tweedle-dum* and *tweedledee*!



ART. VII.—*The Animal Kingdom described and arranged in conformity with its Organization. By the Baron Cuvier. Translated, with large additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed, and with other additional matter.* By E. Griffith, F.L.S., A.S., and others. Parts XXV., XXVI., and XXVII., comprising the class REPTILIA. 8vo. London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1831.

THE title which we have transcribed above, and with which we presume most of our readers are already acquainted, serves to convey a very inadequate notion indeed of the interest and value of the work to which it is affixed.

The researches which the illustrious Cuvier has so successfully prosecuted into the structure of the lower classes of the animated creation, have been acknowledged in the applause and gratitude with which his name has been crowned in every part of the civilised world. But this universal tribute, however deserved it may be, has been yielded, (so far as the bulk of mankind is concerned) almost entirely on trust, and from the credit that has been placed in the opinions of men, whose judgment and good faith, not less than their scientific attainments, fully justified such confidence. To the great mass of general readers, including those of his own nation the discoveries of Cuvier appear in the garb of a difficult and abstruse science. The graces of eloquence and imagination which carried the fame of Buffon triumphant over a thousand extravagances and mistakes, have been utterly neglected by the living philosopher, in his zeal to attain the more substantial merits of fidelity and accuracy of description; thus, governed by the maxims of a different policy from that which guided his predecessor in exploring the mysteries of nature, has Cuvier expounded the results of his vast labours with a severity of technical precision, which, at the same time that it guarantees the truth of his details, necessarily excludes the introduction of all popular attractions.

The Translator before us seems to have duly considered this peculiarity of his original, and to have founded the hope of producing a successful edition of the "Animal Kingdom" in the language of this country, only upon the conviction that he should be able to remedy what must be considered, in a certain sense, a serious objection in Cuvier's plan. To have perceived the necessity of improvement, sufficiently argued the ability to carry it into execution; and it would, therefore, be superfluous to add, that the "Animal Kingdom," enlarged and elucidated as it now appears, is one of the most entertaining registers of some of the wonders of nature, that the science of her strange operations has yet given to the world. No source of authentic knowledge, in relation to their subject, seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Griffith and his coadjutors. They manifest an intimate acquaint-

tance with even the most desultory of modern contributions to natural history ; and from those various stores of information which immense labour and some good fortune only could enable them to command, joined to the fruits of their own personal investigations, they have contributed to the text a body of illustration, which at once varies the attractions, and materially enhances the value of the present work.

We would then, in concluding our general sketch of the English version of the *Animal Kingdom*, remind the reader that, in no other publication in existence, on the same subject, is there to be found a similar combination of various excellencies, as the one before us contains ; a combination which, with the dry and laborious details of indispensable facts, (authenticated, however, beyond all cavil, by the cautious, patient, and sternly veracious character of him who records them), blends the charms of a happy style and the interest that belongs to the communication of surprising truths.

The class of animated beings—*Reptilia*—which is here treated of, furnishes a theme for endless wonder and admiration. If we can imagine to ourselves such a thing as the Author of Nature ever indulging in pastime, and that he condescended to seek amusement by a fantastic deviation from all those laws which had harmoniously prevailed in the creation of the higher orders of animals, we should certainly say that that amusement was abundantly furnished in the formation of the reptile tribes. To them life is granted upon entirely different conditions from what it has been to all other living creatures. Upon the peculiarities which characterise this class, we have the following observations of the translator :

\* Reptiles consist of oviparous quadrupeds and serpents. To the first, the name of reptile is as suitable as to the last : for though they have feet, they make little use of them, except in creeping, and their belly almost always touches the ground. Tortoises, lizards, frogs, toads, and salamanders, afford sufficient proof of this. Though the three last-mentioned genera live in the water, and swim there with facility, they also live on land very well. For this reason some naturalists have considered them as true amphibia. But, in fact, for an animal to be amphibious, in the strictest acceptance of the term, it is necessary that it should possess the power of respiring under the water like fishes, and on the earth like man—none, therefore, of these animals are true amphibia, except, perhaps, the siren and the proteus, which possess both lungs in the chest, and external gills. Frogs, toads, and salamanders, when in the tadpole state, are provided only with gills, which respire the water, and, accordingly, in this tadpole state, they cannot live out of the liquid element. When they become perfect animals the gills disappear, and they breathe by lungs ; consequently, they are then obliged to respire the air, and would perish by suffocation under water, were they forced to remain submerged for too long a period of time.—p. 22.

In their bony system, in the arrangement of their brain, in the number of their senses, and in the structure with which they are



endowed for breathing and digestion, the reptiles bear a striking analogy to the superior classes of animals; but there the resemblance stops. The blood, which in all other animals must receive in the lungs a renewed supply of oxygen, presents itself very partially in the lungs of reptiles; and hence we find, in general, that life in their bodies is exceedingly languid, and the surface of the bodies themselves remarkably cold.

\* They seem, for the most part, to vegetate rather than live; to be insensible of a wound, and even scarcely to discover any considerable degree of anguish when cut in pieces. Their organization very speedily renews many parts, such as the tail or toes, when they have been removed. As these animals have but very little cerebellum in proportion to their size, and a brain composed of but six small tubercles, their existence is not so absolutely concentrated in their head as ours. It seems rather to be attached to their spinal marrow, and to be more generally disseminated throughout their body. A tortoise has been known to live for eighteen days after the brain was removed, still walking about, but groping its way, for its eyes were closed, and the power of vision lost in consequence of the cutting of the optic nerves. A salamander has lived several months although decapitated by means of a ligature fastened tightly round the neck. The heart of a viper, when plucked out, will beat and contract on being pricked, for the space of forty hours.'—pp. 23—24.

\* The system of respiration in reptiles is the principal character which separates them from all other animals, and exercises the most powerful influence over all the parts of their organization. In organized bodies there are certain general modes of conformation which necessitate a multitude of particular conformations. Thus, for example, the animal whose stomach is found to digest flesh, must be furnished with teeth proper for tearing it, robust muscles for vanquishing his prey, agile limbs for overtaking it, &c. In like manner, the external organs of every being are all in relation to the wants of the internal organs; the latter must, therefore, be investigated, if we want to ascertain the cause which determines the conformation of the former.'—pp. 24—25.

\* There is one very singular property in the reptile races, which has been noticed in the text. This is the power of reproducing certain parts, such as the tail, feet, &c. when they have been lost. This fact is particularly demonstrated in salamanders and lizards, and was known as long ago as the time of Aristotle. They are also, as has before been hinted, remarkable for their extreme tenacity of life, and the long duration of their fibrous irritability after life is extinguished.

\* The weakness of respiration diminishes the activity of the nutritive system in reptiles, because the one is always in relation with the other. Accordingly, these animals eat but little, and digest slowly.

\* The small quantity which reptiles eat, is another reason for the slowness of their growth, and the length of their existence; and the same character is also connected with the inactivity of their senses. Their organs of sensation seem scarcely developed. Their touch is very obtuse, in consequence of the density and hardness of their skin. Their sense of taste cannot be otherwise than dull, because the tongue is either cartila-

gineous, or covered with a thick and viscous humour. The smallness of the organs of smelling, indicates the weakness of that sense. That of hearing appears to be less imperfect, though its organ in reptiles is destitute of many useful parts, such as the cochlea, the conch, and the mentus externus. Even the tympanum is usually covered with skin, scales, or muscles. Sight is the most perfect sense in reptiles. They have, for the most part, very large eyes, a contractile pupil, like that of cats, (especially the geckos, which appear to see clearly by night,) and a nictitating membrane, the same as in birds. This indicates a great sensibility in this organ in these two classes of animals, and the necessity under which they labour of having the intensity of the light moderated in its action on their eyes. Nevertheless, the *CECILIA*, a genus of serpents approaching the batracians, have excessively small eyes concealed under the skin. The brain of reptiles is remarkably small, and does not even completely fill the cavity of the cranium, though that is far from being capacious.—pp. 27—28.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘It is at the period of reproduction that the voices of reptiles are chiefly to be heard, which vary very considerably. The crocodiles, but more particularly the caymans of America, are said to howl loudly. The hissing of serpents and the croaking of frogs are well known. A traveller towards the desert shores of the Caspian and the Volga, would imagine that he heard of a sudden, in the evening, a joyous assembly of men and women laughing heartily. He approaches; the inextinguishable laughter redoubles among the rocks, and, to his astonishment, he finds that it proceeds from an assembly of enormous black toads celebrating their nuptial orgies. Certain species of America imitate the sound of a funeral bell tolling during the night, and others the rattling noise of cymbals.

‘Though reptiles never sit upon their eggs, it does not appear that the sentiment of maternity is altogether non-existent among these animals. There are serpents (and those are particularly the venomous species) which retain their eggs in their oviducts longer than other animals of their kind. These eggs disclose within, and the young ones come out alive. These animals produce in smaller number than those reptiles which lay their eggs. It is said that the female crocodile lays its eggs on a bed of rushes and sand, and that she covers them with a second and a third similar bed, with other layers of eggs, to conceal them from the watchful ichneumon. The serpents heap up theirs in some hole exposed to the sun. Small lizards have been observed carefully carrying their eggs in the mouth to warmer places, more favourable for the seclusion of the young. But the young, once disclosed, have nothing more to expect from the mother. She has no milk to offer them—she takes no care to provide them with nourishment of any kind; still, even if a great number of these young should perish, there is no fear of the extinction of the species, nature having made a sufficient provision against that in the excess of their fecundity.’—pp. 42—43.

The class of Reptiles being divided into four orders, each is described, at length, in succession. The first order, the *Chelonias*, or the Tortoise, includes the Turtle, of the varieties of which we have some very curious information from the pen of Mr. Griffith.



‘It is in the month of April that the females deposit their eggs in a dry place on the shore. They first of all, without ever being accompanied by the males, seek out a convenient situation, quitting the water after many precautions after the setting of the sun, but return immediately to the sea on the slightest disturbance. If this is not the case, they proceed above the line of the highest tide, excavate the sand with their fins, and, after having made a hole of about two feet deep and two wide, formed like a reversed cone, they deposit their eggs there, sometimes to the number of one hundred in a single night. During this labour nothing can disturb them or distract their attention. At such times, they are taken with great facility.

‘In this manner, they lay three successive sets of eggs—an interval of fourteen days or three weeks elapsing between each set. They return to the sea, after having covered their eggs with sand.

‘We are told by Père Labat, that on the coast of Africa a single one of these tortoises will produce two hundred and fifty eggs, and even more.

‘The young are excluded generally in about three weeks, though some little variation will take place according to latitude, and the temperature of the atmosphere. The accounts of authors, however, on this subject, cannot be implicitly relied on, as they abound in contradictions, though the above may be considered the average time.

‘The eggs are round, two or three inches in diameter, and enveloped in a soft membrane, not unlike moistened parchment. Their albuminous part does not coagulate in the fire, but the yoke hardens very well.

‘These eggs are excellent eating, and in great estimation.

‘With the very young turtles, the carapace is covered with a white and transparent skin, which grows brown by degrees, forms transverse wrinkles, then thickens, and finally is divided into scaly plates.

‘Dampier has remarked, that towards the season of laying, the greater number of these turtles remove for two or three months from the latitudes where they habitually reside. They proceed to deposit their eggs at some distance from their usual domicile, and then abandon them. In this voyage the male follows the female, and does not quit her until their return. It is believed that during the whole time of their absence they eat nothing; it is certain they are extremely lean when they do return, especially the male. The same traveller adds, that they are accompanied in their route by sharks and an infinite number of other fishes.

‘The places most remarkable for the deposition of eggs by the *testudo mydas*, are the Alligator Islands, in the sea of the Antilles, and that of Ascension, in the middle of the Equinoxial Atlantic Ocean. They arrive at the former from the end of April to the month of September, and none of them can have travelled less than forty or a hundred leagues, for such is the distance from their nearest points of departure, which are the little isles southward of Cuba. Those which proceed to Ascension Island cannot have travelled less than three hundred leagues, whether they come from Africa or America.

‘An innumerable quantity of these turtles are found in the channels between the Gallapago Islands and the Equinoxial Ocean. They proceed to the coasts of America to deposit their eggs—a distance, at the least, of one hundred and forty leagues.

‘In consequence of all this we may believe, that the same instinct

which leads the young turtles to enter the sea the moment they are born; a fact noticed in our general observations on the order, also conducts them to the latitudes inhabited by their mothers, where they find an abundant supply of food. Another consequence of the fact which we have described, is the circumstance of these tortoises having been met by travellers in the high seas at seven or eight hundred leagues of distance from any land whatsoever.

• This animal may be considered as one of the most useful productions of equatorial climates. On distant shores it furnishes to navigators an aliment equally agreeable, abundant, and salutiferous, and an assured remedy against the ravages of the scurvy.

• The flesh and broth of turtle are recommended in a number of morbid affections, as in consumption of the lungs, inveterate syphilis, and a variety of cutaneous affections.

• The fat is often of a deep green, but it is very finely flavoured. Leguat informs us that, in the Island Rodriguez, the fat of the tortoises there is so highly coloured, that people were at first afraid to eat it, and that it communicates to the urine the tint of emerald.

• The turtles of Batavia are not in much estimation. In Cook's Voyages we learn, that those of the river Endeavour, in New Holland, are very good. There is more or less a musky flavour about the green turtles, according to the season in which they are caught.

• It would appear that, under certain circumstances, and in certain latitudes, these animals possess pernicious qualities. At the time of the voyage of Commodore Anson, in 1740, the Spaniards and Americans of the western coasts of Mexico, near Panama, regarded their flesh as poisonous. Quære, whether the species of which we are now writing was the one which they thus stigmatized?

• Be this as it may, it is certain that in the European colonies, in the Antilles, and at the Isle of France, they are in the highest estimation. In Jamaica they are even preserved in parks; and their flesh is sold in the shops at a less price than that of beef and mutton.

• From this last island, in particular, is our turtle-eating metropolis supplied with immense quantities of this luxurious food. It would be quite superfluous to descant on the enthusiastic veneration in which turtle-soup is held by our wealthy and discerning fellow citizens.—pp. 82—85.

The next order is that of the Sauria, to which belongs the division of the *Dragons*. For the following interesting explanations, we are again indebted to our English editor:

• To no word, perhaps, are attached ideas more extraordinary, and of greater antiquity, than to that of *dragon*. In all ages, and almost in all countries, the terrified imaginations of certain timid men, the fantastic notions emanating from disordered brains, or the interested efforts of charlatanism and superstition, have produced a belief in the existence of fabulous beings, of monstrous forms and redoubtable ferocity, of supernatural force and address, who were accustomed to carry trouble and devastation into entire provinces, to guard the entrance to consecrated places, or to watch over the security of hidden treasures which had been confided to their care. If we open the books, in which are preserved the traditions of the earlier ages of the world, if we survey the heroic history of Greece, or the Roman



Fasti, if we consult that of the people who to the middle age covered the soil of Germany and Gaul, if we listen to the recitals of travellers, the same tales of mystery and marvel greet our eyes in every page, and echo in our ears at every instant.'

'We find the dragon, consecrated by the religion of the earliest people, become the object of their mythology. "Rendered celebrated," says the eloquent Lacépède, "by the songs of Greece and Rome; the principal ornament of pious fables imagined in more recent times; conquered by heroes, and even by youthful heroines, who were contending for a divine law; adopted by a second mythology which placed the fairies on the throne of the enchantresses of old; become the emblem of the splendid actions of valiant knights,—he has enlivened modern, as he animated ancient poetry.

"Proclaimed by the severe voice of history, every where described, every where celebrated, every where dreaded; exhibited under all forms, always clothed with tremendous power, and immolating his victims by a single glance; transporting himself through the midst of the clouds with the rapidity of lightning; dissipating the darkness of night, by the terrific splendour of his glaring eyes; uniting the agility of the eagle, the strength of the lion, the magnitude of the giant serpent; sometimes presented under a human figure, endowed with an intelligence almost divine, and adored even in our own days in the great empires of the east—the dragon, in short, has been all in all, and every where to be found except in nature."

'Such were the dragons, some of which were winged, and vomited flames, while others were deprived of feet; such were those which Pliny has asserted to exist in Ethiopia and in the neighbourhood of Mount Atlas; which Strabo pointed out in Spain; which according to Herodotus copulated by the head; which Elian assures us were the sworn enemies of the eagle; which Aristotle informs us poisoned the air with their breath; and respecting which, Gesner, Micander, Aldrovandus, Nieremberg, Jonston, Charles Owen, and a crowd of other writers have put forth so many lying fables. We are now forced to deny the reality of their existence, and leave them to the embellishment of the images of romantic poetry. In our days nothing of the kind is to be seen. The progress of intelligence banishing the phantoms, dissipating the clouds which disturbed the imagination, destroying without mercy the innumerable errors connected with philosophical absurdity and religious prejudice, has driven the dragons to take refuge among nations not yet visited by the light of civilization.'—pp. 217—219.

'All the dragons are very harmless animals, of a small size, living in the bosom of the forests which cover some of the burning regions of Africa, and a portion of the great islands of the Indian ocean, particularly Java and Sumatra. In these deserted places they pursue the insect tribes with dexterity and quickness, and may be almost said to take them on the wing. They rarely descend to the earth, on which they crawl with difficulty. They always couple on the branches of trees, and the females deposit their eggs in the hollows of trees exposed to the south. Such is the report made by Van Ernest, a Dutch naturalist, to M. Daudin.

'It would appear, according to the observation of M. Palisat de Beauvois, that the dragons are amphibious reptiles. This philosopher remarked one of them, among several, in the kingdom of Benin, which he was unable to procure, because the animal was swimming in a river.

‘ These reptiles belong exclusively to Africa and Asia. Seba has led naturalists into an error by saying that they are to be found in South America. The contrary is now clearly proved.’—pp. 221, 222.

Of the Cameleon, also included in the order Sauria, we have the following interesting account.

‘ The cameleon would never have attracted the attention of those who confine their observation to the most prominent objects of the animal kingdom, if the faculty of presenting, according to its different states, colours more or less varied, had not rendered it celebrated for so long a period.

‘ These colours, in fact, change with equal frequency and rapidity, but it is by no means true, that they are determined by those of surrounding objects. Their shades depend on the volition of the animal, on the state of its feelings, on its good or bad health, and are besides, subordinate to climate, to age, and to sex.

‘ It was believed, in the time of Pliny, that no animal was so timid as the cameleon; and, in fact, not having, as we have observed, any means of defence, and being unable to secure its safety by flight, it must frequently experience internal fears and agitations more or less considerable. Its epidermis is transparent; its skin is yellow, and its blood of a very lively violet blue. From this it results, that when any passion or impression causes a greater quantity of blood to pass from the heart to the surface of the skin, and to the extremities, the mixture of blue, violet, and yellow, produces, more or less, a number of different shades. Accordingly, in its natural state, when it is free and experiences no inquietude, its colour is a fine green, with the exception of some parts, which present a shade of reddish brown or greyish white. When in anger its colour passes to a deep blue green, to a yellow green, and to a grey, more or less blackish. If it is unwell, its colour becomes yellowish grey, or that sort of yellow which we see in dead leaves. Such is the colour of almost all the cameleons which are brought into cold countries, and all of which very speedily die. In general, the colours of the cameleons are so much the more lively and variable as the weather is warmer, and as the sun shines with greater brilliancy. All these colours grow weaker during the night. Such are the observations made by Opsonville and Golberry, and which have been repeatedly verified on an animal of the same family, but of a different genus, by M. Bosc. This was the *Lacerta Bullaris*, which is equally of a clear green in its natural state in warm weather, and which changes at will, and very rapidly, to a black green, to a yellow green, to grey, and to brown, according as it is affected by strange objects which have the power of agitating it. In cold weather it is of a grey colour, shaded with brown in some parts, and it has no longer the faculty of varying its tints, because its blood can no longer come to the surface of its skin to modify the yellow by which it is coloured. During the winter, in this country, and in France, the same is positively the case with the cameleons.

‘ The cameleon possesses another property which merits a particular examination. It can inflate at will the different parts of its body, so as considerably to increase its entire volume. This, in all probability, with its colour resembling the leaves among which it dwells, are the only feeble means of defence vouchsafed to it by Nature, who appears in all else to have been a step dame to this harmless animal.’—pp. 235—237.



In the account of the third order—the Ophidia or Serpents, we find a copious, a learned and a most interesting description of the anatomy, the functions, the singular powers and characters of this very remarkable division of the reptile race. We must confine ourselves to the description of the general habits of the serpents.

\* All the serpents live on animal substances, and digest slowly in consequence of the weakness of their membraneous stomach. Accordingly they eat but seldom, especially during the season of cold; one repast suffices them for many weeks, and they never drink, for their thick and scaly skin permits transpiration with great difficulty.

\* In our European climates they pass the winter in a state of lethargy. In the rigorous months, while overwhelmed in this death-like sleep, they remain concealed in holes in the earth, coiled up, and many of them entwined together, until they are awakened by the genial temperature of the returning spring, and restored to perfect vitality by the re-animating influence of the sun.

\* At this time they change their epidermis, for these animals undergo a moulting every year, from the effect of which the most external of their teguments dries up, splits, detaches into strips, or even comes off in a single piece, preserving the form of the body.

\* The serpents very seldom attack man without provocation; on the contrary, they usually appear to dread his presence. Although cunning, they are timid and fearful, apparently mild in their manners, and patient or quiescent to excess.

\* Their spontaneous movement from one place to another is rather slow, in consequence of their complete want of limbs; but by rolling on themselves, the head being elevated above the ground, and the body let go suddenly, after the manner of a spring, they can dart occasionally a considerable distance, and with much force, from the place which they occupied with their circumvolutions.

\* Twisted round a tree, the boa, or the python, of enormous length and prodigious force, awaits in ambuscade the arrival of its fated victim, which it immediately envelopes in its tortuous folds, and strangles in its murderous embrace. The smaller serpents climb up trees in search of birds, which they devour even on the nest.

\* It has been almost universally believed that by certain special emanations, by the fear which they inspire, or even by a sort of magnetic or magic power, the serpents can stupify and fascinate the prey which they are desirous to obtain. Pliny attributed this kind of *asphyxia*, to a nauseous vapour proceeding from these animals; an opinion which seems to receive confirmation from the facility with which, by the assistance of smell alone, the negroes and native Indians can discover serpents in the savannahs of America. Count de Lacépède seems inclined to adopt this notion in his History of Serpents.

\* P. Kalm assures us, that being fixedly regarded by a serpent hissing, and darting its forked tongue out of its mouth, the squirrels are, as it were, constrained to fall from the summit of the trees into the mouth of the reptile, which swallows them up. According to the report of many travellers, one would think that by the effect of some charm, the *durissus* and *boïquirá*, those redoubtable rulers of the steppes of America, possess the

power of forcing their prey to fall in their mouths. At their aspect, it is said that hares, rats, frogs and other reptiles seem petrified with terror, and far from attempting to fly, will precipitate themselves upon the fate which awaits them. Even at a sufficient distance for escape, they are paralyzed by the sight of their tremendous foe, and deprived of all their faculties in a manner that appears wholly supernatural.—pp. 310—312.

‘It is but rarely that the serpents will attack man without being highly provoked to do so, and we may observe here, that their poison is more subtle and active in proportion to the heat of the climate which they inhabit. The hot and humid steppes and savannahs of Asia and America, and the burning sky of the African deserts, seem by far the best suited to the multiplication and development of these reptiles. Only fifteen or sixteen of their species inhabit Europe, while Russel has described forty-three merely for the coasts of Bengal and Coromandel. Equatorial America, scorched by the burning rays of the sun, and incessantly watered by those immense rivers which roll the tribute of their waves towards its eastern boundaries, furnishes, of itself alone, according to the observation of M. de Humboldt, one hundred and fifteen species, out of three hundred and twenty which have been described in the ophidian order. In the provinces which it contains, the earth, peculiarly lavish in the support of poisonous weeds and hurtful animals, has peopled with impure and dangerous reptiles the inundated morasses, and yet untrodden forests of these mighty regions. They swarm in Surinam, in French Guiana, in Peru, in Brazil, in the neighbourhood of the Lower Orinoco, in Nicaragua, Panama, and Cassiquiare. Twice a year they lay an immense number of eggs, and are so excessively abundant, that when the natives set fire to the brush-wood, &c. with which the country is covered, whole armies, as it were, of formidable serpents, sally forth in all directions in crowded ranks, to the number of thirty or forty thousand at a time, putting all to flight before them. But in colder climates a few individuals only are found scattered over a large extent of territory. They begin to be rare enough in Germany and Russia, still more so towards Siberia, and totally disappear as we approach the polar regions. Neither are they ever found upon high mountains, beyond an elevation of five or six thousand feet, as has been observed on the ridge of the Cordilleras, on the platforms of Santa-Fé de Bogota, on the Andes, at Antisana and Pichincha.

‘But among all the known serpents, there is scarcely one-sixth, or one-fifth part of them, that may be considered of a really dangerous character. Among the forty-three species of the East Indies, described by Russel, seven alone are to be feared; and in the enumeration of the ophidians which were known in his time, by Daudin, there were eighty venomous species, and two hundred and thirty-three not venomous. In America, one race alone in five, and one in four in Europe, are redoubtable for their poison. The others are innocent animals, which creep upon the surface of the earth.’—pp. 313—314.

The fourth and last order of the class Reptilia, is entitled *Batrachia*, and includes frogs, toads, salamanders, sirens, &c. Their natural history is by far the most singular even of the reptiles.



The following particulars of the infancy and maturity of the common *frog*, are extremely curious.

\* The batracians proceed from eggs which have a membraneous envelope, and which must remain in the water before the young can be excluded. The animal which proceeds from this egg has the form and structure of a fish. It has no feet, and its body is terminated by a very long and compressed tail formed like a fin; it is then named a *tadpole*. On this subject it is indispensable that we should enlarge a little on the observations of the text.

\* The *tadpole* then is a young batracian, from the moment in which it issues from the egg, until, after various metamorphoses, it passes to the adult state, without preserving either its form, structure, or even its mode of living.

\* When we examine the different periods of its evolution in the eggs of frogs, (which of all the eggs of reptiles have been the most carefully studied, as to the development of germs) we find that during the three or four days which follow the fecundation, the tadpole is nothing but a kidney-formed mass of small granulations. Towards the middle of the fourth day, these little grains are confounded one with the other: the embryo becomes distinct. It is divided by a contraction into two parts, one of which comprehends the head and thorax, the other the abdomen and tail. It is immersed in a fluid, which Swammerdam has compared to that of the *amnios*.

\* Moreover, according to the same observer, we then perceive in the eggs in question, an allantois, a chorion, an amnios, and umbilical vessels.

\* During the fifth day, the embryo increases a little, and towards the evening of the sixth, we see besides the head, thorax, abdomen and tail, a gill appear on each side of the neck, and answer the purpose of respiration, for the little animal, of swimming, and reposing itself in the glairy fluid.

\* In the course of the seventh, and at the commencement of the eighth day, the fœtus successively leave the albuminous fluid of the milt; and from thence until the thirteenth day they exhibit no change of form, and merely augment in volume.

\* On coming out of the egg the little batracian is blind and without feet. It has a tail even in the anourous species of frogs and toads; it respire by gills; it has a large and globulous belly; its intestines are excessively long. It lives solely on vegetable substances, with the exception, according to M. Dumeril, of the obstetric toad.

\* This is the state in which it is named by us *tadpole*, a word which literally signifies the young of a toad. The French call it *tetard*, from *tete*, (head,) in consequence of the volume of the anterior part of the body. At this time it inhabits the water as a matter of necessity.

\* But it soon changes its skin; its eyes begin to shew themselves. First its two hinder feet, then the fore-feet appear on the sides of the trunk, and finally, the fall of the tail is speedily followed by the loss of the gills, while at the same time the digestive canal looses much of its dimensions.

\* Then the animal respire the atmospheric air, and acquires the form which it is destined to preserve for the rest of its existence.— pp. 415—417.

As materials of human nutriment, frogs have been occasionally employed. Whether or not the Romans used them as food, we have no authority for deciding. In modern Europe they have been considered as a great luxury at our tables. All parts of these reptiles, except the skin and entrails, are commonly eaten in Germany, whilst in France the hinder quarters, we believe, are the only portions that it is considered proper or useful to dress.

After a description of the anatomical peculiarities of the *salamander*, Mr. Griffith furnishes the following details with respect to its habits.

‘ It takes up its abode in the humid earth, in the tufted woods of high mountains, in ditches and shady places, under stones and the roots of trees, in hedges, by the banks of streams, in subterraneous caverns, and ruined buildings. Though generally feared, it is by no means dangerous. The milky fluid which exudes from its skin, and which it sometimes shoots to the distance of several inches, though nauseous, acrid, and, according to Gesner, even depilatory, is fatal only to very small animals. This humour, however, doubtless was the cause of a general proscription of the salamander. According to Pliny, by infecting with its poison all the vegetables of a vast extent of territory, this reptile could produce death to entire nations.

‘ It is almost unnecessary to repeat now, that there is not the slightest foundation for the story of this animal being able to resist the action of fire.

‘ If the salamander be struck, it raises its tail, and seems affected by catalepsy. It seldom quits the hole where it makes its habitual residence. It passes its life in general under ground. During summer, it dreads the heat of the sun, and seldom ventures forth, except in rainy seasons, or by night. Its walk is slow and heavy. It is stupid, and totally destitute of courage, never braving danger, as has been pretended. It is true, indeed, that it does not seem to perceive the approach of peril, against which it advances blindly, without deviating from its route; but this is mere stupidity, not courage.

‘ It lives on flies, worms, young snails, scarabei, earth-worms, &c. It also eats humus.

‘ Though very tenacious of life, it falls rapidly into convulsions, if it be steeped in vinegar, or sprinkled with salt.

‘ The perceptive powers of this reptile seem to be remarkably dull. It shows no dread of the presence of man, or of animals stronger than itself. Other animals, however, seem to have an instinctive horror of it. Its bite is perfectly harmless, though Matthioli has declared it to be equally mortal with that of the viper—an atrocious absurdity.

‘ The salamander utters no cry. On being thrown into the water, it tries immediately to get out again, and comes every moment to the surface to respire. When on the ground, it frequently rolls itself into a spiral.

‘ It appears, according to the authority of Gesner, that in countries too much elevated in latitude, the salamanders pass the winter in a sort of burrow under ground, where numbers of them are to be found, assembled, and intertwined together.

‘ The salamander, like the viper, is oviparous. The eggs open in the



oviducts, and the young come forth fully formed. The latter, whose tail is compressed vertically, are folded in two, to the number of from eight to twenty in the five oviducts, where they are nourished by a peculiar fluid, and from which they do not come until they have gone through all their metamorphoses,—that is, have lost their gills, and acquired their feet. Then they are deposited near marshes, to the number of forty, and even sometimes fifty at a time. Their colour is an uniform black.—pp. 471—473.

This description respects the terrestrial salamander, there being also the aquatic *salamander*, which differs in its conformation from the first only in having a form of tail that is better calculated for an inhabitant of the waters.

Such is the nature of the interesting phenomena, whose intelligible and eloquent description, occupies the pages of these volumes. To the comparative anatomist they afford the indispensable materials for the pursuit of his particular department of study—but to the enthusiastic worshipper of nature, they must prove invaluable, as embracing not merely the details of the most interesting branches of natural science, in the best attested and most authentic form, but as explaining those details in a manner the best calculated to win the mind over to the contemplation of such objects, and to stimulate it to a closer and more extended investigation of their details.

We should be guilty of great injustice if we did not allude to the numerous plates which adorn the work, and which, representing in several instances new species, and, we believe, in all cases being immediate copies from nature, bear the impress of the most refined degree of art.

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ART. VIII.—*Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of James Currie, M.D., F.R.S., of Liverpool, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, London Medical Society, &c. &c.* Edited by his Son, William Wallace Currie. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Longman, Rees, and Co. 1831.

THE life of such a man as Dr. Currie, the sphere of whose usefulness was contracted not less by the circumstances in which he was placed during his life, than by the moderate share of talents which he possessed, can never be held up to the contemplation of men for any more exalted purpose than as the exemplary one of a good citizen. He cannot, indeed, be allowed to belong to that order of superior beings whose memories are borne to the remotest ends of the human community, by the practical benefits which they derived from his genius and exertions. Still it is enough of eulogy for Dr. Currie to say that he made one of that permanent confederacy of useful men, who by their silent, but persevering endeavours, from time to time, are so peculiarly instrumental in bringing about those sure, although tedious, ameliorations, which constitute so many brilliant epochs in the progress of society.

Dr. Currie was born at the manse of Kirkpartrick-Fleming, in Annandale, Scotland, on the 31st of May, 1756. At an early age, partaking of the spirit of enterprize that spread itself at the time amongst his countrymen, he embarked for North America, in a mercantile employment. Here he remained until the era of the commencement of that glorious revolt which terminated in the independence of the United States, when he found it necessary to return to his own country. He devoted himself to the medical profession, and in process of time, aspired to the appointment of physician to a military expedition which was about to sail for Jamaica. On his journey to the metropolis, we are told that he visited Dumfriesshire, where he met with an encounter, of which we find the following description in his journal.

‘One Sunday evening in the summer of the year 1780, being on a visit to Sir William Maxwell, I was tempted by the fineness of the weather to take a solitary walk. The evening was still, the whole country was silent, and the calmness and serenity of the surrounding objects diffused a pleasing tranquillity over my mind. Leaving the house, I bent my steps towards the Kirtle, whose waters were beautifully irradiated by the beams of the setting sun; and advancing up along its banks in deep meditation, I was insensibly led into the bosom of a thick forest. Pursuing my course, I was struck with the appearance of a churchyard surrounded by very lofty elms, inhabited by a flock of rooks, whose cawing interrupted at times the solitary stillness of the scene. On examination, I could discover the ruins of a church, long gone to decay. After wandering some time among the tomb-stones, I entered a small chapel, by a flight of stairs, which I found was built over the burial-place of the family of Springkell. I had just light enough to discover the family escutcheon, which hung on the walls. As I returned towards the door, I heard a very uncommon noise; and when I got to the top of the stairs, I saw a human figure sitting between two graves, covered almost over with long grass, and bending its eye upon me with an expression of countenance that had in it nothing earthly. The complete silence and solitude of the place—the solemnity of the surrounding objects, heightened by the gloom of evening,—conspired with the sudden appearance of the spectre to shake my nerves in every fibre. I stood gazing with astonishment and terror; when this apparition, suddenly springing up with a hideous laugh, assumed the form of a woman half naked, and, bounding lightly over the graves, was soon hid in the surrounding wood. My heart sank with dismay, and it was several minutes before I could recover my recollection. I retraced my way with hurried steps along the river—the fearful vision still present to my imagination—and arrived, breathless and terrified, at the mansion of Springkell. Here I soon discovered that the cause of my affright was a poor unhappy maniac, known by the name of Susanna, who ranged through the country uncontrolled, and was known to take up her nightly residence in the neighbouring woods.”—vol. 1. pp. 53—54.

Being disappointed in procuring the expected situation, Currie proceeded from London to Liverpool, which town he resolved on making his permanent residence. Here he appears to have been



very successful, both in medicine and literature, and as a natural consequence of this improvement in his circumstances, he took to himself a wife, in the person of a Miss Wallace, who, though born in Ireland, is with a very legitimate pride of pedigree, represented to be a descendant of the immortal Scotsman of that name. To his honour, Dr. Currie vindicated, with becoming zeal, the abolition of the slave-trade; and his sincerity in advocating the cause of humanity on the occasion will readily be admitted, when it is remembered, that by adopting this course, he placed himself in immediate opposition to the leading men in Liverpool, on whose favourable opinion depended in a great measure his professional success. Dr. Currie maintained with the venerable Roscoe, during his life, a most affectionate degree of intimacy. They were even more than once associated in the same literary labour, and were equally, for a time, the objects of curiosity to the strangers who visited Liverpool, and had time to go in quest of its lions. The Doctor took also a most active part in seconding the efforts of the Dissenters, who endeavoured in 1790, to remove the obnoxious Test and Corporation Laws, the disgrace of which we have only so recently seen obliterated. In 1793, Dr. Currie published a pamphlet, containing two letters, signed *Jasper Wilson*, against the prolongation of the war with France. This work produced a great sensation, and was universally read—but perhaps the best criterion of its success was, the alarm which it produced in the government, and which prompted them to take measures for counteracting, if possible, the force of its reasoning on public opinion.

'A pamphlet so remarkable was the object of various replies; no less than five, none of which were much read; for the rapid succession of the events prophesied by *Jasper Wilson* confuted his antagonists before they could be reasoned with. Of these answers, the most popular, composed in the manner and spirit of a gentleman, was that of Mr. Vansittart (now Lord Bexley), who, it was stated at the time, was summoned from the country for the purpose of writing it. If superior, as it was considered to be, in the commercial argument, it may be fairly pronounced to fall far behind in the discussion of the general question. At length, in February, 1794, came out an answer by Mr. George Chalmers, chief clerk of the office of Trade and Plantations, of which Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards Earl of Liverpool) was President, in the form of a dedication to a new edition of the author's "Estimate of the comparative Strength of Great Britain;" which was in tone, offensively coarse and vulgar, and in manner, impertinently and unwarrantably familiar. The Letter of *Jasper Wilson* was, in itself, strictly constitutional and decorous, both in language and in spirit. While it deprecated the war, it breathed what the author sincerely felt—an ardent attachment to his country, and veneration for the British constitution. Here, then, it was invulnerable, however fallacious its reasonings, or misdirected its object, might be thought. But the plan pursued by Mr. Chalmers tended to deprive it of this advantage. Not satisfied with unceremoniously, and without previous notice, addressing his dedication to Dr. Currie by name, as the author of *Jasper*

on, he affected a personal intimacy with him, and an acquaintance with his sentiments, which had never in the slightest degree existed. He proceeded to insinuate, on the strength of this acquaintance, in language that could not be mistaken, that the opinions expressed in the works of *Jasper Wilson* were the very reverse of the real sentiments of Currie. So far, however, from any intimacy existing,—so far from Chalmers having ever been on such terms with him as to possess an intimate knowledge, or, indeed, any knowledge at all, of his opinions,—the fact is, that Dr. Currie was never in company with Mr. Chalmers but once in his life—each time in a large party; and the last, at his (Dr. Currie's) own table; nor was there ever a single letter exchanged between them. The tendency of this ungenerous artifice in a political opponent was evidently to draw down upon Dr. Currie the open displeasure of government; and also to strike a blow at the root of his subsistence, by bringing him up to public reprehension, in the town where he resided, as a hypocrite and an enemy to his country. That the intention of Mr. Chalmers was to do this, the writer does not mean to affirm, as it is not the business of one human being to scrutinise the heart of another. It is sufficient to say, that the consequences which might have ensued to Dr. Currie in his profession did not follow. The good sense and good feeling of the community in which he lived, the public confidence in his abilities, and his unimpeachable private character, prevented such a result.—*ibid.* pp. 201—203.

In 1797 Dr. Currie published his valuable "*Medical Reports*," in which the use of water by effusion or by draught in fevers, is recommended by a variety of cases of its success in such complaints.

The next literary enterprise of the Doctor was his life of Burns, which he prepared himself with a most conscientious determination to do as much honour and justice to the memory of the poet, as it was possible for him to receive. The correspondence between Dr. Currie and several of his Scotch friends on this topic, is inserted at considerable length in the first of these volumes, and will be found to embrace many very agreeable details by those who have a peculiar interest in the fortunes of the Scottish poet. From these letters, however, we learn that Currie was all along inspired by a strong desire to serve the relations whom Burns left behind, and it is further hinted, that an idea of becoming his biographer had been entertained by Dugald Stewart. The biographer says—

It was determined that the work should be published by subscription; Dr. Currie, in addition to that part for which he was more particularly responsible, undertook to make the necessary arrangements with the sellers and printer, and to superintend the publication. A negotiation was soon after concluded by him with the London publishers (Messrs. Bell and Davies), who behaved with a liberality very honourable to their character; at once agreeing to take upon themselves the risk of the proposed or expected subscriptions to the intended volumes, and also to relieve the widow and family from all anxiety or farther trouble attending the publication. To those persons who were not eye-witnesses, it



would be difficult to convey an idea how much Dr. Currie's labours were increased by the necessity of attention to all these details. Indeed, he found himself embarked in an undertaking which consumed much valuable time, that would have been otherwise employed on subjects connected with his profession. He was, however, fortunate in finding in Mr. John M'Creery, the personal friend of Mr. Roscoe and himself, a printer, whose admiration of Burns was ardent. Generous in feeling, a lover of literature, and a worshipper of genius, Mr. M'Creery entered with enthusiasm on the task. Many unavoidable causes, notwithstanding, concurred to retard the appearance of the work, which did not come out until May, 1800, nearly four years after the death of Burns, under the title of "*The Works of Robert Burns; with an Account of his Life, and a Criticism on his Writings: to which are prefixed some Observations on the Character and Condition of the Scottish Peasantry,*" in 4 vols. octavo. It was dedicated to his friend, Captain Graham Moore, of the Royal Navy.

"The completion of his toilsome task was repaid by general admiration of the manner in which it had been executed; and the obtaining 1200*l.* from the booksellers for the family of Burns, amply compensated for many a sleepless night and weary hour. Testimonies of approbation poured in from every quarter; and his literary reputation became not inferior to his character and name as a physician."—vol. 1. pp. 293—295.

No less than eight thousand copies in four successive editions of Burns's life were sold; and notwithstanding some hints to the contrary, it may be said on the whole that the life is a very just and impartial piece of biography.

Dr. Currie appears to have either formed or assisted in the establishment of various institutions for promoting science, or the health of the inhabitants of Liverpool. Of his humane and liberal disposition, we have already a proof in his active exertions in behalf of the relations of Burns. Another is furnished in his benevolent interference in favour of some French prisoners who had been stationed in Liverpool. The patronage of literary merit, however, seems to have been the most agreeable exercise of his liberality. In one of his letters we have the following notice of Mr. Thomas Campbell, then of course a very young, but a very promising poet. It is curious that from the same gentleman, Mr. Campbell brought an introductory letter addressed to no other person than Mr. Scarlett, the late Attorney-General.

"I have a long letter from Campbell—a very fine one. It accompanies a beautiful poem, in a style somewhat new,—a dialogue between Lochiel and a Highland seer, in which the chieftain is in vain urged not to join Prince Charles Edward."

"Early in this year Dr. Currie had enjoyed the gratification of seeing, for the first time, the author of the "*Pleasures of Hope*," who was introduced to him by Mr. Stewart and Mr. Walter Scott, and who passed a fortnight under his roof. At a subsequent period, Mr. Campbell spent some time with him also; and he became intimately acquainted with this extraordinary young man, in whom he took a strong interest, and of whose

genius he felt high admiration. During the remainder of Dr. Currie's life they corresponded; and it was with extreme pleasure that he received from Mr. Campbell, some time after his visit, the MS. copy of "*Hohenlinden*." This was composed, as the Editor believes, in consequence of his father's having proposed the measure of "*Bruce's Address to his Soldiers*," in which it is written, as a model for the poet's imitation. Of the sublime imagery of this celebrated composition (*Hohenlinden*), Dr. Currie frequently spoke with admiration. Mr. Campbell sent some of his other poems to him from time to time; and the letter enclosing that exquisitely pathetic ballad, "*Lord Ullin's Daughter*," reached its intended destination on the morning that he, whom it would have so much delighted, had ceased to live!—vol. i. pp. 347, 348.

Dr. Currie, who seems never to have enjoyed firm health, was induced to retire to Bath, from which place he meditated and partly carried into execution, the plan of a summer tour. But his fatal illness arrested him at Sidmouth, where he breathed his last, in 1805. His disease proved to be an enlargement of the heart, the vessels immediately connected with which showed the commencement of ossification. His remains are interred in the parish church of that town.

The portrait of Dr. Currie in his proper character of a physician, is thus drawn by his son—

‘Of Dr. Currie's reputation as a physician, it is not necessary to speak. His conduct in the exercise of his profession was, with regard to his patients, feeling, liberal, and generous; towards his medical brethren, it was distinguished by delicacy and candour. He was decided, without arrogance, in delivering his opinion, which he maintained with firmness, but with temper. Where he differed from his colleagues it was always with respect; and being free from every jealous feeling, he was equally ready to adopt their view when convinced of its correctness. The calmness of his accent, the composure of his look, and an evident sympathy with their feelings, the sincerity of which was not to be mistaken, at once gained the confidence, and frequently the affection, of his patients. He was guarded in his manner and expressions, and neither raised false hopes nor unnecessary alarm. His professional reserve, when spoken to respecting the situation of those under his care, was greatly to be admired. His own case was the subject of his constant observation and experiment, pursued with a calm sagacity, that might have been more naturally looked for, had another been the object of his attention. His knowledge of his complaint was accurate; the opinion which he had expressed when living, having been fully confirmed by examination after death. To mitigate the inordinate action of the heart was his aim in all the remedies to which he had recourse; and to the adoption of which, persevered in sometimes against the remonstrance of his friends, he believed the prolongation of his life for many years to be chiefly owing. He entertained the conviction that disease in this organ would prove fatal to him; and some years previous to his death expressed this opinion to a friend, who noticed him breathless from palpitation, and whose hand he placed upon his heart; adding his wish, however, that what he said might not be repeated to his family, whom it would unavailingly distress.



‘It appears that had his life been spared, he would probably have written upon gout and on insanity—diseases to the investigation of which he was peculiarly fitted by his philosophical spirit of enquiry and his accuracy of observation. To accomplish what he did, under the constant impression (which, in the case of a physician, must acquire increasing weight with every hour) of the extreme uncertainty of his life, was in itself a sustained exertion of moral energy, which deserves our highest admiration,’—vol. i. pp. 416—419.

The second volume embraces a great number of Currie’s letters, with an account of his literary and political lucubrations. The latter have lost in a great measure their attraction, as being applicable to crises in our history which have long since ceased to interest us. Amongst the letters are some familiar ones to his son, with the general tone of which we have been exceedingly pleased.

‘I will tell you a story of myself, which, though it happened when I was a few months older than you, I remember as fresh as yesterday.

‘At the time I speak of, my father sent me to Dumfries school, and I was boarded, as you are now, with the master. The boys, I found, used many of them to brag of the consequence, and particularly of the riches, of their fathers, and to speak of the large sums allowed them for pocket money. As to myself, I had all the indulgence in this respect necessary, but very much less than they talked of. I said nothing on the subject. Soon after this, one of the lads, who was the greatest boaster of them all, observed me with some shillings in my hand. They had been given me to buy a new hat (for my father had great confidence in me), and I had taken them inadvertently out of my pocket to look at them. This boy whispered among the others that Currie, though he had said nothing about it, had more pocket-money than any of them; and this, I found, gave me, as a stranger, consequence among them. I delayed buying the hat; and though I never said the money was my own, I did not deny it: neither did I spend it.

‘A few days after this, the boy I speak of came to me, and in a careless and confident way asked me to lend him five shillings, promising to return it when he got his quarter’s allowance, which would be in a few days. He knew I had the money, and it seemed niggardly to refuse him, especially as he supposed it was my own pocket-money; so I gave it to him. But I could never get it from him; and he died some years afterwards in my debt. I might have told my father the whole truth, but it was mortifying; so I resolved to do with my old hat, which was perfectly shabby; and when I went into company, an elder boy, to whom I confessed my situation, used to lend me his; and all the boys in the school soon knew the whole story, so my mortification was double and treble. However, it cured me.’—vol. ii. pp. 205, 206.

The practical good sense which prevails in the following passage, loses nothing by the manner in which it is expressed.

‘It is often to me a subject of curious, and sometimes of melancholy speculation, how much this humble quality (if we may so call it) of attention, outstrips in the race of life the most shining talents without it. This is true in almost every department, but most strikingly in the department

of commerce; and if you continue to prefer it as your destination, I hope, my dear boy, you will lay this observation to heart. You will, perhaps, think I am always harping on one string, but it is a most important one; and if I can once impress you with such a conviction on this point as may influence your conduct, I shall have little fear of your success in life. It is true that, after all, the influence of fortune, as it is called, will affect every man's condition. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither riches to men of understanding." The game of life has in it a mixture of chance and skill; and the most attentive and the most judicious cannot be certain of success. But at the game of whist one would not withdraw all attention from the cards, because sometimes the four honours shall be so often shuffled into the hands of a blockhead, as to give him the victory in despite of his adversary's wisdom, or his own folly.—vol. ii. pp. 227, 228.

The anecdote which is subjoined, was also communicated by Dr. Currie to his son, and no doubt, it will surprise many readers.

\* A gentleman of a liberal education had, according to the fashion of the times, indulged himself, some years ago, in speculations on the improvement of the human race, and the perfectibility of man. By long, deep, and solitary meditation on these subjects, his mind became unsettled, and his reason gave way. He seemed to himself to want nothing but power to make mankind happy; and at length he became convinced *that he had a right to that power*. The consequence of this rendered it necessary to confine him; and about two years afterwards he was removed by his friends from the situation in which he was originally fixed, and placed under my care. At the time of which I speak he was become perfectly calm; he was on general subjects rational, and on every subject acute; but the general hallucinations were as fixed as ever. In occasional discussions of his visionary projects, I had urged, of my own suggestion, the objection, that when men became so happy as he proposed to make them, they would increase too fast for the limits of the earth. He felt the force of this; and, after much meditation, proposed a scheme for enlarging the surface of the globe, and a project of an act of parliament for this purpose, in a letter addressed to Mr. Pitt, very well expressed, and seriously meant, but which, if published, would appear satirical and ludicrous in a high degree. Having had occasion to mention his situation to his brother, a man of letters, he proposed that an experiment should be made of putting the quarto edition of Malthus's Essay into his hands; to which I assented. It was given to him last autumn, and he read it with the utmost avidity and seeming attention. In my visits I did not mention the subject to him, but desired the keeper to watch him narrowly. After finishing the perusal, he got pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, seemingly with an intention to answer it, or to write notes upon it. But he did not finish a single sentence, though he began many. He then sat down to read the book again aloud, and finished this second perusal in a few days, not omitting a single word, but stopping at times, and apparently bewildered. I now spoke to him, and introduced the subject, but he was sullen and impatient. He became very thoughtful, walked at a great pace in his airing-ground, and stopped occasionally to write, if I may so speak, words, but more frequently numbers, with a switch in the sand. These he obliterated as I



approached him. This continued some days, and he appeared to grow less thoughtful; but his mind had taken a melancholy turn.

'One afternoon he retired into his room, on the pretence of drowsiness. The keeper called him in a few hours, but he did not answer. He entered, and found the sleep he had fallen into was the sleep of death. He had "shuffled off this mortal coil."

'At the moment that I write this, his copy of Malthus is in my sight; and I cannot look at it but with extreme emotion.'—vol. ii. pp. 249—251.

A letter to Sir Walter Scott from Dr. Currie, gives an account of a melancholy incident connected with Annan water.

'I am glad you have a copy of the old ballad, "I wish I were where Helen lies." I have seen the tomb of the lover, Fleming, a thousand times. Kirkconnell church-yard, and Kirkconnell Lee, the scene of this story, are in the parish where I was born, and of which my father was clergyman. They are on the banks of the little river Kirtle, my parent stream. I hope your verses introduce this sweet stream: if they do not, I wish you *would make them do it*. It is a wizard scenery all round. There are, within half a mile, two old towers, inhabited each by a bogle or brownie, very active spirits in my younger days, but now seldom heard of, as I was told when last in the country. The house of Springkell, belonging to Sir William Maxwell, is below Kirkconnell church-yard, on the same river Kirtle, about half a mile, and Sir William has allowed a wash-house to intrude itself into the vicinage of the church-yard, the scenery of which is in all other respects dark, solemn, and awful. The church itself has long been in ruins, but the cemetery of the family of Springkell is there; and a finer situation for a burial-ground cannot be conceived. Kirkconnell Lee (part of which is the church-yard) is a holm round which the river winds in a semicircle. The opposite bank is high, steep, and woody. Here was concealed the murderer; and hence flew the arrow, or shot, which pierced Helen Irving's heart.

'While I was on a visit at Sir William Maxwell's, many years ago, I wandered out alone one summer evening into this beautiful and solemn scene; and here, strange to say, I met with a ghost! This is not the only ghost I have seen in my time; I met with another in Wales. I have often told the story of my Welsh and Scottish ghosts in conversation; and if I had now time, I would commit the whole to writing, in hopes that they might fall on some combustible part of your fancy, and perhaps kindle a blaze there.

'I am glad that you have any notice of Annan Water: I am myself of Annandale,—born within a short distance of that beautiful river, on the banks of which stands the residence of my ancestors, now in possession of Colonel Dirom.'—vol. ii. pp. 350—352.

The correspondence which is published in this volume, throughout the varied subjects which it embraces, bears the fullest evidence of the existence of a very high order of moral feeling in the writer. It shows that he was a man of genuine virtue—loving truth and principle purely for their own sakes. He is moreover exhibited in these familiar and casual developments of his character, as fulfilling the relations of friend and father with the truest dispositions that belong to those characters.

- ART. IX.—1. *Popular Opinions on Parliamentary Reform Considered.* By Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P. 8vo. pp. 99. London: Ridgway. 1831.
2. *The Question of Reform Considered; with Hints for a Plan.* 8vo. pp. 142. London: Ridgway. 1831.
3. *Thoughts on the Causes and Cure of the Present Distresses; with a Plan of Parliamentary Reform.* By J. T. Barber Beaumont, Esq., F. A. S., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster. 8vo. pp. 74.
4. *The Constitutional Principles of Parliamentary Reform.* By a Freeholder and Landholder of Scotland. 8vo. pp. 68. Edinburgh: Tait. London: Ridgway. 1831.
5. *Letter I., to Lord Viscount Althorp, on the Ruinous Consequence of an Oligarchical System of Government.* By J. V. 8vo. pp. 33. London: Ridgway. 1831.
6. *Great Britain's Crisis! Reform, Retrenchment, and Economy; the Hard Case of the Farmers, and the Distressed Condition of the Labouring Poor: a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart.* By the Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S. Second Edition London: Longman and Co.

THIS is truly the age of pamphlets. There never, we believe, was a period when they were more abundant, or more sought for. Before the establishment of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, pamphlet-writing was a good deal in fashion whenever any great question gave rise to a serious conflict of opinions. Since then most men have been contented to leave important and public topics to the two rival journals, in which it would be ungenerous to deny that they have been, in the main, treated with much learning and eloquence. In these latter days however, when the world seems once more unhinged, the reign of pamphlets has resumed its sway. If the two Reviews have declined in circulation, this may be one reason of their not being so much resorted to as formerly. If they have degenerated in their character, that may be another reason;—and a third may be, that they come out too tardily for that excitability and impatience and rapidity of thought and action which so strongly characterize these stirring times. When revolutions are begun and consummated in three days, and cabinets are overturned in one, it will not do to write about such events in a journal that lags after them full three months.

The number of new brochures which day after day make their appearance upon Ridgway's counter, and are extensively read, indicate a more than ordinary mental fermentation among the enlightened classes of the community. The themes were lately of France and Belgium and Poland, Greece having been long since forgotten; but even France, Belgium, Poland,—deep as the solicitude is with which they are contemplated by thinking men,—have given



way to the question of Parliamentary Reform. That is now the all-engrossing object. The publications which treat of it exclusively or incidentally are without number. We have selected from them a few, whose titles are prefixed to this article, partly on account of the ability with which most of them are written, partly because they represent the different views which have been taken of this vitally important measure.

As the cabinet is pledged to the early introduction of a Bill for Parliamentary Reform, it becomes necessary that the public opinion shall be settled with respect to it as soon as possible. It is the plan of its opponents to defer the day when that bill shall be passed into a law—the “evil day,” as it appears to them to be, as long as Parliamentary tactics may enable them to do. They will seek for committees to take evidence as to the actual state of the representation, as if that were not as notorious as the existence of the House of Commons itself. They will demand time for the consideration of the measure, as if their minds were not already made up against it. They will talk of its coming by surprise upon the country, as if forty years had not expired since Lord Grey’s famous petition for reform had been presented to Parliament,—as if it had not been a favourite subject with Mr. Pitt, and one against which Mr. Canning directed for many years the most brilliant lightnings of his eloquence. There is really no ground for further delay in this business, and those who seek it little consider what they are about. They should reflect again and again upon the solemn warning conveyed in the language of Burke—of that philosophic statesman who said and wrote more things worthy to be remembered than perhaps any man who has ever sat in Parliament. “Early reformations,” said that sage in his speech upon economical reform, “are amicable arrangements with a friend in power; late reformations are terms imposed upon a conquered enemy; early reformations are made in cool blood; late reformations are made under a state of inflammation. In that state of things the people behold in government nothing that is respectable. They see the abuse, and they will see nothing else. They fall into the temper of a furious populace, provoked at the disorder of a house of ill-fame; they never attempt to correct or regulate; they go to work by the shortest way. They abate the nuisance—they pull down the house.”

Let it not be supposed, however, that though opposed to indefinite or extended delay, we are by any means unfriendly to the most calm and ample discussion of the measure intended to be proposed by the ministers. A Bill brought in at once and hurried through both houses, would produce but little general satisfaction, however salutary its provisions might be. The ready acceptance of such a Bill would afford as slight a proof of wisdom as a headlong and angry opposition to it. In order to meet the wishes of the country it must, of necessity, propose several important alterations in the present mode of constituting the House of Commons. It

will, therefore, be adverse to a great mass of existing and powerful interests, which it will require a decent time to convince of the impolicy of perpetual selfishness, and to conquer, if there be no hope of a surrender. The explanation by Lord John Russell of the plan which has received the unanimous sanction of the cabinet, will raise the question for debate not only within, but without the walls of Parliament; and it behoves us in the mean time to examine and well consider the leading points with which that plan must be connected.

We cannot do this more effectually than by bringing together, under one view, some of the many opinions which have been already broached with respect to the attainment of Parliamentary Reform. The first pamphlet on our list is evidently the production of an enlightened and philosophic mind, tempered by good sense and experience. It is written in a careful, polished, and luminous style; the matter is well digested and clearly arranged. The author, Sir John Walsh, one of the members for Sudbury, though opposed to exaggerated ideas, is no uncompromising antagonist of useful change. His great object appears to be, to find out the true bearings of the question, to take a survey of the coasts bordering on the ocean upon which the bark of the reformers is to be launched,—to discover their safest course, and to warn them of the perils to which they may be exposed. He thinks, and we fully agree with him, that 'those do no disservice to the cause of practical and rational reform, who, as we enter upon this vast field, endeavour to trace some boundaries to its extent. Nor is a determined hostility to a principle to be inferred because, in a sincere and impartial search after truth, some of the arguments by which it is supported appear to be doubtful or erroneous. And in a question like that of reform, which embraces a thousand others,—which may mean any thing, from the transfer of the franchise of a borough to the adjoining hundred, to the assimilation of the British constitution with that of modern America, or of ancient Athens,—it is very desirable that reformers should be classified, and that we should know how many different regiments of opinions are enlisted under the same banner.'

The author truly observes that this question has, almost suddenly, become the leading topic of the day. It has indeed been reduced to a kind of lethargy since the death of Major Cartwright, who, with the best intentions in the world, contributed to place it in a condition of very general discredit. The petitions presented to the last Parliament upon this subject were few and feeble. Indeed so long as Mr. Canning lived, the hopes of the reformers were abashed and spiritless; even for some time after his decease, they vacillated upon the very verge of despair. They made little way in public opinion: they numbered but a few undistinguished proselytes, and were altogether unfashionable. When Mr. Canning, being then destined for India, spoke against Lord John Russell's



motion for reform in the April of 1822, it was admitted in the debate, that "the whole body of the nobility, of the gentry, of the clergy, of the magistracy, of the leading and opulent commercial classes—in short, that the great mass of the property and intelligence of the country was arrayed against the question."\* The seeds, however, that were sown by the discussions which had already taken place in parliament and in public assemblies, continued to germinate in the soil. The debates on the disfranchisement of various boroughs, and the opposition which was given to the transference of their right of election to the large unrepresented towns, tended also to keep the question before the public eye, and to induce many men, who were opposed to radical reform, to think that some alteration of the present system was becoming every day more and more indispensable to the welfare if not to the safety of the state. It cannot be doubted that the revolutions in France and Belgium have greatly accelerated the course of that question to the position which it now occupies. They rekindled the hopes of the "radicals," and afforded so strong a moral encouragement to their projects, which have always aimed at revolution rather than at reform, that thinking and sensible men in the active stations of society found it necessary to consider what ought to be done, in order at once to remove acknowledged abuses, and to give a salutary direction to the general movement which was thus produced. The Duke of Wellington and his colleagues were the only persons in the country who seemed not to perceive, or perceiving to despise, the effect wrought upon it by the transactions of which the continent was the theatre; and had his Grace continued much longer to direct the policy of this empire, we have little doubt that the dangers pointed out so well by Burke would have accrued; the people would have been excited to such a temper that the nuisance would be abated by violent means,—the house "of ill fame" would be pulled down. As matters now stand, the new cabinet is the safety valve through which the compressed element that otherwise must have exploded, may be restored to its native atmosphere.

We are rather surprised that Sir John Walsh, who appears to be well read in our constitution, and to understand its spirit, should set out with denying the principle of the sovereignty of the people. "The sovereignty of the people," he asserts, "cannot be established as the true principle of government, simply because such a sovereignty never has existed to our knowledge since the creation of man; because the evidence of all times, and the history of all nations, prove that while the Deity formed us as social beings, he made some form of government, and the consequent relation of the governors and the governed, coeval with our existence." This reading of our constitution appears to us to be apocryphal. The author indeed afterwards declares the divine right of kings an erro-

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\* Canning's Speeches, vol. iv., p. 331.

neous idea; but if his reasoning be good for any thing it certainly goes to establish the divine right of governments, such as they are in every other country; and to stamp all resistance to them, and all attempts at changing them, as acts of impiety towards the God who made them. Whether right or wrong, this is not the doctrine of the British constitution. If by sovereignty be meant the supreme power of the community, there is more than one fact in our history which shews that in its highest exercise it resides in the people. The great charter, though obtained by a few barons, was nevertheless an act done for the benefit of the people, and by their sanction. The idea of "a social contract" was perhaps a fanciful one as applied to France in the time of Rousseau. But our charter recognized the existence and re-established the conditions of a contract in this country between the king and the people; and if Sir John Walsh wish to know who is the real granting party to that contract,—in whom resides the power to give, or, upon the breach of the agreement, to take away, or in other words the sovereign power in this country, he may read it in the annals of our revolution, and the bill of rights. We dispensed with the services of one king, and called in another to fill his vacant throne. If this be not an exercise of that supreme power called sovereignty, and an exercise of it upon the authority of the people, we know not what sovereignty means.

The men who framed and enacted the bill of rights, when they inserted in it the words "original contract between king and people," never intended to say that in point of fact any such contract was expressly made when the first king began to reign in this country. What they meant was this, that there never was a period when the king of England was by law the uncontrolled sovereign of England, but that there was a power always above him, that of the law and liberties of the nation, the birthright of the people, and identified with their existence, which if he violate, he violates at the peril of his throne and perhaps his life. That original contract, that popular sovereignty, is, perhaps, literally speaking, a legal fiction; but Sir John Walsh should know that, like other necessary fictions of that nature, it has all the efficacy of a recorded fact. In the language of Blackstone that contract is "*presumed* to have been originally set up by the general consent and fundamental act of society." It is an hypothesis, without the assistance of which the problem of our constitution cannot be rightly demonstrated: It has given birth, if we may use the phrase, to the jury, the press, and to public opinion.

Sir John Walsh contends that wherever such a maxim has been recognized, it has led to constant alternations of power into the hands of different persons claiming to be the interpreters of that will, until, by a tacit abjuration of it, some more permanent form has succeeded. This is partly true. In some countries, as for instance in France during her former revolution, and in Spain under her Cortes' government, the assertion of the sovereignty of the people



was injurious, because it did not spring naturally from the long established institutions of those countries, and because it was put into frequent action in order to change the form of the government, or to remove the persons who exercised its functions. This is an abuse of the principle, but it furnishes no argument against the policy, still less against the existence of such a principle with us. The same necessity that has created it, and the same spirit of liberty which has always fostered it, have directed that it should not be brought into view except upon extraordinary emergencies—that the people should look upon their legal sovereignty rather as a right of distant controlling superintendence than of immediate application; one of influence, rather than of interference; of ability to act, rather than of positive action. The value of such a maxim, or of such a fiction, if you will, is this, that it makes all the difference between a free and a subjected country—between a country in which the king grants liberty to his people, upon the condition of their obedience, and one in which the people grant a throne to their king, upon the condition of his fidelity. The rejection of this maxim recently cost Charles X. the whole of his fine kingdom, and William of Nassau the better half of his. The Poles are now in arms, and all the continent most probably soon will be, for the establishment or destruction of that same maxim which Sir John Walsh deems so contemptible.

Notwithstanding the author's broad assertion that the sovereignty of the people never has existed to our knowledge since the creation of man, he is obliged to admit the constitution of the United States as an exception—a solitary exception. We need not remark that the inheritance which they enjoy they owe entirely to the laws of England.

Another very unnecessary question, with the discussion of which Sir John Walsh has incumbered his argument, is that of public opinion, which he seems to consider much in the same light as that of the sovereignty of the people. He defines, or rather describes it very loosely in this way:—‘What is called public, is frequently an opinion taken up by two or three leading periodicals, and imbibed for a certain number of weeks by a considerable portion of the community with their breakfast. People sally forth for the day, and naturally carve materials for conversation with their acquaintances in the street, club, counting-house, or dinner table, from these ingenious articles.’ If this be indeed a true description of “public opinion,” it deserves all the obloquy which the author throws upon it. It must be obvious to every man of common sense, that this is not the opinion of the public, to which the Parliament is bound to pay deference. Opinion of this kind never has possessed, and never can obtain any real influence in this country. We understand public opinion to be the general expression, through public assemblies, resolutions, petitions, and debates in Parliament, of the sentiments which are entertained throughout the country upon any

particular subject in which it takes an interest. In order to produce an effect upon men of sense, that opinion must have certain characters impressed upon it, in order to make it pass as the sterling sense of the public. It must be well founded, fairly discussed, and expressed with calmness and dignity. When it degenerates into clamour, it is entitled to no respect. That it may be sometimes wrong, unwise, and impolitic, every man must admit; on such occasions, it is the dictate rather of passion and prejudice, than of reason. But that, nine times out of ten, it will, when properly constituted, be more likely to be right than any isolated legislative assembly sitting out of the sphere of its influence, is equally undeniable.

The author's object in holding this language with respect to the sovereignty of the people and public opinion, is obvious—to circumscribe as much as possible the basis of the electoral system—to deny that the people, as a people, have any inherent right to the franchise at all. We conceive that this is a great error. If the sovereignty be legally in the people, as undoubtedly it is, in the way we have mentioned, they have, legally and strictly speaking, a right to universal suffrage; and nothing can or ought properly to restrain that right, or limit its universality, except the principle of expediency.

The eulogies which are bestowed upon our constitution, and upon the career of England, in arts and in arms since the revolution, are very just. But they offer no excuse for the corruptions that have crept into the constitution, and in spite of which it has flourished. The argument which arises out of this retrospect of the brilliant parts of our history goes too far;—it would justify the retention of all the abuses which existed in past times, and exclude altogether the idea of reform. A good deal is said also of the improvement which has for some years gradually gone on increasing in the character of the House of Commons; and indeed Sir John proceeds so far as to say, that even ‘if no reform should be made, it would, in a brief period, accomplish all retrenchment compatible with the maintenance of national faith and rational strength.’ He next points out what he conceives to be the exaggerated expectations that are entertained of the advantages of reform,—contends that no rational reform could effect ‘such a change in the policy of the executive, as materially and immediately to improve the condition of the empire, or of any class of its population,’ that the vote by ballot would be a chimerical pursuit of abstract rights, that one reform would follow another, to the utter destruction of the constitution, and finally, that no reform ought to be thought of which should materially diminish the influence of the gentry at the elections.

Upon some of these points the author deserves to be heard. His observations upon the ballot particularly, merit attention.

‘The advantages of the system of vote by ballot, appear to me a very



fair induction from the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People. If we admit the principle of inherent right, vested in the majority of the population, or the fact of the great ends of government having been uniformly best attained in proportion as we have approached nearer its practical application, it then only remains to consider Vote by Ballot, with regard to its being well adapted or otherwise, to elicit the unbiassed expression of that will. And certainly it does appear, that if it be an advantage to separate the actions of men, as political agents, from all those influences which guide their conduct as social beings, vote by ballot has the merit of being a most ingenious device for the accomplishment of that end. It will probably make as near an approach to the attainment of it, as any mode that could be invented for a purpose, counteracting so strongly motives of action which are a part of our nature.

I am disposed to admit, that vote by ballot is as good a method as could have been proposed for obtaining the pure unmixed expression of the will of each individual, and therefore of the majority of the whole. I dispute not the efficacy of the means, I contend against the expediency of the end. Let us allow that vote by ballot would destroy the influence of property and station,—that it would even diminish that sway which intellect and energy exercise over mental weakness and timid obstinacy. I still doubt the wisdom of thus insulating our political existence, of sending the elector to the poll exonerated from all those motives which influence his every other act as a member of the community. It would dissolve the cement which binds and unites the social system.

‘Should we succeed in excluding the slightest external bias, or feeling of personal interest, from the mind of the elector, is the advantage so indisputable? We shall not have overcome these motives by moral causes, by increasing the weight of higher motives of action; we shall only have eluded and evaded them by a slight of hand, by a *ruse de guerre*.

‘Are we sure that we have eradicated all the deteriorating and injurious influences within his breast? If his vote is no longer in the remotest degree dictated by his interest, is it equally unbiassed by his passions, his prejudices, or his ignorance?

‘Will not envy and hatred sometimes find a secure vent in the concealed drawers of the balloting box? Will virtue and talent be always his choice? By the ballot at Athens, Aristides was banished, because he was called the Just.

‘Vote by ballot, if coupled with an extended right of suffrage, would undoubtedly destroy the ascendancy of the upper classes. I do not mean to use the term in the restricted sense in which it has an unpopular and invidious acceptance. I do not mean the narrow limit of the nobility, or of the landed proprietors, or the possessors of large fortunes. I speak of that great division of English society, stretching from the very highest possessors of hereditary or acquired importance, quite down to the confines of what is called middle life. It includes all those who either possess a competence, or who derive one from the exercise of an honourable and liberal calling or profession. It comprises the flower of the intellect, and probity, and educated portion of the community. However inferior in numbers to the next great division, that of the middle classes, it is even numerically important. When considered relatively to its position, and its mental superiority, it is the leading influence in the State. Granting that

vote by ballot, a franchise generally extended to the great provincial towns, and a low qualification in the electors, should entirely destroy this influence, would the benefit to the country be quite incontestable? There may be those who are sceptical enough to doubt whether the power thus enjoyed by the most intelligent and most virtuous part of the nation, is upon the whole a defect. There are some reformers who think it ought rather to be increased than diminished. There is an opinion that the entire population of Birmingham, or of Manchester, would not, if giving their votes by ballot, free as air, as their prepossessions, or their caprices, or their prejudices, or the best lights of their understanding might dictate, be more likely to choose well, from the absence of this sort of influence. It would appear to resemble the improvement which would be effected by any subtle physiologist, who should contrive to release the limbs and members of the human body from the controul of mental volition.

‘The advocates of vote by ballot constantly cite, as an example, the recent history of France, and exclaim with triumph, “The ballot has saved France!” They forget that the elective franchise in that country was exercised by 84,000 electors, chosen by a qualification which secured their being among the richest and most independent class in their population of thirty-three millions. Such a mode of voting might have been exceedingly useful as a defence to their limited electoral body, against the intrigues and menaces of the plotting and arbitrary ministers of Charles X.; but the difference between the two cases is this:—The right of election in France was in the hands precisely of that class who, as far as two very different states of society can be compared, correspond to that part of the English nation whose influence in elections, I have been contending, is beneficial. It is allowed on all hands that they used their franchise wisely and well. It would be too much for the most strenuous supporter of the ballot to assert, that all the merit was due to it, and none whatever to the men. Therefore these events were highly favourable to the character and public conduct of the portion of the nation answering to that part of the British people, whom I would wish to see continuing to possess a leading voice in the choice of members. It is not desired that, as in France, they should have the whole elective franchise,—only a considerable weight. But vote by ballot in England would be a weapon levelled against these very persons. It would be adopted with no other view than that of extinguishing them entirely, politically speaking. Vote by ballot in France was a power confided to the hands of the upper classes in the sense in which I have used the words. In England it would be a power directed against them.

‘It must be admitted that the practice of bribery at elections would be much diminished, and rendered more difficult, by the introduction of such a mode of voting. This would no doubt be a considerable advantage attending it. It would, however, be too dearly purchased, by the destruction of all those legitimate influences which are interwoven with the whole frame-work of civilized life, and which are the great bonds of its adhesion.’—pp. 64—68.

It must be admitted by every unbiassed reader, that these observations are judicious, and possess great weight. They derive additional force from the brief and interesting history which the author has given of our gentry. After tracing the origin of that



important class in England, he shews the influence which it has exercised upon our manners and national character. The passage is written with as much truth as elegance.

‘ I have referred the origin of the gentry, like that of the peerage, to the feudal times. From those times they have inherited many of the qualities which we usually annex to the idea of a gentleman—a grace and dignity of manner, a high sense of self respect, a peculiar delicacy of honour. But like the peerage, even more than the peerage, have they changed in the actual composition. Much of the tone has been preserved, but the qualification has never been in the proofs of lineal descent. The human body, it has been supposed, changes every particle of its frame in the course of seven years, yet the spiritual identity remains. In the same manner many of the best characteristics of ancient chivalry form the foundation of, and still survive in the class of modern gentry, although few of their ancestors ever went to the crusades, or broke a lance in a tournament. From this point, and in this class, are we to trace the great difference between English manners and character, and that of the continental nations. While the latter clung to heraldic forms, to rigid proofs of descent, to artificial distinctions, and therefore only obtained from this stock of knighthood, and chivalry, a withered, stunted offspring of provincial, petty, secondary noblesse, we took a totally different course. The original foundation was common to all, but we built upon it very differently. Retaining a certain value for family and descent, we wisely rejected too close an adherence to these strict rules. Our patent of admission was more in the soul and spirit than in the quarterings,—was more a moral than an heraldic qualification. The ranks of the English gentry were widely and liberally opened to receive all those who became distinguished by successful enterprize and talent, who attained fortune by honourable means, who won eminence by intellect and exertion. Ours was an expansive, theirs an exclusive spirit. They decreed that no man who was not “*gentilhomme*,” should enter the army; we resolved that every officer of the army and navy was *de facto* a gentleman. They condemned the learned professions of law and medicine to a marked inferiority, we paid a generous respect to the high talents they require. They disdained and rejected the least mixture of commerce, we welcomed cordially those enterprising and enlightened men, who, in acquiring great wealth to themselves, conferred great benefit on their country. They preserved the narrowness, the prejudices of feudality, we caught and diffused its best spirit. They copied the castes of the Hindus, we imitated the sagacious policy of the former mistress of the world, who conferred upon the incorporated nations the lofty privileges of Roman citizens.

‘ It followed, from these different courses, that while the great and little noblesse of the continent became an extremely obnoxious body, and were gradually undermined by the increasing wealth and intelligence of the rest of the community, the composition of our gentry was totally different. Their ranks included not merely all that was illustrious in descent, but the most affluent in fortune, respectable in station, honourable in character, distinguished by professional ability, pre-eminent in intellectual merit, throughout the country. They blended the highest acquirements of civilization with ennobling feelings, derived from their chivalrous parentage. There was in this distinction nothing that was

invidious, nothing that was oppressive, nothing that curbed or injured freedom. It is a profoundly marked national line, and is viewed with no national hostility by any part of the people. In its most popular signification, the word *gentleman* is never used in a bad sense; it never conveys an unfavourable impression. It is so exclusively national, that it has no corresponding term in the other languages of Europe, and all the niceties of expression must be resorted to, if we wish to explain its meaning to a foreigner. The most violent demagogue seldom ventures to assail it with his terms of invective and reproach; he knows that he should not easily excite the sympathy of his hearers. The lowest classes always annex to it a mixed meaning of character and of station. The readiest term of vulgar abuse, is, to tell a person of respectable situation that he is no gentleman, meaning that he wants the moral qualities which ought to accompany his rank in life. They are right. An English gentleman generally justifies their impression of this necessary union. Were I, without previous knowledge of the individual, obliged to place boundless confidence in the honour and integrity of another, I would select through the world an English gentleman.'—pp. 81—84.

The connexions of the gentry with the aristocracy, brought about by means of the numerous peerages created in the late reign, although it may have raised one class nearly to a level with the other, has not, however, deprived the country of the gentry as a separate and most useful body. The author is equally happy in this part of his subject; but we have no room for his observations upon it.

Thus we see that Sir John Walsh is a very timid and moderate reformer, who altogether denies the sovereignty of the people, who is adverse to the vote by ballot, and is anxious only for such a change as may lessen the expence of elections at Sudbury and elsewhere. We certainly do not agree in all his views, but at the same time we must admit, that they are put forward clearly and temperately, and that they deserve to be treated with great respect by every person who gives any thought to the question of Parliamentary improvement.

The second pamphlet on our list differs widely on many points from that which we have just noticed: the author contemplates the House of Commons as a body no longer retaining that confidence and affection with which it was formerly considered by the people. It has become a mere appendage of the executive. The mode in which it is constituted is notoriously corrupt and defective. It is true that under the present system of borough interest, a Fox, a Pitt, a Tierney, a Brougham, a Mackintosh, may have obtained seats in a House from which they would have been excluded if they had to submit to the expence of a popular election. But admitting that these prizes have turned up in the Parliamentary lottery, let it be asked how many blanks have been drawn under the same system! These and the other usual palliating arguments being got rid of, the author contends that, as at present constituted, the House of Commons is not an adequate, a fair, or a



faithful representation of the people,—that the middling classes are not represented by any persons of their own body, and that they never can be while the expences of elections are so enormous; that ‘the open and free elections, in the great and populous cities and boroughs, are, upon the present footing of a tumultuous poll, and an eight days’ contest, almost as little calculated to secure the return of fit representatives, as the right of election in any of the most decayed boroughs or venal corporations.’ In the counties, the aristocratical and landed interests prevail, and the author does not object to the continuance of that predominance. In the open boroughs, the franchise is for the most part in the hands of the lowest orders, a nuisance which he thinks ought to be removed, unless it be rendered, as he says it might be, comparatively innoxious by the establishment of vote by ballot. Without the ballot, the disfranchisement of the non-resident freemen in corporate boroughs would only add to the value of the votes of the residents, and the diffusion in such places of the right of election among all the householders, would only increase the expences of the candidate. The venality of the voters in the corporate towns is universally acknowledged, and yet how few of them have been punished! The author’s reasoning thus far is cogent; he seems perfectly acquainted with all the bearings of the subject.

After some judicious observations on the origin and progress of the House of Commons, the author gives an accurate historical summary of the different plans of reform which have been proposed at various periods in Parliament. But he objects altogether, and with good reason, to the preservation of any of the close and decayed boroughs, such as Gatton and Old Sarum. Why should they not follow the fate of above sixty other places which are known to have sent members in former times, but which have since lost that right? It appears that there are boroughs

‘ Where the election is purely nominal	. . . . .	35
Where the electors are under fifty	. . . . .	46
Where the electors do not exceed one hundred	. . . . .	18
Where they do not exceed two hundred	. . . . .	26

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Thus we have two hundred and fifty members returned without even a decent form of election! There is no just ground for retaining these, or so much as one of these places. The author is of this opinion, and he leans to the idea of compensation in case of their being abolished,—the rights which are now exercised in those places to be transferred to the people upon such principle as should ultimately be deemed most advisable. He cites with approbation Cromwell’s plan of reform, contained in the *Instrument of Government* which that great man acted upon in the year 1654. By reference to that *Instrument* it will be seen that the close boroughs

were either altogether abolished, or reduced to one member, that the members for all the counties were augmented, and that there was scarcely an important town in the kingdom which was not called upon to return at least one member. The precedent is a good one, so far as the omission or reduction of the depopulated boroughs is concerned; it deserves attention also on account of the proof which it furnishes that the idea of compensation in such cases is altogether a modern one. Indeed the author adduces several strong arguments against it, although, as a matter of compromise, he would not object to at least a partial purchase of "vested rights." He then discloses his own plan of reform, which would consist in abolishing the nominal and totally decayed boroughs, confining the right of returning members in *small* boroughs to one instead of two, allowing the populous towns, not now represented, to return one or more members, and adding one or two to those already elected by the larger counties. With respect to the latter, Mr. Flood's idea might be adopted; that the knights of the shire might be chosen as now by the county, and the additional members by the resident householders; or, both the knights and the additional members might be chosen by new districts, into which the population of the kingdom should be divided, without adhering to the existing division by counties. The cities and towns now possessing the franchise might continue to exercise it, the franchise itself being extended, under a new system of qualification, to inhabitant householders paying taxes and poor rates. The mode of election should be by parishes, or other convenient subdivisions, and it should be simultaneous. A substantial equality of representation might thus be obtained by every part of the country.

The question of qualification of voters is one of detail into which we need not now enter. That of ordinary assessment to the relief of the poor, and to the maintenance of the state, is perhaps the fairest that can be devised for towns. In counties or districts the freehold qualification might remain as it is, with the admission to the franchise of copyholders and leaseholders having beneficial interests. It has been suggested, that in order to afford property its just weight in representation, the franchise should be graduated from one to four or five votes according to the amount of each voter's property assessed to the poor and to the state. Such a scheme as this would tend to the establishment of that most odious of all aristocracies, the aristocracy of wealth, and it would be, we are confident, extremely unpopular. Perhaps it might be expedient, however, to adopt the idea to the extent of two votes, in cases where a more than ordinary contribution is paid by the individual to the relief of the poor and in the shape of taxes—say where it exceeds in the whole one hundred pounds per annum. To this extent such an alteration might not be complained of.

The author of this pamphlet is decidedly in favour of the ballot, though he does not think it a *sine quâ non*; and as we have given



Sir John Walsh's opinion against that measure, it is but just that we should allow the argument on the other side to be heard also.

'I am aware, that the proposal to alter the mode of election, particularly by introducing the ballot, is the subject of great difference of opinion, even among persons well inclined to a parliamentary reform. I cannot help thinking that this aversion to election by ballot, arises from prejudices which will yield to reflection.

'There seems to me no part of our positive institutions more deficient than those which relate to the machinery of elections. It is not to be wondered that, in rude times, no attempt should have been made to obtain the expression of the general will, by any contrivance fitted to combine perfect tranquillity with a faithful expression of that will by the greatest numbers. The simple *chirotonia* is the expedient of the most rude times, and the earliest age of society. It was soon discovered, however, that such a mode of ascertaining the majority was hardly compatible with the public peace. In the progress of civilization, some species of ballot was adopted by all the popular governments of antiquity. The *bean*, or the *pebble*, or the *shell*, and other contrivances of the same kind, have given names to the votes, decrees, and resolutions of popular assemblies.

'I am inclined, indeed, to consider the statute of Hen. VI., which introduced the qualification of 40s. in county elections, and which recites the outrages and batteries which numerous assemblages, at a county election, must naturally have produced, as a measure, than which the rudeness of the age could find no better for correcting a very real grievance. It probably never occurred to the legislators of that day, that a ballot, or a well-conducted poll, would have effectually removed the cause of complaint. Need we wonder at their ignorance, or listlessness, in missing the proper remedy, since it is only within living memory that the nuisance of an election possibly extending to six weeks, has, in England, been abated by law. Nothing can explain the barbarous and imperfect modes of our elections, even at this day, but the morbid antipathy which has prevailed in the legislature to every alteration in the forms of the constitution, at least in favour of popular rights.

'I am convinced that the ballot is the most effectual contrivance to render extended and popular rights compatible with the peace of society. The apprehension of what is called universal suffrage, appears to me to have arisen from the awkward and ill-combined arrangements which have hitherto been provided for the practical exercise of popular election. In America the election by ballot prevails, and in most of the States there is no qualification for electors at all but the not being paupers, and residence and payment for a fixed term—a year, or half a year—of the public taxes, where the party claims to vote. In those of the States which have retained, or established, a qualification of property, that qualification is little more than nominal. In Massachusetts, there is required a qualification of a freehold of 3*l.* a year, or property to the value of 60*l.*; and this appears to be the highest of all\*. There is no complaint that these elections do not work well, or that they in the smallest degree disturb the peace of the country.

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\* See *The American Guide*, a collection of the different constitutions of the States, and the general constitution.—*Philadelphia*, 1828.

The interest elections excite in America may disgust Epicurean indifference to such mean concerns, and may offend the delicacy of English travellers, who, passing unmoved through the vulgarity of Wapping and the city, wonder that the American parties are not so refined as those at Almack's.

'The ballot would have the effect, in a considerable degree, to prevent gross bribery and corruption, by rendering the traffic hazardous and unproductive. But I anticipate no small advantage from the absence of undue influence, destroying all freedom of action and choice in the voter, and which, wherever it is imposed, must excite in the mind the bitter consciousness of a degraded slavery. Better far to have no vote at all than to be compelled to use it at the pleasure of a master. What is it to be a slave, but to be compelled to use the powers, and gifts, and advantages which God has given us, at another's will?

' "The election, or suffrage, of the people is most free," says Harrington,\* "where it is made, or given, in such a manner that it can neither oblige nor disoblige another; nor through fear of an enemy, or bashfulness towards a friend, impair a man's liberty." And he quotes the testimony of Cicero, in favour of the ballot:—"Grata populo est TABELLA, quæ frontes aperit hominum, mentes tegit, datque eam libertatem, ut quod velint faciant."

'But whether it be by ballot or not (and I do not contend for ballot as indispensable), I am confident there exists no possibility of extending the elective franchise to inhabitant householders, or to any enlarged description of voters, without banishing the present system of election, in populous places, at the county or borough town, or other metropolis, of riot and expence. It would, indeed, correct the mischief to take the votes by parishes or divisions, so that the election should be finished in one day, which, if non-resident voters are excluded, seems quite practicable.'—pp. 100—103.

The author is clearly of opinion that no part of the expences of the election should be thrown upon the candidates; he would even go so far as to revive the old system of allowing wages to members of the House of Commons, to be paid by the places for which they should be returned! He will not find many persons to agree with him upon this point, although there is no doubt that it is well worthy of consideration. The deputies to the Spanish Cortes were all paid by the state; so are the deputies to the lower French Chamber; the members of the American Congress are also paid by the states which they represent. In England alone the system, which is one of ancient usage amongst us, has grown obsolete.

Mr. Barber Beaumont's pamphlet (3) is a much better production than we had expected to receive from his hands. It is well written, and wholly on the popular, or rather, we might say, the radical side of the question. He gives a frightful picture of the misery of the lower orders. He asserts that in some of the richest parts of England it is doubtful whether a working man is better supplied with the necessaries of life than the mere savage of the wilderness, who wastes three fourths of his hours in idleness, and

\* \* *Oceana*, p. 54.



occupies the remainder unassisted by skill, machinery, or capital! He demonstrates, in clear and forcible terms, the interest which the poor labourer has in the preservation and increase of property in the hands of the rich, as it is this property which gives him employment; scanty as that employment may be, it would become less by any event which would render the possession of property insecure. At the same time he points out the injuries which are inflicted, especially on the less opulent orders, by the borough-system, which keeps up the heavy burthen of taxation, and augments, beyond all just bounds, the public expenditure, for the benefit of the friends and relatives of those whom the army, the navy, and the colonial, civil, and diplomatic offices maintain. Of the astonishing additions that were made to the national burthens in the reign of George III. alone, the following table which Mr. Beaumont has framed, affords indubitable evidence. It exhibits the amount of the nett produce of the public revenue at the accession of successive sovereigns:—that is to say of the produce actually paid into the Exchequer, after deducting the expenses of collection.

' On the accession of James I. ....	1603 ..	£600,000
Charles I. ....	1625 ..	896,819
the Commonwealth	1648 ..	1,517,247
Charles II. ....	1660 ..	1,800,000
James II. ....	1685 ..	2,000,000
William and Mary ..	1688 ..	2,001,855
Anne .....	1701 ..	3,895,205
George I. ....	1714 ..	5,691,803
George II. ....	1727 ..	6,762,643
George III. ....	1760 ..	8,523,540
George IV. ....	1820 ..	46,132,634
William IV. ....	1830 ..	47,139,873'—p.13.

Mr. Beaumont considers that no reform can be productive of any good which does not include an immediate abolition of all unearned pensions and sinecures which have been improvidently granted; the extinction of all useless places, the reduction of extravagant salaries, and the adoption of the cheapest possible mode of conducting the government. Material reductions might, he thinks, be made in the navy and army, and the church should abandon the tithe system. No salaries, he contends, ought to be paid to clergymen higher than those which are now received by curates, and the tithe question ought to be settled upon the principle of a corn rent, reducing the sums now claimed to at least half their nominal amount. The opulent bishopricks ought, he suggests, upon becoming vacant, to be relieved of half their enormous incomes, and the other half be appropriated to the poor. He does not even spare the public funds, the interest upon which ought to be reduced to £3 upon the present value of £100. To this latter measure, however, he would not resort, unless in case the solvency of the government should become doubtful. Upon the whole he calculates that

reductions might be made, under various heads of expenditure, to the amount of twenty-one millions per annum! Here is a Chancellor of the Exchequer after Joseph Hume's own heart.

These topics, being incidental only to the main question in view, we shall pass them over for the present, leaving them to the reader's own reflection. We are almost surprised, after what has been just stated, not to find Mr. Beaumont an advocate for universal suffrage and annual parliaments. He does not indeed give us any precise practical notion of what his qualification would be. He has hit upon what he calls an "abstract principle," by the application of which the working people and the people of property should each have an *equal number* of votes. He proposes one representative for every fifty thousand souls; every male inhabitant twenty-one years of age, who is honest, who has not been convicted of vagrancy, who has not been a pauper, a bankrupt, or an insolvent, who is not insane, or unable to read and write, to have a personal vote in what he denominates his first list, and then a number of votes equal to those in the first list to be given by all persons possessed of property, varying from £10 a year to £5,000—no individual to have both a personal vote, and a vote with respect to property. To this system he would add the ballot and triennial parliaments. If we wish to have a Republic, we see no objection to the adoption of Mr. Barber Beaumont's ideas. They are inconsistent with our present constitution.

They differ on all essential points from those promulgated by the 'Freeholder, and Landholder of Scotland' (4). This gentleman, of course, considers that the great basis of representation ought to be the *land*. 'The only foundation for the right of voting,' he maintains, 'ought to be the possession of land indefeasibly our own.' Thus he excludes leaseholders, and also, we suppose, copyholders. He considers that instead of enlarging the elective franchise, they ought, on the contrary, to be narrowed, and that such a process is the only one that can secure us against the horrors of venality. He admits that the borough elections, wherever they take place, are bad in principle; they can only be purified, he thinks, by raising the qualification of the voters! The ballot he looks upon as a cloak for hypocrisy and corruption. He would disfranchise Gatton and all decayed boroughs, and transfer the members to the unrepresented towns. The latter being the only concession that he makes to the spirit of the age, it would be a waste of time to pay any attention to his speculations.

The letter (5) to Lord Althorp supports the popular side. The author proclaims that whether we look at the government of the parishes of the counties, or of the united kingdom, error and corruption appear every where; and that the only way to set about obtaining a proper remedy is to begin with the reformation of parliament. In order to attain a good basis of operation he would divide Great Britain and Ireland into provinces, shires, wards and



parishes, according to a scale of population ; he would give to these divisions the power of governing themselves in all local concerns, and of electing members to the Imperial Parliament according to certain regulations which he is to set forth in a future letter. His leading idea seems to be to form a number of federal states in the two divisions of the kingdom, upon the plan of the American union. Perhaps, as applied to Ireland alone, his propositions are not altogether so extravagant as they may in the first instance appear.

Even the Rev. Richard Warner (6) speaks of parliamentary reform as 'a measure essentially necessary, but fraught with delicacy as to its modifications, and with difficulty in its execution.' He however proposes no plan, his great object being to solicit such a reduction of rent and tithe and of the use of machinery, as shall enable the farmer to live comfortably, and to pay better wages to a greater number of labourers than he can, or need now employ.

Whatever plan may ultimately be decided upon amid all these conflicting opinions, we trust that it will embrace some real concessions to the people, and enable them to look up to a reformed House of Commons with confidence and respect. That is the great object to be attained ; to the accomplishment of it the people have a right derived to them from the constitution of the country. If universal suffrage could be rationally supposed capable of securing such a House, they would have a right to the exercise of universal suffrage. We think that it would tend to the very reverse ; that it would return a House of Commons whose first measure would be the violation of faith with the public creditor (than which we know of nothing more disgraceful or more detrimental to the best interests of the nation) ; that this would, as a necessary consequence, be followed by a general distribution of landed property, and the overthrow of the monarchy. Without reckoning other evils, the prospect of these alone is enough to warn us against universal suffrage. The franchise then must be limited—by what ? Unquestionably by property, indicated by assessment in towns and boroughs, and by freehold, copyhold, and beneficial leasehold in counties. This would seem to us to be the basis of any change which should take place. The decayed boroughs should be abolished, where the franchise cannot be extended to neighbouring hundreds, producing at least five hundred voters ; and where they cannot produce double that number, the representation should be reduced to one member. The members taken from the small boroughs should be transferred to the important unrepresented towns, and to the populous towns already sending members to Parliament, until the whole of the disposable number should be absorbed in fair relative proportions. The counties ought not to come in for any share of that number, they being already adequately represented. Neither in counties, towns, nor boroughs, should the candidates be liable for any expences whatever ; the oath against bribery should be taken *by the*

*candidates* as well as the electors; the votes should be received in such divisional sections as would enable them all to be given in one day, and with these regulations it seems to us perfectly immaterial whether the Ballot were imposed or not. To these alterations we would add the limitation of Parliaments to five years. Three years form too short a period, and seven too long; we would prefer the mean.

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ART. X.—*The Incognito; or Sins and Peccadillos.* By Don T. De Trueba, Author of "Romance of History, Spain," "The Castilian," &c. &c. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1831.

IN this work Mr. De Trueba has endeavoured to supply a great desideratum in the "novel" department of literature. With the exception of *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*, and one or two minor compositions, little known in this country, there are very few productions to be met with, which paint the past, and none at all which represent the living manners of Spain. The tales of Zayas are the only writings of this class which we have encountered. They are however exclusively of an amorous description, and are so extravagant, artificial, and withal so uninteresting, that we do not suppose that even one of them has ever been translated into any foreign language. It is true that since the days of Le Sage, the manners of Spain have changed less than those of any country;—so limited indeed has that variation been, that several of his scenes might be supposed to have been but very recently transferred to paper from their prototypes on the stage of life. The costume is still the same as it was in his time; the religion has in no degree altered; education has made greater progress in the peninsula than many persons suppose, but it has had no influence as yet upon the national customs. These are much the same as they ever were, and it is not at all unlikely that they will long continue so, shut out as Spain is from the civilized world by her Pyrennees, and by seas which she is no longer able to traverse.

But although these observations may be true to a great extent, it would still be agreeable to us to know that the Spain of 1830 continues closely to resemble the Spain of three or four hundred years ago. The philosopher would find in this identity a moral phenomenon, which can however be explained by obvious natural causes. The historian and the politician would derive from it matter for useful reflection, and we do not know that the mere hunter after that butterfly-amusement, would feel at all disappointed if he should discover, that the beaux and the belles, the mothers and the daughters, the sages and the dandies, the muleteers, banditti, rogues and vagabonds of the present day, dance to the same guitar which enlivened their ancestors, pray as they prayed, intrigued as they intrigued, reasoned and revelled, sung and slew,



and robbed, and were hanged, exactly after the fashion of the olden time.

Mr. De Trueba deserves praise for the literary courage which he has displayed on this occasion. He has thrown off the fetters of history, escaped from the gloom of the past ages, and talks to us of Madrid and its environs, and its inhabitants, as they appear at the present day. He might perhaps have imagined, as a connecting thread for his various scenes, a plot less tragical, and we might add less exaggerated than that which he has adopted. We shall not however lay too much stress upon this error; the path which he has attempted is new, and he ought therefore to be treated with indulgence. The mode in which his characters conduct themselves, their turn of thought and expression, their prejudices and practices are all thoroughly national. We perceive no foreign mixture in his language. His people are all Peninsular; they have nothing of London or Paris about them, either in their idiom or appearance. The work is, indeed, written in good English, but we might easily suppose it a translation from a modern Spanish novel, which, as every body knows, is a great rarity in our world of literature. It is sketchy, diversified, and highly animated from the commencement to the conclusion. Some of the characters are conspicuous and well drawn; others want finish, and betray the absence of those artist-like touches which convert a portrait into a cabinet picture. A little more experience, and perhaps a greater share of confidence, will, no doubt, contribute to amend these defects hereafter.

We must point out another imperfection which strikes us very disagreeably through almost every page of these volumes. The author seems to have entered upon his task under the impression that he could not himself appear too often upon the scene, or break in too frequently upon the conversations or actions of his dramatic personæ, with what he conceives to be dry and humorous digressive reflections, whereas in truth they are uniformly the most trite of common places, the most silly of puerilities. We shall string a few of these *niaiserie*s together, which must offend the most ordinary taste.

‘What in nature can be more awful and affecting, than to see half a dozen female faces in deep sorrow?—Grief oftentimes, instead of detracting, adds to the loveliness and charm of a fair mourner; but it produces a very different effect upon those sorrowful beings, who are not fair, but rather what one calls very plain, and whom the less moderate part of the community denominate ugly.’

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‘What in the world can be compared to the comforts of a good, soft, warm bed?’

\* \* \* \* \*

‘A solitary cloud cannot dim the brilliancy of a fine, clear, sunshiny day.’

\* \* \* \* \*

‘Money affairs have been time out of date the cause of much mischief and misunderstanding in the world.’

• • • • •  
 'It is really a matter of astonishment, how some good folks, especially of the female gender, will feel solicitous for the welfare of their fellow creatures.'

• • • • •  
 'It is really surprizing what uncommon exertions men will sometimes make for the good of their fellow creatures.'

• • • • •  
 'It is a common saying that misfortunes never come alone, and though the maxim be a common one, we must make room for it in this book.'

• • • • •  
 'It is always disagreeable to be interrupted with money-asking visits.'

• • • • •  
 'It it a very good sign when a lady gives a gentleman notice that she is about to quit.'

• • • • •  
 'It is astonishing what dangerous and artful seducers, unprotected, timid females are at the age of sixteen or eighteen.'

• • • • •  
 'It was vastly natural to be offended with the presence of a ruffian, for his appearance was by no means prepossessing, and no man likes to be tormented with an *ungaily* (sic) sight, especially if to this first is added that of being pestered with importunities.'

• • • • •  
 'Staring is the first operation upon the reception of something which one does not expect.'

These are perhaps sufficient specimens of Mr. De Trueba's *Laconics*. A volume of such profound apothegms might easily be made up from the three before us. We have alluded to them in order that the author might in future avoid a style of writing which easily becomes a habit, and which even when sparingly used is exceedingly repulsive.

Although his main plot is, as we have intimated, rather too tragical, yet the outline of the tale is sufficiently simple and clear. His leading personage is the Countess de Belprado, one of the first women in Madrid as to birth and fashion. She is introduced upon the scene towards the latter part of her life, after she has become conscious of the stain which she has incurred by having formed an unworthy connection with a domestic of her own, named Enriquez. Her passions had so far enslaved her, that she contrived to get her husband imprisoned in the Inquisition, whence he effected his escape, only, as it was supposed, to perish at sea upon a voyage to America. In proportion as the influence of her paramour declined, his ambition became more inflamed; he resolved on compelling her to marry him, under the penalty of disclosing her guilt, which had hitherto been concealed from the eye of the world. Her daughter, Paulita, by a former marriage, whom she tenderly loved, was grown up, and it was necessary to get her wedded to a wealthy



husband, as her fortune had been already sacrificed to the avarice of Enriquez. The revelation of her secret at such a period would have been ruinous to Paulita's prospects. Don Marcos, a rich banker at Madrid, chanced to have a son, Carlos, upon whom the Countess fixed for her future son-in-law. The father gladly consented, as this union would raise his family to that rank in society for which he sighed. He hoped, moreover, through the influence of the Countess, to become a minister of state. The parents calculated in vain. The young lady has a *penchant* for a certain gay spark named Verdeflor, and the gentleman is already irrevocably prepossessed in favour of a damsel named Theresa, who turns out in the end to be the daughter, by a former union, of the Count de Belprado, although for some time appearing in the interesting character of an orphan. These, with Zurdo, a ruffian, are the principal persons of the drama. The accessories are Cortante, a non-descript; Don Deogracias, the brother of the banker; and Dona Tecla, an old maid, his sister, both devotees of the first water. The latter two characters, though subordinate, are perhaps the best drawn of the whole. The old maid resides at Aranjuez, where we are introduced to a bevy of country gossips, who appear to be painted from the life. The ridiculous and perverted piety of Deogracias is also well displayed, without at the same time offending any proper notion of religion.

Next to these we should rank Verdeflor, who is a sort of Mercurio, a wild hair-brained fellow, over head and ears in debt, yet at the bottom good-natured, and by no means destitute of honourable principles. Don Marcos, the banker, is also very amusing. His vanity, his worldly ambition, his anxiety to grace his wealth by the addition of fashion, and his solicitude for the rank of official station, render him a complete contrast to Deogracias. Carlos is a mere ninny. The Countess de Belprado is the portrait of a dissipated woman, apparently the most enviable person in Madrid, but torn to an insufferable degree of anguish by the sense of her secret criminality, and the importunities of her hated paramour. Enriquez and Zurdo are ruffians of the same kind, with this difference, that one hires himself to the other for money. The safe return of the Count from the voyage upon which he is supposed to have been lost, renders it necessary for Enriquez to dispose of him. Zurdo is employed, and well paid for this purpose, but he receives higher wages from his intended victim, whom he represents as murdered. He even produces a pair of human ears, to entitle himself to the balance of his blood-money. At the moment when the preparations for the forced marriage between Enriquez and the Countess are upon the eve of being concluded, her husband, who disguised himself for a while in Madrid, makes his appearance, to the consternation of the guilty pair. Enriquez plunges a dagger in her bosom, and next in his own, thereby making the tale rather more tragical than the ordinary run of modern novels.

The opening chapter affords a favourable specimen of Mr. De Trueba's style. We can speak to the truth of its descriptions from our own experience.

'In the vicinity of the *Puerta del Sol*, at Madrid, are to be seen a more than ordinary number of coffee-houses. They are daily thronged with visitors from the hours of two till four in the afternoon, and filled again in the evening. A coffee-house there is not the same melancholy, unsocial, selfish *rendezvous* it is in England, where the horror the natives feel for strangers is unequivocally shewn by the dismal gloom which pervades those places, sarcastically enough denominated, of public *entertainment*. Let not my readers then suppose that when I speak of a coffee-house, I mean that long, narrow room, separated by sundry hard wooden divisions, where three or four dull, heavy, fat, wine and porter-drinking burghers sit at leisure, poring over a tremendous newspaper with the requisite appendage of the pewter pot by their sides, to aid them in the digestion of their political dish.

'A coffee-house at Madrid, on the other hand, is a place of general resort where people crowd to speak and to be spoken to; though I should prefer advising my friends to adopt rather the passive part of listeners, than the more difficult and dangerous one of orators. Of all these general *rendezvous*, the Coffee-house de Solito, in the *Calle de Alcalá*,\* and contiguous to the *Puerta del Sol*, was, at the time of which I am speaking, one of the most frequented by the Spanish public, on account of the excellency of the coffee served there. It was also famous for the curious amalgamation of *nondescript* and original characters with which the place was well stocked, and which afforded ample scope to the reflective powers of observant and philosophic strangers.

'It was now scarcely three in the afternoon, and the place was literally crowded with guests. On first entering, indeed, it was no easy matter to recognize any one, for the place, which of itself is sufficiently dark, was rendered doubly obscure by the hazy atmosphere created by the united effluvia of at least three score cigars of all ranks and denominations, from the humble *cigarro de papel*† to the true genuine *Havanna*. It was truly not a little edifying to see with what vigorous pertinacity the grave Spaniards continued to smoke, cough, drink coffee, imprecate, and gesticulate, without feeling in the least exhausted by the multiplicity of their pursuits, all in simultaneous action. The proficiency of the Spaniards in the art of smoking is so surprising, that you may see them speaking most eloquently, or at least most vociferously, without taking the cigar from their mouth, for they dexterously consign the fumigatory article to one corner of it, so that the rest remains perfectly unincumbered and ready for disputation.

'The assemblage this day at the *Café de Solito* was as numerous as ever; there was to be seen the usual number of miserable, thin-looking officers, with sallow complexions, enormous black whiskers and mustachios, old military hats with tarnished lace, long faces, long cloaks, and

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\* \* The finest street in Madrid.'

† † A cigar made by rolling the leaf in a little bit of paper made for the purpose—it is most generally used in Spain.'



long swords, half-starved looks and dirty boots, together with all the *cetera* of faded finery which distinguish a great number of those gentlemen who follow the profession of arms in Spain. There was also a reasonable number of *empleados*,\* who, instead of sleeping out the siesta, came to sip coffee previous to their returning to their several offices. The antique cut of these worthies' clothes, and their rigid economy, clearly demonstrated the scantiness of their emoluments, with the additional mortification of a year's arrear in payment—things not at all unusual in the world.

'Besides these two principal classes, which furnish the greater part of the guests, there were many anomalous individuals who honoured the general congress with their presence. These are the indolent, the curious, and a sufficient quantum of those extraordinary beings whom nobody knows, though they generally contrive to know every body. These personages might be said in Spain to make part of the household furniture of coffee-houses, for there they are as stationary as their cigars from morning till night, without incurring one *ochavo*† of expense; for even their smoking commodity they purchase at the cheap rate of a story or stale joke, and should this expedient fail, they are sure to procure it upon the loan system, for Spaniards of a certain class never beg—they merely in courtesy demand. Thus with the cigars cheaply obtained, and two or three tumblers of water, which are likewise to be had for asking, these abstemious epicures contrive to pass the day at once as anchorites and public men; only endeavouring to forget that they have not dined, a sort of oblivion unfortunately not easily to be acquired. It is wonderful how tenacious the memory is of what is purely gross and sensual, as we know that upon other occasions her functions can so unceremoniously be dispensed with.

'Sometimes, indeed, when even the most unrelenting puffing of cigars is inadequate to the desired forgetfulness, Fortune kindly throws in the way of the patient dinner-martyrs some friend or acquaintance; that is, a person to whom they have spoken three times at a coffee-house, and then they most good-naturedly bestow their agreeable company on the friend in question. Besides, as they are not stiff, proud, ceremonious people, they at last end by complacently inviting themselves to another's dinner, a favour seldom rejected by a Spaniard from a friend to whom he has spoken three times in his life. Now among the numerous individuals that composed this motley company at the *café*, there were two who might more particularly attract the attention of an observing stranger. The first was a young man with a keen scrutinizing look, and on whose thin sharp countenance there was an expression of cleverness, blending with a tendency to satire. His dress and appearance bespoke a person moving in better society than the generality of those who frequented the place, so that he might be justly esteemed more a curious interloper than a regular customer. The other personage was an elderly man of gentleman-like deportment, who kept aloof from the rest of the company, and sipped his coffee at a small table in a retired corner. On his fine oval countenance might

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\* \* Employed under government.'

† An extremely low coin, about the 8th part of a penny.'

be traced the deep lines of heavy sorrow, and the fire of his dark eye seemed to have been quenched in real suffering. He was exceedingly pale, thin, and very tall, and the upper part of his head completely bald. His brow was marked with the furrows of reflection, and an expression of meditative melancholy appeared habitual to him. There was nothing remarkable in his dress, except his long cloak of chesnut colour with blue facings, and yet his whole appearance and deportment betokened some strange mystery. He kept an imperturbable silence, nor did he seem aware of the prodigious uproar that now filled the place.

'The usual topics of conversation were now in agitation; the merits of preachers and actresses were discussed—the small gossip and scandal of the town circulated freely—then competent comment were passed upon the most interesting passages of the *Diario* and the *Gazeta*, such as the announcement of a *novena*,\* the promotion of some friar to an episcopacy, or the day that the king was going out of Madrid, or coming into it. This, together with the soul-stirring recital of the latest murders and robberies, the feats of the *contrabandistas*† de Ronda, and the bull-fights, offered ample field for the oratorical powers of the company, without entering upon the dangerous ground of political speculation. This topic, which in other countries furnishes the philosophers of coffee-houses with such an exhaustless source of ingenious guesses and sapient speeches, was in Spain studiously avoided.

'After this explanation, it will, perhaps, be superfluous to add that these things took place in the year 1819, when a continual alarm and mistrust prevailed throughout Spain, and more especially at Madrid. The several plots and unsuccessful attempts of Lacy, Vidal, and Portier, together with the tragical end of those chiefs, and above all the consummate specimen of double dealing in the late affair of the Count de Abisbal (General O'Donnell), kept men's minds in a constant state of excitement; not so much for those events in themselves, as through dread of being wrongly implicated and punished accordingly.

'Many dozens of cigars had already been smoked, and not quite so many cups of coffee swallowed, when a dashing, bustling young man entered the *café*. He was elegantly attired after the French fashion, wore the requisite opera-glass, and appeared prodigiously well satisfied with himself. Yet amidst his coxcombrity there was something intelligent and good-humoured in his countenance. The expression of his features was frank and open, and a gay smile seemed to have permanently fixed its quarters on the corner of his lip. No sooner did he make his appearance amongst the motley concourse, than the noise increased; every one cried out "*Verde-flor!*" and he began to bestow on every side his tokens of recognition. He shook hands with some, spoke to others, simpered with a few, and nodded to many, and thus he was making his way when he was arrested by the calls of some inviting him to coffee, and others who invited themselves to take coffee with him. He very judiciously closed with the first offer—told some story—a shout of laughter followed, and having thus

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\* Public prayers which last nine days, and are addressed to some particular saint.

† Smugglers.



paid his reckoning, he rose in a hurry to depart, looking at his watch, a beautiful gold repeater, with appropriate chain and seals. He wondered how long he had stayed—swore three oaths in French—cocked his glass—pushed a couple of waiters in his precipitate march—three cups of coffee were spilt—another laugh ensued—he called out to one of the laughers to pay for the mischief he had done, and was just on the point of leaving the place, when his eye with the cocked glass fell by chance on the young man of whom we have spoken above, and his course was suddenly arrested.’—vol. i.—pp. 1—12.

We need hardly add, that the “exquisite” above described, is Verdeflor. His companion is Cortante. The gloomy personage, styled throughout the *Incognito*, is the Count Belprado. Another perfectly correct and characteristic picture of Madrid, is the author’s description of the evening assembly on the Prado, justly styled one of the most superb promenades in Europe. The sudden effect upon the gay multitude of the hundred bells at the time of oracion, or evening prayer, has often been mentioned by travellers. No one who has not seen it, can conceive the magical change which it produces for a moment. A foreigner looking about him, would think that they were all mad, or spell-bound. We must, however, pass over this lively picture, in order to make room for the amusing and original character of Deogracias.

‘The two brothers Cabezon were as dissimilar in their characters, tastes and dispositions, as it is possible for beings of the same species to be, though at the same time each was a perfect original in his kind. Don Deogracias, the youngest of the two, quite satisfied with a small competency, seemed to regard all worldly pursuits with total indifference, nor was his heart ever known to feel interested in those pleasures and indulgences which fall to the share of human nature. He might indeed be accounted a philosopher, if it were known that, in denying himself the comforts of life within his reach, he felt no privation, since in him it was only a want of imagination and animal spirits, which produced that unconcern for sublunary things which in more lofty minds springs only from strong reason.

‘He was an old bachelor, but he would have been puzzled to tell why, for he had arrived at the age of sixty, without ever bestowing a thought on love or marriage. He was systematic in every thing—regular at his meals and his prayers—never missed the evening walk and *chocolate*, and was constantly attired in the same sober dress of brown. As his necessities were but few, the greater part of his income would have been a dead weight on his hand, had he not contrived a method of easing himself of the troublesome commodity. Almost all his money was spent in satisfying a strong fancy he had for ecclesiastical ceremonies. Being of a pious turn of mind, he spent half of his time at church—was known to every monk and friar, and knew himself all the regulations of ecclesiastical discipline. He never missed a sermon, and he could tell the merits and the faults of every celebrated preacher. On Sundays and festivals he was constantly at the choir of some convent, making one of the singers; for he prided himself much on his base voice, and there were few even amongst the most renowned *sochantres*, who could give out a psalm with better grace.

‘Don Deogracias was moreover a member of every charitable fraternity—attended every procession, and was an inveterate collector of prints of saints, images, and other pious appendages. He had a complete assortment of rosaries and *escapularios*, and was esteemed the most indefatigable and successful collector of religious relics and other curiosities. His house was indeed a museum quite unique in its way. There was scarcely a saint in the calendar who had not contributed to the splendid collection of the good Don Deogracias. He had relics of every martyr, and he possessed the most complete assortment of appropriate prayers and other recipes against the tooth-ache. He could tell without hesitation what was the peculiar province over which each saint presided, and the most correct version of such miracles as were somewhat involved in obscurity. He was constantly occupied in discussing the merits of church ornaments, towards the stock of which he very liberally subscribed, and never was he more busily engaged than when giving directions for some new article of decoration. With all this he was exempt from fanaticism, possessed the heart of a child, was extremely benevolent, and by no means devoid of sense.

‘His mania, however, could never be cured; he was the most zealous supporter of the *externals* of religion, as well as the most harmless of idolaters.’—vol. i.—pp. 59—62.

The character of Dona Tecla, the *beata*, or female devotee, is drawn with equal force and felicity, and is admirably sustained throughout. Her proceedings at Aranjuez, where Theresa is lodged, and the chit chat of her visitors, old maids, and monks, are amusing, and relieve the tragical part of the story of much of its gloom. We have also a capital description of the peculiar manner in which the festivals of Christmas are spent at Madrid. The eating and drinking, the rejoicing, the fairs, the groups that fill the streets, the swarms of friars of every hue, of *hidalgos*, beggars, and women and children, the songs and dances, and musical instruments, are all brought before us in the most lively colours: During that season, many curious sights are to be seen in Madrid, none perhaps more original and more striking than the amusements of the lowest orders of the city, who inhabit a quarter called *El Avapiés*, somewhat analogous to our St. Giles’s. It is principally in possession of a race denominated *Manolos*, who, from their dress, language, manners, and general appearance, may be easily distinguished from the other classes of citizens. They go about in their cloaks, smoking their cigars, and have, frequently, a most ferocious look. A visit paid by Verdeflor and his friend Cortante, to the dominions of this people, enables the author to present us with one of his most finished scenes. A part of it will be sufficient for our purpose.

‘The two friends now bent their steps towards *El Avapiés*, a parish well known at Madrid from the various feats performed there. It claims the singular merit of affording a great number of customers to his Majesty’s *galeras*, and disputes with that of the *maravillas* the honour of producing the most daring, desperate, reckless *matones*. *El Avapiés* is



completely inhabited by the lower classes, especially by those people called *manolos*, who are to be seen lounging about in their cloaks, smoking their cigars, and looking terrible things. Whether the *manolos* be a distinct race of men, and directed by their own peculiar regulations, I cannot determine; but it is not less true that in their dress, *jargon*, and manners, they make a striking contrast with the rest of the inhabitants of Madrid. In what calling or profession they employ themselves would puzzle the greatest economist to determine, nor is the way in which they get their money very clearly to be explained.

‘Sometimes indeed you may see one of them—a tall, swarthy, long-whiskered, ferocious-looking fellow, indolently reclining against a wall, basking in the sun, whilst at his feet, upon a rag of an old brown cloak, is displayed “a beggarly account” of rusty nails, a lock, an old blade of a sword, a tinder box, a few flints, two *horse-shoes*, sundry pieces of old iron, and similar trumpery. But how with the product of this merchandise he contrives to live, find his expences in cigars and wine, shew-off on a Sunday in a fine cloak and silk neck-cloth, treat his *maja* and buy her ribands, savours indeed a little of the miraculous. The *manolos* are great *connoisseurs* in horses and bull-fights, and are to be found amongst muleteers and carriers, which trades they sometimes, though seldom, follow; they flock to the court-yards of *mesones* and inns, with what intentions I leave the charitable reader to imagine; and when they have absolutely no other way of killing time, they creep from their *sanc-tum* and venture to the *Puerta del Sol*, where they loiter and lounge in clusters, discussing the merits of the bull-fighters, and recounting the wonderful feats of courage of some members of the fraternity. The *manolos* must not, however, be all confounded together. They have their ranks and gradations. Every *manolo* is not a *majo*, for this is an appellation bestowed on, or assumed by those, who in virtue of their wealth, bravery, and deeds of gallantry consider themselves entitled to the distinction. But to return: Verdeflor and his companion proceeded to *El Avapiés* without any incident, but the occasional meeting of a drunken sot, or the parties of pious people returning from the *misa del gallo*.

‘The noise and din had begun partially to subside, though enough was yet heard of the *zambombas*, sufficiently *villancicos* to satisfy any reasonable amateur of discord. In the *Avapiés*, however, the orgies were kept up with greater alacrity—the sounds of laughter and of quarrelling, of loose jokes, and tender sayings, of pious ejaculations, and huge oaths, floated promiscuously along the air; the narrow, filthy, darksome streets which composed this parish were scantily illuminated by a few *candiles*, the bonfires had gone out, and the place was in a most desirable condition for the *matones* to exercise their prowess, had they not been happily otherwise engaged. The young men were now arrested by sounds of castanets, a tuneless guitar, and a lame fiddle. This strange concert proceeded from a house of miserable appearance, and it was now and then diversified by bursts of laughter, or the energetic apostrophes of some *manola*. It was evident that a scene of merriment was going forward, and Verdeflor, turning to his companion—

“Now, Cortante,” he said with glee, “thank Heaven, we are in the way of witnessing a curious sight—have you never seen *un bayle de candel*?”

“No, never, though I have often heard of them.”

“Well, you may now be gratified with the spectacle—let me knock at the door.”

“Gently, my good fellow,” interposed Cortante, “what are you at? Are you by chance acquainted with the people within?”

“No more than with his Holiness the Pope—but what of that? I have a marvellous talent for making *impromptu* acquaintances—be ruled by my discretion and fear nothing.”

Thus saying, without the least hesitation and in spite of his friend’s remonstrances, he knocked loudly at the door.

A moment of deep silence ensued; the revellers no doubt imagined from the knock that it was the *ronda*; whispers followed, and then a gruff voice inquired, “Who’s there?”

“*Gente de paz!*” answered Verdeflor readily. “Open the door, camaradas, and fear nothing.”

“Fear! what mean you by fear?” cried a gaunt swarthy figure, opening wide the door, and acquiring a degree of courage from the certainty that it was not the *ronda*. “Fear! By Santiago, such a commodity is not to be had here, *Senorito*. But what, in the name of Satan, do you mean by making this clatter at the mansion of honourable men?”

“I beg your pardon, *caballero*,” returned Verdeflor, in a polite and submissive tone. “It was not my intention to offend. But passing by chance through the street and hearing your agreeable music, I was anxious to shew my friend here, who is a stranger at Madrid, the agreeable modes of life and hospitality of the *manolos*, by becoming partakers in your festivities—that is to say, if you had no objection, and you allowed us to contribute our *quota* towards the expenses.”

This last sentence carried by far more weight with it than all the fine phrases by which Verdeflor had prefaced it. The *manola* looked for a moment very grave, then he relapsed and with a bow—

“Come in, *caballeros*,” he said, “for I know you to be such.”

Verdeflor and Cortante now entered and found themselves in a narrow and filthy passage, in absolute darkness; they groped their way to a flight of tottering wooden steps, at the summit of which a low, crazy door was opened, and the strangers went in. The scene which now offered itself to the view was singularly curious and striking. The apartment was very low, and impregnated with the fumes of cigars, so that the walls, which had once been white, had turned to a dark dingy colour; the furniture and ornaments of the place were in strict keeping with the appearance of the walls; there was a low bench and three chairs of very fanciful variety—one was made of wood, the other of horse-hair, and the third had been of rush; there was also an arm-chair, lame of one arm, and a deal table lame of a part of a leg; this deficiency, however, was supplied by a brickbat, which acted very appropriately in the capacity of a foot. On one of the walls was seen an uncouth piece of glass, which was called a mirror; and besides this curious article there was a wood-cut of the Holy Family going to Nazareth, daubed over with *anil azafraan*, and other random colours that have not as yet been admitted into a painting-box. It was a curious specimen of the graphic art, and afforded some luminous ideas concerning the invention of fire-arms. St. Joseph was very gal-



lantly accoutred with a musket and a *sombrero chambergo*; he looked amazingly like a smuggler; there was a score of prints of all sizes, most of them torn from old books, and painted over in the same style, probably by the same amateur. On one side hung a chintz curtain, now curtailed of half of its dimensions, by which means the visitors might enjoy a tolerable view of a wretched alcove, whence peeped a miserable bed and a chaos of ragged wearing apparel, old shoes, dirty petticoats, an old hat, &c. &c. The apartment was illumed by the light of two smoky oil-stinking *candiles*, which, together with the fumes of the cigars, created a very foggy, and no ways refreshing atmosphere. On the lame table cited above, there was an apology for conviviality, in the display of a large tureen of *bunuelos*, a jug, without a handle, of sour wine.

The description of the company is not easily to be accomplished. Such a set of uncouth, ruffian-looking, strange animals is seldom to be seen. There might be about twenty individuals of both sexes—some standing, others squatted on the floor, upon their folded *capas*. Two of the three chairs were monopolized by the musicians—a blind fiddling beggar, and a shrivelled diminution of a man with a preposterous protuberance, who strummed a tuneless *vihuela*, with uncommon assiduity; the other chair was occupied by the patriarch of the place, an old, hoary, villanous-looking rake, at whose having attained such a protracted age, without being hanged or shot, one might well wonder. On the lame arm-chair sat with great stateliness the *sultana* of that empire, a diminutive *manola*, with large dark eyes, a grin in lieu of a smile, and a fierce expression of countenance—her hair was parted Madona-like, and was conspicuous for its jet blackness, and the gloss imparted by the *mantequilla*, with which it was profusely covered. She displayed great finery in her dress of *maja*, and was distinguished by the bulk of her *mono* and the ribands which composed it. But the principal point of attraction lay in the lower extremities—I mean, her foot and ankle; these were perfectly beautiful, and she took especial care not to defraud the spectators of the sight of such beauty. Accordingly not only was her dress calculated to shew off her feet and ankles, but even more than a reasonable share of her leg. The features of the *manola* were not displeasing, and she might altogether have been accounted pretty, but for her being pitted with the small pox, and the forbidding expression of her piercing looks. The arrival of the strangers had suspended the dance of the revellers, and at their entrance they found all eyes fixed-upon them with an expression of suspicious alarm.

“Who bring you there, Pizpierno?” inquired in a gruff tone, the Methuselah of the *manolos*.

“Peace, *tio Machuca*,” replied Pizpierno, “these are true *caballeros*, and I answer for their honour and generosity.”

This last word was accompanied by a very significant leer, which efficaciously removed the moroseness of the *tio Machuca*.

“*Caballeros*,” said the old man, now addressing the strangers; “you are very welcome to this *bayle*, but you must not be surprised at our precaution.”

“No apology, *camarada*,” readily answered Verdeflor. “We know that a great enmity has subsisted time immemorial between the rascally

*alguaciles* and the honourable gentlemen assembled here. But we are not *alguaciles*, that you can tell by our looks—besides, I'll give a more convincing proof."

"Saying this he threw a couple of dollars on the table, which proved exceedingly persuasive, and completely removed any remaining doubts. By this time a tall, terrible looking-figure issued from the alcove and took his post by the sultana. He was a determined villain as far as the laws of physiognomy may be credited. His hair was shaggy, curly, thick but short—a large scar disfigured his narrow forehead, and black bushy whiskers almost covered his face, so that his two little shining eyes seemed buried in hair; his mouth was large, crooked, and ornamented with many small teeth of dazzling whiteness. His appearance somewhat startled Cortante, for he recognized in him the nocturnal rambler, who had so unwillingly bestowed a salutation at the *Plaza de Priente*. He dissembled however his surprise, and affected not to remember his person. El Zurdo now bestowed a hearty curse on *alguaciles*, and every member of the law who would interfere with their festivity. In which sincere form of prayer he was fervently joined by the whole community.

"You must know, *Senor*," cried *tio Machuca*, "that our comrade El Zurdo is now under the necessity of declining the visits of *alguaciles*, for he prefers remaining incognito; his arrival has not been yet circulated at Madrid."

"*Siga el Bayle*," said El Zurdo, very magisterially, at the same time giving his hand to Curra, the fair one of the frown.

"Tio Mogotes, keep your fiddle in time, and you, *Seor Raton*, endeavour to extract other sounds from that cursed *vihuela* than those of an old cracked *sarten*!"

"*Sarten*! Heaven defend us!" cried the offended *Raton*. "Do you know the price I gave for this *vihuela*?"

"No, I don't," replied El Zurdo; "but I can swear it is not worth a *maravedi*. I wonder you dare come before honourable caballeros with so detestable an instrument."

"Well, well," returned *Raton*, with a contented smile; "this *vihuela* belonged to *Juanito*, the barber of Ronda, and sure enough he knew what a *vihuela* was."

"The music now struck up a very lively *zapateado*, a sort of dance very much in favour amongst this kind of people—the blind beggar fiddled away desperately, making frightful grimaces, and *Raton* kept up with him very assiduously with his criticized *vihuela*—the noise was further augmented by one of the *manolas* present, who rattled her castanets with peculiar ease and effect, accompanying now and then her task with sundry gross allusions and jocose sayings, highly relished by the company, though we feel some scruples about transferring them to these pages. The dance was very well performed, as far as many preposterous contortions, and some no very decent attitudes and gestures went. Indeed the performers danced away with unusual alacrity, greatly animated by the music, the jests of the spectators, and the noise which some of them made as they kept up the time, beating the ground with their feet, and striking one hand on the palm of the other."—vol. ii. pp. 45—60.

In much the same style we have a view of a *Figon*, a low eating



house in Madrid, whither Enriquez went to find Zurdo, when he was resolved on sending back the Count to that grave from which he had so unexpectedly and so inconveniently risen. The whole of this scene, the anxiety of the low-born paramour, the coolness and calculating spirit of the assassin in making his bargain, are powerfully delineated. By way, however, of a contrast to the graver matter which we have already given, we shall pass with the author to Aranjuez, and make acquaintance with the "School for Scandal" of that charming place.

' The *beatas* of Aranjuez, despite of the numerous perfections and virtues which distinguished their persons, were yet wanting, as it has already been repeated, in the attractions bestowed by youth and beauty. This was certainly no fault of theirs: the first imperfections arose from a miscalculation in nature, in having made them two or three score years too soon; and with regard to the second, it is almost certain, that had they been consulted at all concerning the form in which they chose to appear in the world, they would certainly have hinted at the desirableness of being endowed with as many charms as fell to the share of Venus, or Helen, or any other celebrated beauty; though, by the by, I am here perhaps committing a gross mistake, for the good *beatas*, being orthodox Christians, would never have had any such profane thoughts and desires. However, I think I have ably enough advocated the cause of the *beatas* of Aranjuez, and I sincerely trust that no man or woman either, with a moderate share of sense, and two grains of generosity, will be tempted to mock and ridicule the very ugly grimaces now in the process of exhibiting by the devout dames.

' The congregation had assembled sooner than usual; the chocolate-sipping hour had not yet chimed, nor indeed had the good Donna Tecla issued out any particular invitation for the pious coterie to assemble. From this circumstance the shrewd reader may easily suspect that some very momentous affair had occurred to call for this solicitude. Indeed the town of Aranjuez was by no means destitute in events to awaken the excitement of busy people, and without going further for causes to produce such effects, the beatitudinal circle itself was sufficient to bring forth matter for speculation and alarm. Donna Petrona, Donna Feliciano, and the rest of the dames, being kindly exempt in right of their character, from applying themselves to any business of their own, were most conveniently at leisure to attend to the affairs of every body else. They had certainly to count their beads, and mumble sundry orisons to those particular saints whom they patronized; but even allowing for the time spent in those pious exercises, and taking also into consideration that allowed to masses, confession, *novenas*, and religious gossip with reverend friars, they had still sufficient of the day upon their hands, to watch and regulate the business of their neighbours.

' To this task, indeed, they applied themselves with wondrous alacrity and exemplary self-devotedness. It is really a matter of astonishment, how some good folks, especially of the female gender, will feel solicitous for the welfare of their fellow creatures. They evince perhaps more interest in the concerns of their acquaintance than in their own—and this highly commendable feeling cannot certainly be too much extolled. The

*beatas* of Aranjuez would in this respect vie with any other sister of their calling throughout Spain, and when we venture so rash a statement, we are aware of the enormous responsibility which is attached to it. The Spanish soil is indeed peculiarly favourable to the growth of such valuable plants, and I am sensible of the proper indignation that will be felt by the *beatas* of various other cities, towns, and villages, when they come to know the preference awarded to the sisterhood of Aranjuez. But every man has his partialities, and I own, that mine are strongly interested for the pious dames of this place. No one perhaps ever exhibited more research and extensive knowledge in learning the whole particulars of a sinner's full and conversion, than Donna Petrona. No one was ever more ready to offer good counsel to parents, how to educate their children, than Donna Felicianna. These kind creatures, together with the rest of the set, went on daily prying into every secret, and putting their noses into every corner. No father could choose a trade for his son without the interposition of the devout counsellors, and there was no marriage celebrated in the place, in which they had not been excessively busy, either *pro* or *con*, though the latter was more often the case.

' Besides this, it was a duty which the dames had gratuitously imposed upon themselves, to watch the conduct of every unmarried woman, from the age of fourteen upwards, and the watch was doubly active, if she happened to be pretty. Then they kindly took upon themselves to sermonize, scold, and pull little children by the ears, besides teaching them prayers, and affording them very luminous ideas concerning the devil, and the terrible tricks the mischievous fiend was continually practising to entrap the unwary and carry them below. On the things passing in the Tartarian regions, they possessed most extensive, and no doubt correct information. They could tell, one by one, all the torments which were inflicted on the poor wretches who chanced to go there; and would have been able, if required, to make a just computation of the quantity of oil, pitch and brimstone daily consumed in the frying, roasting, and various other operations carried on in that great manufactory of torments. Their knowledge in the natural history of the place was also wonderful; they were perfectly acquainted with the innumerable classes of serpents, gorgons, and other monsters employed there, as well as the nature of their functions. They could describe most minutely their loathsome and frightful appearance, quite as correctly as if they had seen them.

' With such a stock of learning, it is not to be wondered at if the female sages now and then rather imperiously arrogated to themselves the right of dictating and threatening impenitent people in their own houses. For stubborn folks there existed, even at Aranjuez, who sometimes refuse to pay a just deference to the zeal and wisdom of the dames; and indeed their insolence was often carried so far, that they followed quite a different course from the one point out of the volunteer advisers. The *beatas* could not in conscience endure to see things going wrong. It was then their duty to interpose—they knew better than parents what was good for their children; they also knew what a patient should do in his illness, and to what saint he should address himself in such and such a disease—for the *beatas* were thoroughly acquainted with the particular holy medicines that presided over each variety of sickness. But the most usual source of con-



tention arose from the culpable negligence of farmers and other ignorant people, in their remittances towards defraying the expences of pious works.

‘Money affairs have been time out of date the cause of much mischief and misunderstanding in the world, and strange to say, even in the more pious portion of the community. Those worthy personages, whose thoughts are elevated from sublunary things to more unearthly speculations, have now and then felt the disagreeable debates arising therefrom. Donna Petrona would sometimes explain to a sensual man, upon a fortunate windfall, the propriety of putting aside part of this unexpected wealth for souls in purgatory—and if the sensual man happened not to be convinced by the strong arguments of the monitor, much scandal would of necessity follow; his barbarity towards the helpless being would be severely reprobated, and of course a great stir and clamour made against him.

‘Then Donna Feliciana was very assiduous in another branch of their vocation,—that of procuring new suits of clothes for their favourite saints upon their festivals, as well as wax candles to burn for their honour. Now and then sad altercation ensued between the pious agent and those who were rather backward in contributing to the toilet and illumination of the saint. Donna Nicolasa would feel sorely annoyed if such and such a sermon had not been committed to their favourite preacher, or if a luckless man chanced upon his death to leave more masses for the friars of some distant convent than to those of their own town; but it would be a tedious, indeed an interminable task, to describe the various pursuits of the *beatas*, and the different troubles and disappointments encountered in their fulfilment. Suffice it to say, that the avocations of a *beata* are of the most multitudinous description, and only to be satisfactorily discharged by beings, who, as we have already stated, added to an uncommon zeal and assiduity, the quality of abstracting their thoughts from their own concerns to manage those of their neighbours.

‘In fact they had the *surveillance* of the place; they were the instructors, monitors, and spiritual sentinels of Aranjuez. They were, besides, the collectors of pious donations, whether in specie, wax, &c., *id est*, the minor tax-gatherers of convents, churches and chapels; they were, moreover, a sort of select police set to watch over the imperfections and sins of the frail sex, and the castigators of unruly and naughty children; they constituted too a select committee, who could most appropriately discuss things concerning their eternal welfare and the various merits of chocolate. Then they were the volunteer inspectors of their friends’ houses, and would gratuitously bestow their notions on every thing contained therein, from the regulating of the inmates’ souls to that of their kitchen.—vol. iii. pp. 154—163.

The merits of the ‘Incognito’ are thus, it may be perceived, not confined to one uniform style. They are various and striking,—comedy relieves tragedy, and the narrative is pleasantly interrupted, at due intervals, by conversational and descriptive matter. Notwithstanding the imperfections which we have pointed out, and some few apochryphal idioms, which in a foreigner, may well be excused, we have not, during the present season at least, met with a more engaging novel than that which we have just introduced to the reader.

ART. XI.—*Time's Telescope for 1831: or, a Complete Guide to the Almanack, &c. &c.* London: Sherwood and Co. 1831.

THIS old and valuable periodical comes forth this year with entirely new pretensions. In every department, mental and mechanical, there is a decided improvement.

'As the Parent of the Annuals,' observes the Editor, 'it has been thought advisable to assume a somewhat gayer appearance than heretofore, in accordance with the prevailing *modes* of the younger branches of the family; and though certainly far from rivalling in splendour the Messrs. Keepsake, Souvenir, Forget-me-not, and Co., yet, like many other elderly persons, adhering sufficiently to the fashion of the day to render ourselves agreeable: and whatever we may be deficient in the splendour of art, we hope will be found fully compensated in utility and amusement.'

After a careful perusal of the work we are inclined to give our opinion in favour of the Editor's hopes, and to say that, if not quite so remarkable as the Annuals for its shining qualifications, this work exceeds many of them in the substantial merits that wear well. Those, therefore, who are accustomed to select their yearly book as the Vicar of Wakefield chose his wife, will have no hesitation in giving the preference to the more durable charms of *Time's Telescope*.

The work, besides a very improved register of Astronomical Occurrences, contains a new—at least as new as it is possible under the circumstances to contrive—description of each remarkable day in the year, with the various phenomena of the seasons. Some of the most agreeable of our younger poets have adorned the pages of this work with their contributions. One poem in particular has struck us as evincing the most undoubted characteristics of the true Promethean spark. We do not think that any thing so beautiful has appeared in the best even of our Annuals. It seems to be the production of a gentleman whose name, as far as we can ascertain, comes before the world for the first time.

‘THE VIRGIN MARY’S BANK.’\*

BY JOSEPH C. CALLANAN.

‘The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,  
As to the lone and solemn beach the Virgin came to pray,  
And bill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight’s mellow fall,  
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was the brightest of them all.

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\* These very beautiful verses are founded on an existing popular tradition in the county of Cork. There is not a fisherman, we believe, who visits the bay of Cloghnakilty but can show the green hillock, known as *the Virgin Mary’s Bank*.

“In the bay of Cloghnakilty, which divides Ishawne from Barryroe, is the pleasant island of Inchydonny. The island, by an inquisition at Cork, Nov. 4th, 1584, was found to be escheated, for want of heirs, to



' Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,  
 And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd;  
 To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,  
 And her wings of snow, o'er the waves below, in pride and beauty shone.  
 ' The master saw ' our lady ' as he stood upon the prow,  
 And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the radiance of her brow;  
 Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,  
 And her eyes look'd up amongst the stars to HIM her soul lov'd best.  
 ' He show'd her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with a cheer,  
 And on the kneeling Virgin they gaz'd with laugh and jeer,  
 And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before,  
 And they curs'd the faint lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.  
 ' The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,  
 And up his wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen;  
 And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,  
 And the scoffing crew beheld no more the lady on the strand.  
 ' Out burst the growling thunder, and the lightning leap'd about,  
 And rushing with its watery war the tempest gave a shout,  
 And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring shock,  
 And her timbers flew, like scatter'd spray, on Inchidony's rock.  
 ' Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high,  
 But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd their gurgling cry;  
 And, with a hoarse exulting tone, the tempest passed away,  
 And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.  
 ' When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,  
 Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore;  
 And to this day the fisherman shows where these scoffers sank,  
 And still he calls that hillock green, the Virgin Mary's bank.'

The engravings are numerous, and some of them executed in a very admirable style. This annual, in short, displays all the results of minute care and costly preparation, and is highly deserving of general patronage.

ART. XII.—*The History of Modern Greece, from its Conquest by the Romans, B. C. 146, to the Present Time.* By James Emerson, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.

WHILST we happily possess the most abundant materials for illustrating the history and condition of ancient Greece, and whilst its modern state forms the subject of numerous and accumulating works, it is a singular fact that but little pains had been hitherto taken to trace the intermediate links of the chain by which these two brilliant but distant eras are connected together. And yet it was but natural to expect that the fortunes of a people once so

Queen Elizabeth, and the Bishop of Ross had but seven marks, half-faced money, out of the same." —*Smith's History of Cork*.

gloriously exalted in the scale of civilisation, should attract, in their various and lamentable vicissitudes, the interest of mankind.

But it would appear as if the annals of the Greek nation were deemed important by historians only in proportion as that people exercised an influence over the general state of society. When, therefore, under the emasculated rule of the Roman emperors, Greece sank to the most degraded state of moral and political imbecility, it is scarcely necessary to add that she became an object of universal neglect. From the period when Justinian, by a wise determination, abolished the remaining institutions of Paganism in Greece to make room for Christianity, down almost to the twelfth century, her history is a complete blank, no other mention being made of her except in a few passages of vague and insignificant allusion in the works of the Byzantine historians. The first well-defined view that we next gain of the Greek nation is in connection with the results of the crusades, since their territory was given up to the French barons, who took so distinguished a part in the Holy war, as their share of the spoils of conquest. It is just before this era that Mr. Emerson commences the more elaborate and prolonged details of the history of Greece. Out of the complicated and confused materials which are placed before him, the industrious author contrives to preserve a consistent and intelligible narrative, scarcely ever venturing to diverge from a plain and simple statement, lest he should involve himself in the dangerous intricacies that every where surround him. In a bold and rapid manner he carries us through the succession of miseries which Greece underwent, during a long and bloody competition, of which she was the object. It would seem, however, from the whole tenor of the history, that neither the French barons, who practised in Greece the feudal policy to which they were accustomed at home, nor yet the Ottoman conquerors, acted towards the inhabitants of the Morea in a manner more inconsistent with the true principles of freedom and humanity, than did the Venetians themselves, who boasted that they were in possession of all the privileges and all the virtues that the blessing of liberty is supposed to confer. The history of the struggle which Venice maintained for the sovereignty with Turkey, from the first war, which happened in 1463, to the peace of Passarowitz, in 1718, by which the former state was virtually deprived of all power in Greece, is full of stirring and interesting events, and is told by Mr. Emerson with an energy and an effect highly worthy of the animating theme. At this stage of his narrative our author pauses, for the purpose of casting a retrospective glance on the condition of Greece, as it was affected in its various relations by the dominion of the Ottomans and the Venetians. The picture of moral Greece, during the ascendancy of the latter power, is melancholy enough.

‘Continual oppression and acts of petty despotism in their rulers, operating on the mercurial and elastic spirits of the Greeks, naturally led to scenes of perpetual disunion and never ending litigation, and laid the found-



dation for that trait of disaffection and turbulence, which still marks the character of the islanders. Education was at a total stand, and a mistaken political theory induced the Venetians to prohibit the existence of any establishment for national instruction in her Septinsular possessions. It was, in consequence, to Venice or Padua alone, that the young Greeks were forced to resort for instruction. Even under these circumstances, the youth of the islands might have been enabled to return with stores of information, such as could not fail to exalt the character of their countrymen; but the same vigilant despotism which forbade a home education, enforced the exclusion of every national feeling from a foreign one. The result was, that the Greek, as he advanced to manhood, had by custom and necessity become a Venetian alike in feeling and in habits; his native language was carefully excluded not only from his studies, but from the national acts; and the force of example and the influence of slavery were such, that towards the close of the Venetian dynasty, Greek was spoken only by the peasantry, and by the higher classes was solely used to command their domestics, whilst the young patrician would have blushed to address his compeer in the language of his fathers. The immediate relations of society, too, suffered in the same proportion, and the advances of vice kept pace with the dominion of ignorance.\* Cunning and chicanery naturally sprang from the grindings of tyranny and the trickery of commerce, and murders and assassinations became in some of the islands matters of daily occurrence.—vol. i. pp. 254—257.

\* This state of society may naturally be looked upon as the result of that line of worse than Machiavelian policy recommended to the Senate by their *Consultor* Sarpi, better known by the title of Father Paolo. In his directions and maxims for the government of Venice and her dependencies, he uses the following terms in adverting to her insular colonies.

“For your Greek subjects of the island of Candia, and the other islands of the Levant, there is no doubt but there is some greater regard to be had of them, first, because that the Greek faith is never to be trusted; and, perhaps, they would not much stick at submitting to the Turk, having the example of all the rest of the nation before their eyes. These, therefore, must be watched with more attention, lest, *like wild beasts, as they are*, they should find an occasion to use their teeth and claws. The surest way is, to keep good garrisons to awe them, and not use them to arms or musters, in hopes of being assisted by them in an extremity; for they will always show ill inclinations proportionably to the strength they shall be masters of, they being of the nature of the galley slaves, who, if they were well used, would return the kindness by seizing the galley, and carry it and its commander to Algiers: wine and bastinadoes ought to be their share, and keep good-nature for a better occasion.

“As for the gentlemen of those colonies, you must be very watchful of them; for besides the natural ferocity of the climate, they have the character of noblemen, which raises their spirits, as the frequent rebellions of Candia do sufficiently evidence. If the gentlemen of these colonies do tyrannize over the villages of their dominion, the best way is *not to seem to see it*, that there may be no kindness between them and their subjects; but if they offend in any thing else, ’twill be well to chastise them severely, that they may not brag of any privileges more than others. It will not be amiss, likewise, to dispute all their pretensions to any particular jurisdic-

One can scarcely avoid the suspicion that the conduct of Venice towards its serfs in Greece furnished the precedent for the policy of England towards Ireland, during a considerable period of the connection of those two kingdoms. In the short-sighted attempt to withhold from her subjects the means of education at home, England was only more active and determined than Venice, but in both instances alike the unhallowed project produced the very contrary of its intended effect. A corresponding result to that which was produced in Greece, took place in Ireland; and the youth of the latter kingdom, obliged to obtain that cultivation abroad of which they were deprived in their own country, brought back from the places of their sojourn a feeling of resentment and alienation to the institutions of their native land, which the government, in its more prudent mood, afterwards thought it convenient not to perpetuate. Happily, however, these errors are now as much mere matters of history in the case of this country as in that of Venice. We therefore allude to them only for the purpose of showing the curious identity of means which the spirit of tyranny suggests to men who are willing to be guided by it, no matter in what clime those means are to be employed. Without meaning to press this point farther, we may be allowed just to observe, that the "maxims" of Fra Paolo for the government of Greece may be met with over and over, nearly in the same language, in the history of Ireland.

Let us, however, do justice even to those who were unwilling to render it themselves. If our recollection of Venetian history be correct, the republic took pains to encourage the judicious practice of agriculture in Greece. It introduced, if we mistake not, the cultivation of olives, which once formed a source of active employment and profitable commerce to the inhabitants of the Morea, though now the palpable evidences of the existence of olives is confined to the stray and neglected root of that species of tree which may be met with in the wild woods of Greece. The Venetians, at all events, derived a considerable revenue from the Morea, and that, it must fairly be admitted, is an advantage utterly irreconcilable with an uniform and consistent course of oppression.

The sway of the Ottomans over Greece was an undisguised system of tyranny. The Divan acted on a policy the most severe and uncompromising, and it employed agents in the execution of its fiscal measures, who improved so far upon the spirit of their masters, as that when they were empowered to raise one million of taxes for the Porte, they took care, on the same occasion, to

tion; and if at any time their nobility or title be disputed, it will do well to sell them the confirmation of it at as dear a rate as possible; and, in a word, remember that all the good that can come from them, is already obtained, which was to fix the Venetian dominion; and for the future, here is nothing but mischief to be expected from them."



levy another million for themselves. Of these taxes our author says that,

‘ The most annoying was the *karatch*, or capitation-tax, levied on all males above a certain age: which varied in particular provinces in the mode of its imposition, and, as to its amount, professed to be regulated by the wealth of the subject. In some it was collected from all above the age of five years, and in others from those of eight, twelve, and even fifteen; whilst thirteen piastres were demanded in some cases, and in others merely four. On the whole, the sum extorted was by no means so great a source of discontent as the mode in which it was levied: two pounds sterling were usually sufficient to defray the demands for an entire family, but each individual of the *rayahs*, or those subject to the impost, were liable to frequent and insolent examination in the streets; and on failing to produce his legal receipt, was forced to pay the stipulated tax to the nearest official authority. Should any dispute arise as to the age of the sufferer, his head was measured with a cord, by which the valuers pretended to calculate with the nicest precision; but as accuracy was only to be expected on one side, the Greek had generally the worst of the scrutiny. Besides, though liable to these variations, the same amount continued from year to year to be raised in the same province, as the levy was made according to an ancient census; and when the population decreased in number, the wealth of the residue was made answerable for the deficiency.

‘ Of the other branches of the revenue, the most important were the *miri*, or land-tax, amounting to one-twelfth, or, according to others, a tenth, or a seventh of the produce of the soil; the duties paid at the entrance of every town on consumable commodities, cattle, provision, wine, and fire-wood; and the taxes on merchandise and moveable property, which being arbitrarily assessed, consumed in many cases one-fourth of the gains of the *rayah*. Besides these, were the restrictive imposts upon commerce; the tributes demanded from the towns and villages of each Pachalic; *angaria*, or composition for exemption from forced labour at the public works; the purchase of dignified and official situations; and arbitrary requisition of horses, provender, and provisions for the service of the Sultan. Legal proceedings were burthened with a duty of one-tenth of the value in dispute; escheats, forfeitures, and confiscations were all a source of profit to the Grand Signor; and an indefinite but immense sum was raised by frequent *avarias*, or sums paid to prevent vexatious prosecutions, or demanded from the natives of those districts in which a murder or a misdemeanour had been committed, on the grounds that they might have prevented the enormity. The *istira* was a tax imposed on the agricultural and wealthy districts, such as Salonica, Volo, Varna, and others, to supply a proportion of wheat, amounting to about one-twelfth of the entire produce, to the Porte, at an arbitrary or rather nominal price; and this, when shipped to Constantinople, was either stored up as a resource against scarcity, or sold to the populace at an extravagant profit.

‘ These are, however, merely a few of the most prominent exactions of the Ottomans; but so undefined was the system of extortion, and so uncontrolled the power of those to whom its execution was entrusted, that the evil spread over the whole system of administration, and insinuated itself with a polypous fertility into every relation and ordinance of society,

ill there were few actions or occupations of the Greek that were not burthened with the scrutiny and interference of his masters, and none that did not suffer, in a greater or lesser degree, from their heartless rapine.'—*vol. i. pp. 291—297.*

Mr. Emerson continues his account of the intellectual and moral state of Greece for a considerable way in his second volume, tracing minutely the condition of its national church, of its language and literature, and of the various branches of the fine arts, from the earliest epochs to the commencement of the eighteenth century. At that period, which is signalized in the dark and melancholy history of modern Greece by some manifestations of a political revival of the people, our author resumes the thread of his historical narrative. These favourable symptoms are traced to the growing importance which the Russian monarchy had now acquired amongst the powers of the eastern world. The Greeks and the Russians, from being attached to a common religion, were led to sympathise in other respects, and accordingly we find that, as the power of Russia began to be respected, the Greeks became more confident and aspiring. The hopes of the Greek population that Russia would prove an efficient protector to them, were strengthened by a popular prophecy, which assured them that their liberty would be sooner or later won by a fair-haired nation of the north.

This was one of those prophecies which are always so well calculated to realize themselves. An excellent account follows of the wars between the Russians and the Porte; and though the former appear to have occasionally remitted their exertions in favour of Greece, still it must be allowed that they always manifested a sincere and zealous sympathy for their protégés. The political history of the country is continued down to 1819; after which our author takes a view of the progress of education, commerce, and other of those moral causes which ultimately led to the Greek revolution. The detail which Mr. Emerson so copiously furnishes on this branch of his subject, is intentionally pointed to the illustration of an opinion which the author was induced on ample grounds to adopt, namely, that the Greek revolution had its origin much less in the pressure of practical political abuses, than in that spirit of independence which always accompanies advancing knowledge. If ever, indeed, falsehood can by possibility be regarded as venial, it must surely be when exaggerating the crimes of oppression. That the description of the sufferings of the Greeks from their Turkish masters, even immediately before the revolution, was infinitely worse than the reality, Mr. Emerson, in our opinion, distinctly shows. At all events, it would appear that no permanent system of cruel persecution existed in the Morea, since it is but natural to believe, what indeed our author has shewn, that the resident Turks in the latter peninsula differed very little in character, manners, language, &c., from their Greek neighbours. Upon this subject we quote, from the Preface to this



work, a portion of a letter which was sent to the author by Mr. Green, his Majesty's late Consul at the Morea.

"It is a fact, which I can vouch for," says he, "that during the three years and a half of my official residence in the Morea, previously to the breaking out of the Greek revolution, only two executions took place within the pachalic, and these at the seat of government, being of Greeks convicted of robbery and various outrages.

"The power of life and death was vested exclusively in the Pacha of the province; but the Vaivodes of districts could punish minor offences by imprisonment, fine, or the bastinado. It is true that the administration of justice was so open to corruption, that in cases which merited capital punishment, the culprit, whether Turk or Greek, generally found means, by sacrificing part of his property, to persuade the Pacha, Cadi, or Vaivode, that he was innocent, or at most that his offence only called for a trifling punishment; but I can assert, that in cases where Turks had been found guilty of offences, no partiality or different mode of treatment was adopted from that generally in use.

"I had heard much of the overbearing arrogance and tyrannical conduct of the Turks towards the Greeks; in the Morea, most assuredly, this evil did not exist to any extent, and in cases where wanton insult had taken place, it generally proved to have been given by some Turk on his journey through the country. Indeed, the generality of Turks born and residing in the Morea, appeared to possess much more of the character of the Greek than that of their own nation, and in most instances could neither speak, read, nor write their own language, having adopted the modern Greek.

"Continental Greece was undoubtedly increasing rapidly in cultivation and wealth; the town of Patras, from its favourable position and being the residence of the foreign consuls, had become not only the chief trading port of the Peninsula, but also the entrepot of Greece. The principal part of the commerce with Europe was carried on by Greek merchants, many of whom had amassed great wealth; and two-thirds at least of the valuable currant and olive plantations, and other landed property, belonged to them.

"For several years preceding the revolution no military force had been quartered in the Morea, with the exception of the Pacha's body-guard at Tripolizza, a few Albanian mercenaries in some of the towns, who constituted the police, and those stationed to guard the defiles. The fortified towns possessed no other garrisons than what was afforded by their Turkish population. The fortresses were for the most part in a ruinous state, and apparently the most perfect security prevailed on the part of the Turks. Two years previously to the revolution, an order was issued from Constantinople for the general repair of all the fortresses in the Morea, and some inspecting officers were sent for that purpose, but, whether from want of funds or other causes, the order, with one or two exceptions, was never carried into effect.

"In respect to religious toleration I have no hesitation in asserting, that as far as my personal observation went, the Moreot Greeks uninter-

ruptedly enjoyed the exercise of their faith ; the only prohibition I am aware of was that of the use of church bells. At Patras and the other principal towns in the Morea, the number of Greek churches far exceeded that of Turkish mosques, in proportion to the resident professors of the two faiths, and in the villages the former only were to be found.

‘ “The most extraordinary accounts have been circulated, and, in many instances, believed, respecting the constant endeavours of the Turks to convert the Greeks or other Christians to their faith. On this subject, I consider it most important to state, that during the whole period of my residence in Greece I do not recollect having heard of a single attempt of the kind having been made ; and I was assured that in those very few instances where Greeks had apostatized, it had been entirely their own act. Indeed, it is a well known fact, and one which I perfectly remember, that where persons who had apostatized appeared in public, the finger of scorn was pointed at them, not only by Christians, but by Turks.” ’—Preface, viii—xii.

Prefixed to the first volume is a rapid summary of the events of the Greek Revolution, down to the latest period, which leaves nothing to be desired in this publication.

From the brief extracts which we have made from the work, the reader will perceive that the style in which it is executed is bold, vigorous, often eloquent, and always perspicuous. The warmth of imagination, however, which this character implies, does not in the least interfere with that sober and impartial discretion which it becomes an historian implicitly to observe. Along with being a learned inquirer, Mr. Emerson appears to be a diligent one. We think then that in these volumes the author has supplied a very desirable requisite to our historical literature ; and to him we are indebted for the first complete and consecutive account of a people, whose fortunes will for a long time to come continue to interest the feelings of mankind.



## NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*On Financial Reform.*  
By Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., M.P.  
Third Edition. London: Murray. 1831.

It gives us particular satisfaction to find our praises of this admirable work so far sanctioned by the public voice, as well by the unanimous opinion of the House of Commons, as that a third edition has been rendered necessary within an unusually short period. Inasmuch as we were the first to analyse and exhibit the merits of this production, and to predict the success with which it would be crowned, we may be excused for feeling a sort of parental pleasure in seeing our hopes so speedily and so amply realized. The volume has been lately quoted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the authority by which he was guided in proposing the reduction of the duties on Advertisements, Glass, Tallow, and other articles; and although the Noble Lord has not been able to carry into effect the whole of the suggestions which have been made by Sir Henry Parnell, we strongly entertain the hope that they will hereafter be acted upon as soon as the legitimate sources of taxation shall be rendered more productive. Among these we do not, and never will enumerate a duty upon the transfer of the public funds. For this proposition no justification will be found in Sir Henry Parnell's book. On the contrary, the Honourable Baronet insists, with Mr. Ricardo, upon the necessity of keeping inviolable faith with the public creditor, at the same time that he acknowledges the pressure upon the country of the weight of taxation which the interest of the debt im-

poses. In its present shape this "Manual of Finance," as we may now denominate it, resembles a volume of the "Family Library." It is beautifully printed; a new Index is added; and possessing, as it does, the advantage of having been thoroughly revised and in some essential respects extended, we have no doubt that it will find its way to every part of the empire.

Every body asks the question, and no body has yet given an answer to it, why the author of such a work as this, more competent as he must be than most men to a financial office, has not yet been seated upon the Treasury bench? It cannot be by accident that the name of Sir Henry Parnell was omitted in the formation of the new ministry, and they may be assured that it is one of their acts which have been noted down to their disadvantage.

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ART. XIV.—*American Stories for Little Boys and Girls: intended for Children under Ten Years of age.* In three volumes. 16mo. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. London: Whittaker and Co. 1831.

We much wish that instead of editing the productions of transatlantic writers, Miss Mitford had composed tales of her own, for the amusement and instruction of her juvenile friends. There are many things in these volumes which we think extremely unfit to be read by children under the age she has specified. We would refer particularly to the vulgar dialect in which some of the characters introduced are made to speak, and the coarse sentiments

re made to utter, of which  
 a specimen taken at ran-

the Jack,' said the same voice  
 'if you *wont* go and get one  
 carriages just round the corner  
 say *it's because you're a brute—*  
 as the man is dying—come, get  
*sture a hack, that's a man'*—but  
 he believe it, sir, the wretch did  
 hand *nor* foot, till at last he  
 go off, as all the rest did, for  
 them said 'the man was drunk,'  
 he said 'he's *only* fell down and  
 his head, so he's made his nose  
 he'll get up by and by, and go  
 is business!' But I did not think  
 of that, sir, so I stuck fast to  
 ce where I was, sir, as if I'd  
 tone, and at last, the man who  
 calling so hard for help, said—  
 'any body'd offer the *stingy fool*  
 or so, he'd offer us his coach in  
 e;'—and while he was speaking,  
 tied his pockets inside out—but  
 ot find any thing ;—(Query have  
 ericans the privilege of adding  
 ills to their other accomplish-  
 )—and I felt so *pitiful like*, that  
 ster the coachman, cross as he  
 d I said, 'Do, friend, give the  
 an a lift; he shall go to my  
 —I *wont* blood my coach over  
 hing,' said the cross old crea-  
 I've got jobs *that'll* give me two  
 if they will a cent, I dare say,  
 I may get up the *drunken wretch*  
 an.'—'Well, sir,' says I, 'though  
 poor widow I'll do what I can ;—  
 t but three half-crowns in the  
 world, so I can't give it all ; but  
 ill you take to give the poor man  
 'If you'll give me *um* all three,  
 him up'grumbled the old wretch,  
 I, 'No, sir,' for I could not give  
 to any body, sir, and was going  
 ith a heavy heart, but the man  
 id spoken before, sighed and  
 so *pitifully*, when he found that  
 would help him, that I *hadn't*  
 ert to hold out *no longer*, sir,'  
 ol i. pp. 139, 140.

r with great deference to Miss  
 d, we do say that this is a  
 f conversation which, whether  
 sider it in a moral or grammat-  
 oint of view, we should ex-  
 . 111.

ceedingly regret to hear from the  
 lips of English children. She well  
 knows how *imitative* all children  
 are, and she ought to have avoided  
 placing before them such models of  
 language as these, of which her  
 volumes contain by far too great  
 a number.

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ART. XV.—*The Sunday Library ;*  
*or, The Protestant's Manual for*  
*the Sabbath-day, &c.* By the  
 Rev. T. F. Dibdin, D.D. Vol. I.  
 12mo. pp. 369. London: Long-  
 man and Co. 1831.

WITHOUT affecting more than a  
 very ordinary share of religious  
 feeling, we cannot but unite our  
 voice with those truly pious men,  
 of whatever persuasion they may  
 be, who are exerting themselves for  
 the purpose of inculcating the pec-  
 uliar sacredness of the Sunday—a  
 day which ought to be devoted to  
 heaven alone, but which, we regret  
 to observe, is too often, and in these  
 times perhaps more than ever, spent  
 in mere idleness and sensuality.  
 The Sunday Newspapers engross  
 the sabbath mornings of most per-  
 sons in the trading classes of life,  
 and the business of eating and  
 drinking, fills up the remainder of  
 the day. Nor are the higher classes  
 exempt from censure upon this  
 point. By no means; their bad  
 example has produced, and tends  
 strongly to encourage, much of the  
 evil which we lament. As to the  
 lower classes, they, in general, sleep  
 through the Sunday, or desecrate it  
 by riot, drunkenness and debauch-  
 ery. This is a shocking picture,  
 but, we believe, not at all exagger-  
 ated. It will be readily understood,  
 therefore, that we hail with lively  
 pleasure the commencement of the  
 Library, of which Mr. Dibdin has  
 here given the first volume. It con-



tains a collection of the best sermons on those subjects, that must be of the greatest possible interest to every rightly tempered and reflecting mind. They are selected from the works of eminent Divines of the Church of England, a limitation, however, which we should like to see removed from the succeeding volumes, as there are discourses in existence, delivered by divines of other churches, which cannot be surpassed by the greatest men of whom any age or nation can boast. Why should Mr. Dibdin shut himself out from the stores of Massillon, Fenelon, Bossuet, Archer, Peach, Alison, Chalmers and others, whose names cannot be unknown to him? We trust that it is not his object to introduce into his collection, sermons on controverted points of doctrine. The leading features of Christianity are common to millions in this empire, for whose spiritual welfare Mr. Dibdin ought to be solicitous; if he confine himself to the tenets of a particular church, he will materially and most injudiciously circumscribe the sphere of his usefulness. The present volume, as far as we have informed ourselves, is unobjectionable in this respect. It sets out with the two celebrated Lectures on Christ's Sermon on the Mount by Porteus, and besides these, contains sixteen other discourses by Blomfield, Paley, Webb Le Bas, Horne, Horsley, and other well known divines. Occasionally, introductory biographical memoirs and explanatory notes are added, and the work is in every respect got up in a manner equally creditable to the editor and the publishers.

ART. XVI.—*Beauties of the Mind; a Poetical Sketch; with Lays historical and romantic*. By Charles Swain. 12mo. pp. 197. London: Simpkin and Co. 1831.

A VERY pretty volume of poetry, considering the quantity of trash that now profanes that sacred name in all classes of publications. Most of the pieces in this collection we agreeably recognize, having seen and already admired them in the Annuals and other periodicals. Mr. Swain writes with much feeling and a pure taste. His verses are well constructed, and the themes which he has generally chosen have the merit of not being common-place. The longest poem in the volume is that entitled 'The Beauties of the Mind,' which is in the Spenserian stanza, and contains many beautiful thoughts felicitously expressed. We are not sure that our readers have not elsewhere met with the following delightful effusion; if so, they will not, we think, be reluctant to renew their acquaintance with it.

## I.

'THERE'S beauty in the soft, warm,  
summer morn,  
When leaves are sparkling with  
the early dew;  
When birds awake, and buds and  
flowers are born,  
And the rich sun appears, half  
trembling, through  
The crimson haze, and dim luxurious  
blue  
Of the far eastern heav'ns:—there's  
beauty deep  
From mountain-tops to catch the  
distant view  
Of quiet glen-wood, path-wild  
craggy steep—  
Or cool sequester'd coast where lonely  
waters sleep.

## II.

'There's beauty in the noontide at-  
mosphere;  
When willows bend their graceful  
boughs to meet

The fountain waters—delicately clear;  
When mid-day heaven the wild  
lark carols sweet:

There's beauty in the tender traits  
which fleet  
Along the *skiey* shores and isles of  
gold,—

That seem just formed for holy an-  
gels' feet,—

Gleaming with gifts of an immor-  
tal mould!

God!—*could* thy name be lost, while  
men such scenes behold!

III.

'There's beauty in the still, blue hour  
of night,

When streams sing softly through  
the moonlight vale;

When, one by one, shoot forth the  
stars to light,

Dreamy and cold, and spiritually  
pale:

There's beauty on the ocean when  
the gale

Dashes the merry billows to the  
strand,

When like a phantom flits some  
wand'ring sail,

White as the moonbeam on the  
glitt'ring sand.

And distant flute-notes rise, touched by  
some skilful hand.

IV.

'There's beauty in the *dreams* of early  
life—

Beauty and splendour, and roman-  
tic light—

When golden sleep with fairy gifts is  
rife,

And angels visit us—exceeding  
bright!

When temples formed of the rich  
dews of night

Image a thousand rainbows!—and  
the trees—

With ivory boughs and blossoms sil-  
ver white—

Wake heavenly music to the sacred  
breeze!

And ships of amber float upon the dia-  
mond seas!

V.

'There's beauty on the quiet lake afar,  
When wild-birds sleep upon its

voiceless breast;—

The lonely mirror of a single star,  
Pale shining in the solitary west;

There's harmony and beauty in that  
rest—

So placid—stirless—lonely—and  
so deep—

We scarcely move, or dare to whis-  
per—lest

A word should break the magic of  
that sleep,

And start the spirit-nymphs who watch  
around it keep!

VI.

'There's beauty in the old monastic  
pile,

When purple twilight like a nun  
appears

Bending o'er ruined arch—and  
wasted aisle—

Majestic glories of departed years,  
Whilst dark above the victor-ivy rears

Its sacrilegious banner o'er the  
shrine,

Once holy with a dying martyr's  
tears;

Yet amidst dust—and darkness—  
and decline,

A beauty mantles still the edifice di-  
vine!

VII.

'There's beauty on the mountains—  
when the snow

Of thousand ages on their forehead  
lies;

Purple and glittering in the sunset  
glow,

The gala light of the Italian skies:  
When gorgeously the clear prismatic

dyes  
Illumine ice-built arches—crystal

walls  
That, like the Mirrors of the Spheres,

arise;  
Or proud magician's visionary halls,

Arrayed for merry masques—for pomps  
and carnivals.

VIII.

'There's beauty in the *storm*:—the  
far, deep roll

Of the majestic thunders—like the  
cheer

Of charging hosts—swells the dilating  
soul

With love—deep love—and reve-  
rential fear

For Him who curbs the whirlwind's  
red career—

And grasps the living lightning  
in his hand?—



For Him who of *all* beauty is the  
 sphere—  
 The centre of the glorious and the  
 grand—  
 The light of sun and star, of heaven,  
 and sea, and land !' pp. 34—38.

There are several other poems in the volume equal in merit to this fancy-touching composition. We recommend them to the attention of the reader ; they are all worthy of the author of the "Metrical Essays," which we are glad to find announced for a second edition.

ART. XVII.—*Narrative of the Peninsula War*. By Major Leith Hay, F.R.S.E. In two volumes. 12mo. Edinburgh: Lizars. London: Whittaker and Co. 1831.

THE only fault of Major Hay's narrative is that it has come out two or three years too late. We have had already so many histories and journals of the war in the Peninsula, that no one will expect to find novelty in any new book upon that worn-out subject. Had these volumes appeared before the "Subaltern," or soon after that celebrated production, we have no doubt that they would have attracted very general attention. They are written in a lively and agreeable manner, and full of personal anecdotes and adventures. They contain also many descriptions of local scenery, which are illustrated by engravings, not indeed of the most elaborate kind, but sufficiently well executed to convey a clear perception of the spots near or upon which most of Wellington's victories were achieved. As a gay and amusing companion to Napier, we cordially recommend Major Hay to the general as well as to the military reader. While the former will instruct him in the grand movements of the army in the field, the latter will give him the by-play of the battle, and the chit chat of the camp.

ART. XVIII.—*A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages, &c.* By John Britton, F.S.A., &c. 8vo. pp. 43. Longman and Co. 1830.

MR. BRITTON, whose indefatigable labours we have frequent occasion to notice with great satisfaction, has issued this little publication as a specimen of a Dictionary, which, we sincerely hope, he may be encouraged to complete. In what may be called the Architectural department of our literature, there is no work so much wanted as that which Mr. Britton here purposes to execute. His definitions of the different technical terms, used in the description of edifices, are all, apparently, taken from the best authorities ; they are moreover illustrated by plates, engraved in the best style of art, which, besides serving the purpose of fixing the definition clearly and correctly in the memory, exhibit of themselves a progressive history of the science from its earliest rudiments to its most civilized perfection. Should the meritorious authors succeed in obtaining adequate patronage for so important and useful a work, we have no doubt that it will be considered as one of the most valuable accessions which the interests of Architecture have acquired for a long period in this country.

ART. XIX.—*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*. Engraved by W. and E. Finden. London: Tilt. Parts IX. and X. 1831.

THIS beautiful work really seems to get better and better as it goes on. The two numbers now before us contain as many gems as prints. The view of the Tower in 1670, is perhaps the most picturesque re-

presentation of that ancient royal pile that has ever been produced within so small a compass. The different parts of the edifice are displayed with the greatest distinctness. The Traitor's Gate is as conspicuous as the towers of the principal square. The Palace of Linlithgow appears rather to be a drawing in Indian ink than an engraving from steel, so mellow is the effect of the castellated ruins towering in the sky, and of the sylvan and water scenery by which they are surrounded. The views of Loch Leven and of Inch-cailleach are equally well executed. Kenilworth Castle, Dunstafuage and Yorvaulse Abbey, are also in every respect worthy of the eminent artists whose talents are employed upon this collection,—a collection without which any edition of the Scottish Novels must want some of its most precious ornaments.

ART. XX.—*Pen Tamar; or the History of an Old Maid.* By the late Mrs. H. M. Bowdler. 8vo. pp. 244. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

THIS little story appears to have been written some years ago, although, for some unexplained reason, the publication of it was directed by the amiable authoress to be delayed until after her death. It was her object in writing it to counteract the principles inculcated by the German poets and novelists, and their imitators in this country, as well as the doctrines which were freely propagated in England and elsewhere, soon after the French revolution. For this purpose she has exposed her heroine to many vicissitudes, through all of which she struggles successfully, by means of a religious principle and a pure

and virtuous conscience. She has even represented her as triumphing over the loss of beauty by the assistance of a well-regulated and accomplished mind. At the same time that she has endeavoured to restore to old age that respect which the licentiousness and arrogance of those times would take away from it, she has shewn how persons, advanced in years, may secure for themselves, by their conduct, the general esteem of all around them. To a very large and increasing class of readers a tale, having these objects in view, will be peculiarly acceptable. It is written with great simplicity, and in the most engaging spirit of benevolence.

ART. XXI.—*A New System for learning and acquiring extraordinary facility on all Musical Instruments.* Folio. pp 26. London: Longman and Co.

THIS 'New System' is the production of Mr. Auguste Bertini, who seems to have been employed in teaching music in almost all the capitals of Europe. He declares that it is applicable to the Piano-forte, Harp, and Violin, to singing, and the fingering of all wind instruments, and that the tables by which his system is illustrated, will enable the pupil to make great progress, not only without a master, but even in the absence of an instrument! Now, Signor Bertini, thou mayest be a most excellent musician in thy way, but we suspect that John Bull is not quite so easily duped as to purchase thy six and twenty tables, in order to enable himself to play upon a flute, a harp, or a violin, without either thine own precious assistance, or without having even seen the instrument upon which he



is all at once to execute thy *kangaroo* compositions. Such is the epithet which he has himself given to them, although he complains of the *kangaroo* or jumping practice in the compositions of his contemporaries. We have never yet seen written instructions which enabled even the most ingenious persons to teach themselves to perform with any tolerable degree of success, upon the most common instruments, and we need but cite the very first paragraph,—in which M. Bertini, endeavours to explain his first table,—in order to shew that his 'New System' affords no exception to the general rule.

'Plate 1. 'says the Signor,' presents a table with all the different clefs, and the number of transpositions, above and below, which may be made on a piece of music. The ciphers represent half tones. That note which is placed in the middle of each stave, being precisely the same note on the instrument or voice, presents a specimen of the seven different characters in which it may be written, by having recourse to the seven different clefs.'

Place this passage, which is not the A. B. but the very A, the first letter in the alphabet of Bertini's 'New System,' before any person uninitiated in the elements of music, and see whether he, or she, can make any thing of it! We do not mean to deny that these tables may assist a pupil, who is under the care of a master, but to every other description of learner, they would be the means rather of puzzling his ignorance than of removing it.

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ART. XXII.—*The Annual Obituary*: 1831. Vol. XV. 8vo. pp. 508. London: Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH the present volume of the Obituary can boast of but a small portion of original matter,

yet it is one of the most valuable that has been published for some years. The abridged lives which it contains of his late Majesty, of Mr. Tierney, Lord Redesdale, Dr. Gooch, Sir. Thomas Lawrence Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Hazlitt, would alone be sufficient to entitle it to a place in every miscellaneous library. There are, besides these, interesting memoirs of Bishop James, Dr. Somerville, Admirals Penrose, Montague and Harvey, of Sir Charles Brisbane, Major Rennie, and Mr. Bulmer, the celebrated typographer. Indeed, since the former volume appeared, Death has swept away more than his usual annual proportion of distinguished characters. The records of their career which are collected in this volume, are generally marked by impartiality, and good sense. In no part of the work have we traced the slightest tendency to malignity on the one hand, or to adulation on the other.

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ART. XXIII.—*A Grammar of the German Language*. By C. F. Becker, M.D. 8vo. pp. 284. London: Murray. 1830.

DR. BECKER has already made himself well known in Germany, by several works connected with the formation of the language of that country, and with the philosophy of language in general. His Grammar published at Frankfort in 1829, has met with general approbation. It was originally destined for the use of Germans only, but the author, who, though residing at Offenbach on the Maine, is so well acquainted with our dialect as to be able to write it with remarkable correctness, conceived that the utility of that production might also be extended to England. Accordingly he has founded upon it the

work now before us, which we venture to predict will soon supersede many German Grammars that are now in use amongst us. It gets rid altogether of the antiquated Latin forms of instruction; it simplifies rules which have usually been laid down in an unnecessarily complicated form, and thereby materially facilitates to Englishmen the acquisition of a language, rich in original literature, and which has been hitherto surrounded with so many difficulties as to deter great numbers of persons from attempting to learn it.

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ART. XXIV.—*A Topographical Dictionary of London and its Environs, &c.* By James Elmes, M.R.I.A., Architect, Surveyor of the Port of London, &c. London: Whittaker and Co. 1831.

THE plan and execution of this work combine to render it, with reference to its size and its object, one of the best contributions to topographical literature with which we are acquainted. A very brief summary of its contents will enable the reader to appreciate a book which is really a curiosity, from the ingenious way in which useful matter is accumulated and digested in its pages. The work is arranged in the alphabetical form, and comprehends every particular of information which any person who ever turns his thoughts upon London, may have to enquire about. All the streets, squares, lanes and roads, are enumerated, with this remarkable addition, that the relative position of each to neighbouring streets is described; so that with this book to guide him, a stranger may venture into any labyrinth of alleys he pleases within the sound of Bow bells, with the most satisfactory certainty of

having a clue to get out of it. We have further, the boundaries, liberties and precincts, of the municipal divisions of the city, with an account of the extent and principal streets of each ward; the various public buildings where any body may have any possible business, or haply even only to gratify his curiosity; those belonging to private as well as public bodies; offices also, private and public; institutions, literary, religious, commercial and miscellaneous; churches, halls, &c.—the whole of these, without exception, find a place in this all-grasping repertory. Nor is the author contented with barely indicating a site, or a locality, or an edifice; on the contrary, he annexes a list of its principal officers; frequently he gives us antiquarian and useful particulars of its history. The account of the livings of London, their patrons, incumbents, &c., is very valuable. No public office, indeed no house of extensive business, should be without this guide for a single hour.

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ART. XXV.—*Historical Sketch of the Bank of England: with an Examination of the Question, as to the prolongation of the Exclusive Privileges of that Establishment.* 8vo. London: Longman, Rees, and Co. 1831.

THIS is evidently the production of one who is well acquainted with the subject of which he treats, and appears confident that the view which he takes of the affairs of the bank is such as fair discussion will show to be the true one. A full and lucid history is given of the public transactions of the Bank since its foundation in 1694—embracing many interesting particulars. After describing generally the manner in which these transactions were executed, the writer



proceeds to the question of the prolongation or renewal of the charter. This question, he says, resolves itself into two others—the one being “whether or not the privilege of issuing notes in London be confined to one body or given to many”—and the other, “supposing one body to be preferable, ought the Bank of England to be that body?” Our author answers both these queries in the affirmative, and we think supports his case with sound argument—but at all events with great temperance and ability. He contends that in sustaining the Bank and its privileges nothing is hazarded, whereas by altering the existing system, all guarantee for the public is lost, and a thousand practical difficulties arise.

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ART. XXVI.—*A Statement of the Consequences likely to ensue from our growing excess of Population if not remedied by Colonization.* By John Barton. A pamphlet. London: Harvey and Darton, 1830.

MR. BARTON, whose previous works prove that the momentous subject of his brief statement has been, for some time at least, a theme of deliberation with him, commences by arguing that we are arrived at a crisis when the increase of population has gained ground on the increase of food, and that if instant means be not adopted for equalizing the number of consumers and the amount of food to be accessible to them, consequences the most disastrous must ensue. Indeed, he says, that looking back to the days of Elizabeth, and observing that the same inordinate increase of population had then taken place, he does not hesitate to predict, that, if no remedy be applied, this increase will

only be got rid of in the same manner as before; and that the number of mankind will only be thinned at last by a terrible pestilence, such as visited us in the first half of the 17th century. Mr. Barton has no objection to such remedies as increased prudence in the formation of marriages—to the extension of cultivation by rendering waste lands serviceable, and to spade husbandry, the merits of which he successively examines. But the grand remedy, in his opinion, is colonization, the common objections to which he fairly and elaborately discusses.

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ART. XXVII.—*Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion, derived from the literal fulfilment of Prophecy, &c.* By the Rev. Alexander Keith, Minister of St. Cyrus, Kincardineshire. 12mo. pp. 432. London: Whitaker and Co.

A SIXTH edition, which Mr. Keith's book has now attained, sufficiently attests its popularity. We lament that he did not omit his observations in the text and the appendix, upon the “General Apostacy;” as, besides their falsehood in every particular, they will tend to keep his volume out of the hands of a very large class of readers, who might otherwise have perused it with feelings of unmingled satisfaction. The proofs which have been collected within the last twenty years, by various travellers, of the literal fulfilment in many parts of the east of several of the prophecies, are collected and arranged by Mr. Keith in a very creditable manner. He has inserted in this edition two very good plates, contributed by Sir Robert Ker Porter, of the site of the ruins of Ancient Babylon, and

of the remains of the temple of Belus. What interesting monuments are these for the contemplation of the Christian! One would think that the bare fact of their existence, and of their attestation to the truth of Scripture, ought to be sufficient to confound infidelity in every part of the world!

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ART. XXVIII.—*The History and Topography of the United States of North America, &c. &c.* Edited by J. H. Hinton. 4to. Parts VII., VIII., and IX. London: Simpkin, &c. 1831.

IN our last number we noticed the first six parts of this work. We have now before us the three subsequent numbers, containing besides the stipulated portion of letter-press, nine plates, excellently designed and engraved. The ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, New York; Lake George; and the view near Conway, Hampshire, would do credit to any publication. They are almost equal in execution, as well as in beauty of scenery, to the best of the Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. The view of Yale College and of the State House at New-haven, Connecticut, offends the eye by too great a number of level lines. The same observation applies to the view of Newport, Rhode Island. But these are trifling imperfections, which we notice only in order that they may be avoided in the remaining numbers. The work has in other respects our most unqualified approbation. We admire the

spirit of candour and amity in which it is written, and shall most probably take an opportunity, when the work shall have been completed, of reviewing it more at length.

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ART. XXIX.—*Observations on the History of the Preparation for the Gospel, and its early propagation; from the dedication of Solomon's Temple to the end of the first Christian Century.* By the Rev. J. Collinson, M.A., Rector of Gateshead, Durham. 8vo. pp. 448. London: C. J. G. and F. Rivington. 1830.

THIS is an extremely clear and well written summary of the leading events relating to the preparation which was made by Providence for the establishment of the New Law, and for its early propagation among the Gentiles. Prideaux, Fleury and Mosheim have related these events in great detail, but their works are voluminous and expensive, and are accessible only to a few compared with the number of those who are directly or indirectly interested in this important subject. The author has executed his task in a most able manner. His object is to assist those missionaries who are too often sent out from this country with but a very imperfect knowledge of the mode in which Christianity was propagated by the Apostles and their companions. We trust that it may have the effect of rendering the labours of those travellers more useful than they have hitherto been.



## MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

*Sounding Boards.*—One of these ingenious and useful inventions is about to be placed in St. Sepulchre's Church, in London. By means of this apparatus, the sound is very much increased, and thrown powerfully, as well as distinctly, to the most distant parts of the building; thus enabling a preacher of weak vocal powers to perform the duty of preaching in a large church, with ease to himself. These boards are used at Birmingham, at Plymouth and Guernsey, and in Professor Farish's Church, Cambridge, and some other places.

*Feathers.*—An accident which occurred to one of the wings of a bird, which was recently sent to the Royal Institution, proves that tossed or rumped feathers may acquire their natural form and beauty, by being placed for a short time in boiling water.

*Fire Engines.*—A very decided improvement has been introduced by Mr. Ruthven of Edinburgh, into the construction of these engines. The working of the handles which used to be vertical or up and down, is now horizontal—a change that gives great comparative advantage to the strength employed upon them. But the most useful part of the improvement is the extreme portability which the engine has assumed, under Mr. Ruthven's ingenuity and skill; a character which is obviously invaluable, considering the purposes of such a machine.

*Cotton Sails.*—The result of experiments made by some of the officers of the American Navy, as to the strength and durability of sails made from cotton, is decidedly in favour of using that fabric.

*Gasometer.*—At Dunfermline, a magazine has just been started under the extraordinary title of "The Gasometer."

*Isthmus of Suez.*—At one of the Northern Societies of Arts, a few weeks ago, a very interesting paper was read in which it was proposed, to connect the Mediterranean and Red Seas, by means of a Rail-road across the Isthmus of Suez. This way, it was intended, should be contrived for the conveyance of ships, which were to be propelled by locomotive engines.

*Malt Liquor Test.*—A chemical test by which the adulterations of malt liquors may be detected, has been discovered by some chemists who have been employed by the excise department for the purpose. The same gentlemen are engaged in ascertaining a similar test for spirits.

*March of Science.*—The two most remarkable presents which have been recently made to his Majesty, are a light Summer Waistcoat, made of *Cast-Iron*! and a New Testament, of which the letters are in gold, and are impressed on porcelain paper.

*Hearing.*—We have seen in the Journals an account of the discovery by a French Philosopher, of an instrument which so modifies sounds to the ear, as to increase or lessen them to almost any degree. The late Dr. Wollaston had a very extraordinary facility of producing one of these phenomena on his own organ of hearing; and could at any time shut out disagreeable noises, by the peculiar exertion of a pair of muscles connected with the tube of the ear.

***Ships' Bottoms.***—Two Schooners are now building, with the view of being employed in an experiment for ascertaining the merits of a new plan of protecting ships' bottoms. In one schooner, the fastenings of the materials are to consist of copper bolts, and the bottom is to be sheathed with thin iron plates, protected by bands of zinc. The fastenings of the second schooner are to be of iron only, protected in like manner by rings or pieces of zinc.

***Coal Mines.***—Mr. Buddle recently sent an account to the Newcastle Natural History Society, of a singular phenomenon occurring in the east drift of Jarrow colliery, where it was found, that as the workmen proceeded, powerful eruptions took place, when the coal was struck by the pick. These were as loud as the report of a musket, and by their force, large splinters of coal were thrown off, much to the alarm and annoyance of the workmen. Mr. B. suggested that the late accident might be attributed to an eruption of this nature, but of much greater magnitude.

***Blue Colour of the Skin.***—Dr. Paris is engaged in experiments to prove the efficacy of a remedy for removing that peculiarly blue colour of the skin which results from the internal use of Nitrate of Mercury. The remedy consists of a modified application to the skin of the voltaic battery, which has proved to have such wonderful efficacy in decomposing living animal matter.

***Fatal Effects of Steam.***—An American philosopher has calculated that up to a recent period, no fewer than 1500 lives have been lost in the United States, by explosions of Steam-boat Boilers.

***South Sea Expedition.***—The exploring expedition from the United States to the South Seas is a failure. The American papers state that the

crews had mutinied, and the expedition was at St. Mary's, a little south of Conception. All the scientific gentlemen had been landed on the coast of Peru.

***Vacuum Engine.***—A few weeks ago, an engine of a new construction was put into operation, for the purpose of draining Soham Meer, in the Fen district. The principle of the machine is the formation of a vacuum in a cylinder by the combustion of hydrogen gas, and forcing water into this vacuum by means of atmospheric pressure. It is said to be capable of being worked at two-thirds of the expence of a steam-engine.

***Coronation Robes.***—The Coronation Robe of his late Majesty was sold after his death, by auction, for a few pounds. It was a light tawdry piece of costume, and of little intrinsic value. The Coronation Robe of Napoleon was altogether a different matter—it weighed as much as *eighty* pounds; and was lined with the skins of no less than *six thousand* ermines. This brilliant garment was afterwards converted into vestments for the clergy of Notre Dame.

***Royal Society.***—This society was chartered expressly for the purpose of improving *Natural Science*, in the expectation of lessening the influence of *super-natural science*, which at the time when the society was founded, had become alarmingly extensive. As we are upon the subject of the Royal Society, we may mention that we some time ago inquired on behalf of a respectable correspondent, in what manner the late Earl of Bridgewater's legacy of 8000*l.* for two essays had been disposed of. We now learn that the affair has been snugly managed between Mr. Charles Bell, Dr. Roget, and Professor Buckland.



*Blind Traveller.*—It is almost incredible but still very true, that one of the most active and enterprising of modern travellers, is Mr. Holman, a *blind* gentleman. He lately visited the chief districts of Hindostan, and in August last left Calcutta for China. The idea of a *blind* man travelling, seems such a solecism, that we doubt not but that many persons doubt the truth of the above representation. Dr. Walsh, who met Mr. Holman in Brazil, and who was indebted to that gentleman for many useful directions for travelling into the interior of the Brazils, told us that Mr. Holman, to his knowledge, was entirely deprived of sight, and upon matters of this sort it would not be easy to puzzle the Doctor.

*March of Iron.*—There is now plying on the great canal between Tophil and Dundas, in Scotland, a boat composed of the best malleable *Iron*—she is 66 feet long, and 6 feet in breadth, and her whole weight is but  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons.

*Witchcraft.*—In the beginning of the last month, a Friendly Society at Bridgewater discovered that their box containing 54l. had been broken open, and the contents stolen. A proposition was made that recourse should be had to witchcraft, in order to find out the thief. The motion was carried amid acclamation and two deputies were actually sent from that place to Westleigh, in Devon, to consult a *man*, named Baker, a reputed white witch. We take the account of this astonishing symptom of ignorance from the Bath Journal, marvelling that persons who have the wit to form a Friendly Society, should have the folly to believe in witchcraft.

*Literature.*—It is boasted of as a circumstance honourable to British enterprize, that there are in Calcutta, in the English language, Annuals, Magazines and Newspa-

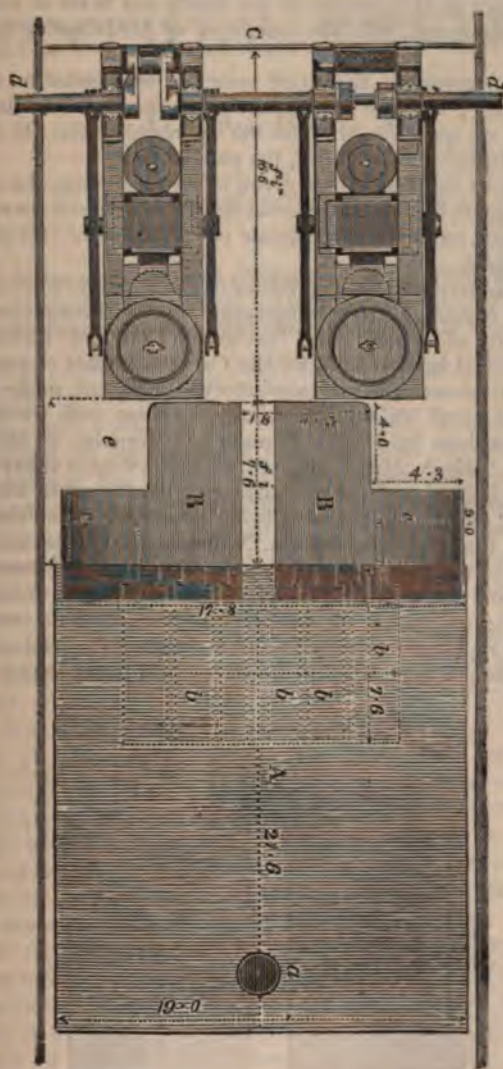
pers, amounting to 33 periodical publications. In the new state of Ohio alone, in America, there are no less than 101 Newspapers, besides 5 monthly Journals.

*Newspaper Stamps.*—The public ought to be careful in insisting on the reduction of the price of their Newspapers, to the full amount of the stamp tax taken off. The case of the Nautical Almanack is fully in our recollection. Government remitted the whole of the stamp duty (1s.3d.) on this publication, but those who have the management of it, made an abatement of the price to only the extent of one shilling.

*The New Beer Act.*—It appears, from Parliamentary Returns, that *five thousand three hundred and seventy-nine* beer-houses have been opened under the new Act, in England and Wales; while the number of public houses licensed is 45,624. The number of beer-houses opened in Wales is 1,773, nearly half the number opened in all England—the number for England is 3,606.

IN THE PRESS.—An Epitome of English Literature in monthly numbers, from the indefatigable Valpy press.—Lord Henley's Life of Lord Northington.—Speeches of Mr. Huskisson.—The Smuggler, by the O'Hara Family.—Jacob's Enquiry concerning the Precious Metals.—Collier's Annals of the Stage.—Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Life of Fuseli.—Dr. Johnson on effects of Change of Air.—The Lady's Medical Guide.—An Account of the Dynasty of the Khajars, translated from a manuscript, presented by his Majesty Feth Ally Shah, to Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart., in the year 1811, containing an account of the Family to that period.—Mr. Martin is engraving two prints, "Satan presiding at the Infernal Council," and "Pandemonium," on the same scale as the Belshazzar's Feast.

MARINE STEAM ENGINE, WITH MESSRS. BRAITHWAITE  
AND ERICSSON'S BOILER.





*Marine Steam Engine, with Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson's Boiler.*—We give, on the preceding page, a Plan for which we are indebted to the Editor of the *MECHANICS' MAGAZINE*, and which is intended to show the great saving of space effected by the application of Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson's boiler to marine engines. It has been constructed from working plans of both sorts of boilers by George Taylor, Esq., the agent at Manchester of the South and West of England Steam Navigation Company, with the assistance of Mr. Charles Todd, civil engineer.

Fig. 1., A, represents the space occupied by a boiler on the old plan; *a*, the chimney; *bbb*, the fire-grates. BB, the improved boiler; *cc*, the fire-grates; *ee*, space for firing for the improved boiler. C, double steam engine of 140-horse power; *dd*, the paddle-shaft.

According to the dimensions given in the engraving, the saving is 382 superficial square feet, or 20 feet in the length of the vessel—a space adequate to the stowage, on the most moderate computation, of 180 tons of admeasurement goods.

When at Liverpool, says the Editor of the *M.M.* we saw a boiler on this principle at Messrs. Laird's manufactory, for the *Hibernia* packet, belonging to the City of Dublin Steam Navigation Company, and were informed that another had been ordered for the *Corsair*, Belfast steamer. We also personally witnessed a most satisfactory experiment, made at the same place, with a small boiler of this kind; the same with which the experiments reported on by Messrs. Nimmo and Vignoles, in May, 1829, was made. See "*Mech. Mag.*" vol. xiii. p. 235. Within thirty minutes after the fire was lighted, and the exhausting apparatus set to work, the steam was blowing off at 4lbs. pressure, being exactly about half the time usually required for that purpose. Messrs. Nimmo and Vignoles mention in their report, that so much of the heat is absorbed in passing through the flues, "that the hand and arm may be placed with impunity down the tube (at its external termination), the temperature probably not exceeding 180° of Fah." We repeated this experiment, and found the heat even less than here supposed; a thermometer, which we held in our hand, reached only 112°.

Fig. 2.

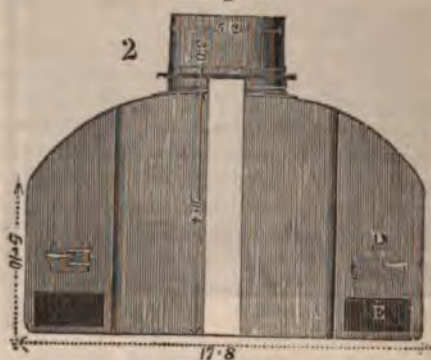


Fig. 2 is an elevation of the front of the improved boiler represented in fig. 1. D is the fire-door; E, the ash-pit.

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ART. I.—*A History of England from the First Invasion by the Romans.*  
By John Lingard, D.D. 8vo. Vols. XI., XII., XIII., and XIV.  
London: Baldwin and Co. 1829-30.

IN the quarto edition of this work, the title-page limits Dr. Lingard's labours to the period of "the revolution in 1688." The omission of these words in the octavo, which is also the second edition, induces us to entertain the hope that the author has resolved to continue his history to a later period. Though, from his sacred profession,—which presents to his mind much higher motives of action than any that mere ambition can suggest,—he may perhaps be uninfluenced by the success which his preceding volumes have obtained, it must, nevertheless, be satisfactory to his feelings to know that in the cause of truth and justice he has not toiled in vain. It must have repaid him for many of the fatiguing and cheerless hours with which the difficulty of research frequently clouded his path, to observe that, as he proceeded, his investigations have been appreciated by a discerning public, the prejudices against his clerical character have been dissipated by the force of his inflexible integrity, and the opposition of rival aspirants and of their partizan-critics has been baffled by his thorough knowledge of all the parts of his subject, by his sagacity in eliciting the right conclusions from confused and often-times contradictory evidence, and by his manly, yet temperate and authoritative firmness, in laying those conclusions before the world.

It would require much more time and space than a monthly journal can afford, to compare, reign by reign, Dr. Lingard's History of England with any other of the same nation now existing in our own or in any foreign language, in order to shew its superiority to all of them on every point that enters into the essence, and contributes to the charm of this department of composition. In simplicity, perspicuity, and agreeableness of style, it is unri-



valled. Though fluent, it is never redundant; though pointed, it is never epigrammatic. Effort is never visible. The most apposite words seem to flow from a perennial source, and to find their proper place by a natural and unpremeditated order. There is no elaboration of particular passages for effect, nor the slightest ambition of fine writing. Yet when the theme becomes more than ordinarily important, the style rises with it in energy, and fully responds to the interest which it is calculated to excite. Even small details, when they are indispensable to the explanation of more weighty topics, are made readable by Dr. Lingard. He never seeks to raise them beyond their due level; he hastens through them as quickly as he can without carelessness, or breaks them by the introduction of variety. Let us open any page in his fourteen volumes, and we shall find it impressed with all those characters of style which are of themselves sufficient to entitle a work to be ranked among the classic standards of our language.

Sir James Mackintosh, even if he had still before him thirty years of sound health and intellect, could never produce a History of England capable of rivalling that of Dr. Lingard. Sir James has too much of the sophist about him, and a great deal too much of the political debater, to be a good historical writer. He looks at events in masses, after the manner of Hume, and endeavours to reduce them within the compass of a system, in order that he may extract from them general philosophical conclusions. Dr. Lingard has no system to establish; he is very little of a philosopher, and nothing at all of a politician. He looks at events in the light in which they mostly occur, as accidents which take place without being the result of human design, (very often they are the reverse), which flow from no system, and lead to no philosophical or general conclusion, and he relates them as an annalist, and not as a commentator. In the specimen of a history with which Sir James Mackintosh has favoured the public, he has shown a most praiseworthy love of the constitution, and has written some fine declamatory passages upon it; but his narrative of the transactions which form the bulk of his volume, and constitute that portion of it with which posterity most wish to be correctly acquainted, is not only inelegant in style, but ungrammatical and often unintelligible. Hume has written like a politician and a philosopher upon the opposite side of the question; his narrative is indeed not liable to the imputation of inelegance. On the contrary, it sometimes happens that style is too evidently sought at the expence of accuracy of detail, and that in order to win the attention of the reader to the author's peculiar view of most of his subjects, many facts are slurred over, or altogether omitted, which are absolutely necessary to the truth and integrity of history.

✧ In this respect particularly, Dr. Lingard's work is most valuable, and, we may add, most original. He copies no compiler; he goes

through the whole of the archives of contemporary evidence which age after age has produced; he considers the character and motives of the witnesses, he weighs their testimony in the scales of impartial and severe criticism, and where the fact clearly appears, he produces it fearlessly to the light; where doubt still prevails, he states both sides of the question, and leaves the reader to form his own judgment. It is surprising to observe with how much industry the doctor sometimes pursues a scent of information over a series of footmarks that would have bewildered most others, and have compelled them to give up the chase. It is equally curious to watch the skill with which he disentangles a complicated mass of records, and brings together, as it were, from different regions, the scattered limbs, which, when arranged by his masterly hand, assume at once the natural symmetry, grace, and dignity of truth.

In no part of his labours have Dr. Lingard's qualifications as an historian been more conspicuous than in the four volumes now under our consideration. They begin with the abolition of the monarchy, and conclude with the abdication of James II. We need say nothing of the preceding volumes, as they have been sufficiently noticed from time to time in this journal. With respect to these now before us, we may in general remark that the author's industry, operating upon documents—some of which were known, others certainly unknown, to Hume,—has enabled him to present a much more natural and accurate picture of the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, the Restoration and the Revolution, than that prejudiced writer, or indeed than any writer, Godwin not excepted, who has treated of the whole or of a portion of those periods. From Cromwell and his associates, he takes off the political masque, which the fanaticism of the times enabled them to wear with so much effect, for the promotion of their individual purposes. Adopting the terms most in use amongst themselves, he mingles occasionally a vein of irony with his seriousness, which is highly amusing. He does not seek to render the members of this party or of that, or the followers of any sect, the objects of ridicule; this were to abandon the dignity of his office. He introduces them in their own proper persons, acting and speaking as they did in life; and if the effect of their habits and phraseology border occasionally on the ludicrous, it is to be attributed not so much to the historian, as to our removal from the times in which they appeared, and to the total alteration that has taken place in our manners. There is not a shade of exaggeration in the painting—nothing of Hogarth in this caricature, which is one of nature's own designing. If we laugh sometimes at the heroes of the Commonwealth or Protectorate, when exhibited in their real characters, the probability is that they would enjoy a similar delight, could they but see, with the associations of 1650, the men and things of 1830. By coming after them we have this advantage, that the laugh is all upon our side.



But however amusing this part of the picture may be, Dr. Lingard has not forgotten the many acts of injustice which were perpetrated during that period on one hand, or on the other the useful reforms which were proposed and introduced; and, above all, the station to which this country was raised in the eyes of foreign powers, by the vigorous counsels and arms of the republic. It is not a little remarkable that some of those improvements in the representation which are now about to be carried into effect in this country, were then for the first time suggested and partially acted upon. Then, as now, complaints were made, and remedies discussed, with respect to the Court of Chancery, and its dilatory and expensive proceedings; and although the evil was intended to be removed by the application of a very summary sort of cure,—rather indeed by amputation than medicaments,—nevertheless the attention which was paid to such subjects shewed a desire at least to ameliorate the condition of the people. The doctrine began to be propagated that the interest of the people was a matter not to be altogether overlooked, and even this step had its advantage. The seed was sown of which we are now perhaps, and never until now have been, about to reap the harvest.

The reformers of those days went even farther. They complained—as we to this hour have to complain with two hundred fold more cause—of a voluminous collection of statutes, many of them almost unknown, and many inapplicable to existing circumstances; of ‘reports of cases so contradictory, that they were regularly marshalled against each other.’

‘Englishmen,’ they truly said, ‘had a right to know the laws by which they were to be governed; it was easy to collect from the present system all that was really useful; to improve it by necessary additions; and to comprise the whole within the small compass of a pocket volume. With this view, it was resolved to compose a new body of law; the task was assigned to a committee; and a commencement was made by a revision of the statutes respecting treason and murder. But these votes and proceedings scattered alarm through the courts at Westminster, and hundreds of voices, and almost as many pens, were employed to protect from ruin the venerable fabric of English jurisprudence. They ridiculed the presumption of these ignorant and fanatical legislators, ascribed to them the design of substituting the law of Moses for the law of the land, and conjured the people to write in defence of their own “birthright and inheritance,” for the preservation of which so much blood had been shed.’—vol. xi. p. 193.

One would almost think that Dr. Lingard was here describing some of the measures of law reform lately proposed, and the hundred voices and pens by which they have been and continue to be resisted.

Among the many points of history upon which this author has shed the light of truth, there is none more striking than the supposed “massacre” of the Vaudois, concerning which so many false and ridiculous stories have been propagated, not long since, by grave

authorities in this country. Indeed gross and deliberate misrepresentation upon this subject was one of the many engines of which certain dignitaries availed themselves in their opposition to the catholic question. We shall give Dr. Lingard's view of the "massacre" of the Vaudois; it contains the whole affair within a very brief compass, and is founded upon incontrovertible authority.

\* About the middle of the thirteenth century the peculiar doctrines of the "poor men of Lyons" penetrated into the valleys of Piedmont, where they were cherished in obscurity till the time of the Reformation, and were then exchanged, in a great measure, for the creed publicly taught at Geneva. The Duke of Savoy, by successive grants, confirmed to the natives the free exercise of their religion, on condition that they should confine themselves within their ancient limits\*: but complaints were made that several among the men of Angrogna had abused their privileges to form settlements and establish their worship in the plains; and the Court of Turin, wearied with the conflicting statements of the opposite parties, referred the decision of the dispute to the civilian, Andrea Gastaldo. After a long and patient hearing, he pronounced a definitive judgment, that Lucerna, and some other places, lay without the original boundaries, and that the intruders should withdraw under the penalties of forfeiture and death. At the same time, however, permission was granted them to sell, for their own profit, the lands which they had planted, though by law these lands had become the property of the sovereign†.

† The Vaudois were a race of hardy, stubborn, half-civilized mountaineers, whose passions were readily kindled, and whose resolves were as violent as they were sudden. At first, they submitted sullenly to the judgment of Gastaldo, but sent deputies to Turin to remonstrate: in a few days a solemn fast was proclaimed; the ministers excommunicated every individual who should sell his lands in the disputed territory; the natives of the valleys under the dominion of the King of France met those of the valleys belonging to the Duke of Savoy; both bound themselves by oath to stand by each other in their common defence; and messengers were despatched to solicit aid and advice from the church of Geneva, and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. The intelligence alarmed the Marquess Pioneze, the chief minister of the Duke; who, to suppress the nascent confederacy, marched from Turin with an armed force, reduced La Torre, into which the insurgents had thrown a garrison of six hundred men, and, having made an offer of pardon to all who should submit, ordered his troops to fix their quarters in Bobbio, Villaro, and the lower part of Angrogna. It had previously been promised that they should be peaceably received; but the inhabitants had already retired to the mountains, with their cattle and provision; and the soldiers found no other accommodation

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\* \* These were the four districts of Angrogna, Villaro, Bobbio, and Rorata.—Siri, del Mercurio, overo Historia de' Correnti Tempi. Firenze, 1682, tom. xv. p. 827.

† † The decree of Gastaldo is in Morland's History of the Evangelical Churches in the valleys of Piedmont, p. 303. The grounds of that decree are at p. 408, the objections to it at p. 423. See also Siri, xv. 827, 830.



than the bare walls. Quarrels soon followed between the parties; one act of offence was retaliated with another: and the desire of vengeance provoked a war of extermination. But the military were in general successful; and the natives found themselves compelled to flee to the summits of the loftiest mountains, or to seek refuge in the valleys of Dauphiné, among a people of similar habits and religion \*.—vol. xi. pp. 261—263.

We need hardly observe that this is a very different account of the "massacre" of the Vaudois who sought the protection of Cromwell, from that which is generally received in this country. That however it is the true one, no person who examines the authorities will venture hereafter to deny.

Burton's Diary, which has only recently been published, has enabled Dr. Lingard to give a very full and interesting account of the parliamentary session of 1657, in which the well known proposition was made for elevating Cromwell to the throne, or, as it was then called, the kingship. The acquisition of this dignity was undoubtedly at that period the most cherished object of the Protector's policy, and 'the manner in which he laboured to gratify his ambition strikingly displays that deep dissimulation and habitual hypocrisy, which form the distinguishing traits of his character.' Of course it was first mentioned as the spontaneous suggestion and wish of others. Upon the discovery of one of the many plots which were formed, or said to have been formed, against Cromwell's life, Ashe, the member for Somersetshire, exclaimed, "I would add something more—that he would be pleased to take upon him the government according to the ancient constitution. That would put an end to these plots, and fix our liberties and his safety on an old and sure foundation." This hint having been thrown out as a feeler, and having been loudly applauded by some, while it was as strongly reprehended by others, the proposition was afterwards boldly brought forward by Alderman Pack, and adopted. It was however strenuously opposed by the officers of the army, then the great arbiters of the destiny of the nation. Cromwell, although the plan originated with himself, and was conducted by his own agents, affected the greatest indifference as to the result. In the presence of the officers he talked 'with contempt of the crown as a mere bauble, and of Pack and his supporters as children, whom it might be prudent to indulge with a "rattle."' When, however, cajoling in this strain could no longer deceive the officers, of whom one hundred waited upon him to acquaint him with their sentiments, he became a little more candid, and replied that

'There was a time when they felt no objection to the title of king; for the army had offered it to him with the original instrument of government. He had rejected it then, and had no greater love for it now. He had always been the "drudge" of the officers, had done the work which they

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\* \* Siri, xv. 827—833.

imposed on him, and had sacrificed his opinion to theirs. If the present parliament had been called, it was in opposition to his individual judgment; if the bill which proved so injurious to the major-generals had been brought into the house, it was contrary to his advice. But the officers had overrated their own strength: the country called for an end to all arbitrary proceedings; the punishment of Naylor proved the necessity of a check on the judicial proceedings of the parliament, and that check could only be procured by investing the Protector with additional authority.'—vol. xi. pp. 304, 5.

This extraordinary speech has been preserved in Burton's Diary. The major-generals had been officers of his own institution; but their authority, which was most arbitrarily exercised, had become unpopular; and upon a bill being brought in to sanction their proceedings, he abandoned them to their fate—his ambition then rendering it more convenient for him to stand well with the people—and after a debate of eleven days, the bill was thrown out. Naylor was a disciple of George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, and was condemned by the House to the pillory, and to be branded as a blasphemer. His punishment was also highly unpopular, and we have just seen the use which Cromwell meant to make of it. He affected to pity Naylor, of whose criminality, however, he could have entertained but little doubt. The fanatic, not content with causing himself to be adored by a set of females, whom he persuaded that Christ was incorporated in his person, made “a progress” to Bristol, and at his entrance into the city ‘rode on horseback, with a man walking bareheaded before him, two females holding his bridle on each side, and others attending him, one of whom, Dorcas Erbury, maintained that he had raised her to life, after she had been dead the space of two days. These occasionally threw scarves and handkerchiefs before him, and sang, “Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Hosts: Hosanna in the highest; holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Israel.”’ Considering the liberty which the members of the legislature of that day assumed to themselves in matters of religion, it certainly was inconsistent in them to punish so severely the extravagance or insanity of Naylor.

The least formidable opposition which Cromwell had to encounter, arose from the fifth-monarchy men, whose petty army was soon dispersed. The new form of government was prepared and laid before him; but after carrying on the farce of hesitation for two months, he refused the new title, thinking it more prudent for the present to accept only a part of the scheme, which approximated the form of the government towards the ancient institutions of the country. He was inaugurated a second time on a platform in Westminster Hall: standing before a superb chair of state, he was invested by the Speaker with a purple mantle lined with ermine, presented with a richly-bound bible, and a massive gold sceptre, and a sword was girt by his side. This ceremony was a decided step towards the kingship; it was taken with the consent of all parties, and so far served the ultimate views of the Protector.



His policy now was to prepare the way to the throne, by a series of progressive measures, the first of which was the restoration of the "other House" of Parliament; he did not yet venture to call it the House of Lords, though it was intended to supply the place of that branch of the legislature. As soon, however, as the new Parliament met (1658), the House of Commons became so jealous of "the other House," that they occupied themselves exclusively in inquiring into its privileges. For the redress of this evil, which stopped the supplies at a time when several months' arrear of pay was due to the army, Cromwell did not hesitate to apply his characteristic remedy. He put himself suddenly into a carriage with two horses, standing at the gates of Whitehall, drove to the Parliament House, and, sending for the Commons, first reprimanded them in angry terms, and then dissolved the parliament.

The opposition which his darling object thus met with, whether he pursued it in a direct or circuitous course, tended, together with the cares and anxieties of government, and his constant apprehension of assassination, to undermine his constitution. His exchequer was exhausted; his ministers could not even beg or borrow a few thousand pounds; he dared no longer to impose taxes by his own authority; he seemed altogether abandoned by the good fortune which had hitherto waited on his steps. The death of his favourite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, gave him a shock from which he never recovered. His character is thus drawn by the master-hand of Lingard.

'Till the commencement of the present century, when that wonderful man arose who, by the splendour of his victories and the extent of his empire, cast all preceding adventurers into the shade, the name of Cromwell stood without a parallel in the history of civilized Europe. Men looked with a feeling of awe on the fortunate individual who, without the aid of birth, or wealth, or connections, was able to seize the government of three powerful kingdoms, and to impose the yoke of servitude on the necks of the very men who had fought in his company to emancipate themselves from the less arbitrary sway of their hereditary sovereign. That he who accomplished this was no ordinary personage, all must admit; and yet, on close investigation, we shall discover little that was sublime or dazzling in his character. Cromwell was not the meteor which surprises and astounds by the brilliancy and rapidity of its course. Cool, cautious, calculating, he stole on with slow and measured pace; and while with secret pleasure he toiled up the ascent to greatness, laboured to persuade the spectators that he was reluctantly borne forward by an exterior and resistless force, by the march of events, the necessities of the state, the will of the army, and even the decree of the Almighty. He looked upon dissimulation as the perfection of human wisdom, and made it the key-stone of the arch upon which he built his fortunes. The aspirations of his ambition were concealed under the pretence of attachment to the "good old cause;" and his secret workings to acquire the sovereignty for himself and his family were represented as endeavours to secure for his former bretheren in arms the blessings of civil and religious freedom—the two great objects which originally called them into the field. Thus his

whole conduct was made up of artifice and deceit. He laid his plans long beforehand; he studied the views and dispositions of all from whose influence he had any thing to hope or fear; and he employed every expedient to win their affections, and to make them the blind, unconscious tools of his policy. For this purpose he asked questions, or threw out insinuations in their hearing; now kept them aloof with an air of reserve and dignity; now put them off their guard by condescension, perhaps by buffoonery; at one time addressed himself to their vanity or avarice; at another exposed to them with tears (for tears he had at will) the calamities of the nation; and then, when he found them moulded to his purpose, instead of assenting to the advice which he had himself suggested, feigned reluctance, urged objections, and pleaded scruples of conscience. At length he yielded: but it was not until he had acquired by his resistance the praise of moderation, and the right of attributing his acquiescence to their importunity, rather than his own ambition.

Exposed as he was to the continual machinations of the Royalists and Levellers, both equally eager to precipitate him from the height to which he had attained, Cromwell made it his great object to secure to himself the attachment of the army. To it he owed the acquisition, through it alone could he ensure the permanency of his power. Now, fortunately for this purpose, that army, composed as never was army before or since, revered in the Lord Protector what it valued mostly in itself, the cant and practice of religious enthusiasm. The superior officers, the subalterns, the privates, all held themselves forth as professors of godliness. Among them every public breach of morality was severely punished; the exercises of religious worship were of as frequent recurrence as those of military duty; in council, the officers always opened the proceedings with extemporary prayer; and to implore, with due solemnity, the protection of the Lord of Hosts, was held an indispensable part of the preparation for battle. Their cause they considered the cause of God: if they fought, it was for His glory: if they conquered, it was by the might of His arm. Among these enthusiasts, Cromwell, as he held the first place in rank, was also pre-eminent in spiritual gifts. The fervour with which he prayed, the unction with which he preached, excited their admiration and tears. They looked on him as the favourite of God, under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, and honoured with communications from Heaven; and he, on his part, was careful, by the piety of his language, by the strict decorum of his court, and by his zeal for the diffusion of godliness, to preserve and strengthen such impressions. In minds thus disposed, it was not difficult to create a persuasion that the final triumph of "their cause" depended on the authority of the general under whom they had conquered; while the full enjoyment of that religious freedom which they so highly prized, rendered them less jealous of the arbitrary power which he occasionally assumed. In his public speeches he perpetually reminded them that if religion was not the original cause of the late civil war, yet "God soon brought it to that issue;" that amidst the strife of battle, and the difficulties and dangers of war, the reward to which they looked was freedom of conscience; that this freedom to its full extent they enjoyed under his government, though they could never obtain it till they placed the supreme authority in his hands. The merit which he thus arrogated to himself was admitted to be his due by the great body of the



saints : it became the spell by which he rendered them blind to his ambition and obedient to his will ; the engine with which he raised, and afterwards secured, the fabric of his greatness.

‘ On the subject of civil freedom, the Protector could not assume so bold a tone. He acknowledged, indeed, its importance ; it was second only to religious freedom ; but if second, then, in the event of competition, it ought to yield to the first. He contended that, under his government, every provision had been made for the preservation of the rights of individuals so far as was consistent with the safety of the whole nation. He had reformed the chancery ; he had laboured to abolish the abuses of the law ; he had placed learned and upright judges on the bench ; and he had been careful in all ordinary cases that impartial justice should be administered between the parties. This indeed was true ; but it was also true that by his orders men were arrested and committed without lawful cause ; that juries were packed ; that prisoners, acquitted at their trial, were sent into confinement beyond the jurisdiction of the courts ; that taxes had been raised without the authority of parliament ; that a most unconstitutional tribunal, the high court of justice, had been established ; and that the major-generals had been invested with powers the most arbitrary and oppressive. These acts of despotism put him on his defence ; and in apology he pleaded, as every despot will plead, reasons of state, the necessity of sacrificing a part to preserve the whole, and his conviction that a “ people blessed by God, the regenerated ones of several judgments forming the flock and lambs of Christ, would prefer their safety to their passions, and their real security to forms.” Nor was this reasoning addressed in vain to men who had surrendered their judgments into his keeping, and who felt little for the wrongs of others, as long as such wrongs were represented necessary for their own welfare.

‘ Some writers have maintained that Cromwell dissembled in religion as well as in politics, and that, when he condescended to act the part of a saint, he assumed for interested purposes a character which he otherwise despised. But this supposition is contradicted by the uniform tenor of his life. Long before he turned his attention to the disputes between the king and the parliament, religious enthusiasm had made a deep impression on his mind ; it continually manifested itself during his long career, both in the senate and the field, and it was strikingly displayed in his speeches and prayers on the last evening of his life. It should, however, be observed, that he made religion harmonize with his ambition. If he believed that the cause in which he had embarked was the cause of God, he also believed that God had chosen him to be the successful champion of that cause. Thus the honour of God was identified with his own advancement, and the arts which his policy suggested, were sanctified in his eyes by the ulterior object at which he aimed—the diffusion of godliness, and the establishment of the reign of Christ among mankind.’—vol. xi., 8vo, pp. 356—363.

The events of the short reign of Richard, of the restoration of Charles II., and of the diversified career of that dissolute monarch, next occupy the historian. The plague and the fire of London offered themes for the exercise of his descriptive powers, of which he has availed himself with great success. He exposes, in glowing

terms, the falsehood of the charge, so long recorded upon the monument, but which, we are happy to say, has been lately erased from it, by the order of the common council, importing that the latter calamity was the work of the Papists. He developes, in a clear and striking light, the many plots and intrigues, religious and political, at home and abroad, of which that period was so balefully fruitful. Clarendon's character is dissected, and exhibited in its true colours. The licentiousness of the court is depicted with a bold and unflinching hand, and a most interesting account is given of the multifarious schemes which were set on foot for the purpose of depriving James of the succession. The secret pensions granted to Charles, and afterwards to several members of the House of Commons, by the King of France, are spoken of in the language of that indignation which must swell the breast of every Englishman, when he remembers those nefarious proofs of corruption so disgraceful to the nation. We have here also, we believe, for the first time, a full and exact history of Titus Oates, and of the sundry plots which, emanating from his inventive brain, caused some of the purest blood in the country to be shed, and some of the most abominable laws that ever polluted the character of any people, to be enacted. Those laws being now happily repealed, and there being no longer any political motive for believing in the forgeries of Titus Oates, Dr. Lingard's narrative of them will be, we should think, generally received as an authentic exposure of the most audacious and wicked system of imposture that stands recorded in the page of history. The public will now open their eyes, and many good men will stare with wonder, that they could, even for a moment, have given credit to the falsehoods by which the fictions of that infamous adventurer have, in modern times, been attempted to be supported.

Dr. Lingard has made it clear that the anti-catholic plots of Oates and his associates, assisted as they were by Shaftesbury and other members of both Houses, had for their principal object the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, an object in itself not altogether objectionable, considering the maxims of government which that prince had adopted, but extremely reprehensible on account of the base and cruel means which were put in requisition for its accomplishment. There is no doubt that Algernon Sydney and his confidential friends wished for the total subversion of the monarchy, and the restoration of the Commonwealth, while others had no objection to the continuance of the monarchy, shorn of its obnoxious powers, and placed in the hands of the Prince of Orange, or of the Duke of Monmouth, the supposed natural son of Charles. But both these divisions of the party hostile to the court, put forward their anxiety about religion, for the purpose of inflaming the mind of the people, and of giving it a direction that might be rendered subservient to their respective, though discordant views. To thicken the difficulties of the period, the aid of the French King, and of his



precious ambassador, Barillon, were not wanting. How humiliating must it not have been to an Englishman, to pen the following passage!

‘Barillon had carefully watched the progress of these intrigues, and received instructions from his court to make it his chief object to prevent any grant of money in support of the Spanish treaty, and for that purpose to foment by every expedient in his power the dissensions among the several parties. He informed the popular leaders that Louis considered it as much his interest as theirs to confine within the narrowest limits the powers of the crown, and would therefore be always ready to aid them in their efforts to secure the liberties of the people. To James he made the offer of pecuniary aid, whenever that prince might deem it expedient to draw the sword in support of his own rights. If the king should seem disposed to an union with the popular party, the ambassador was authorized to prevent it by offering a yearly pension, provided he would withdraw from his treaty with Spain, and govern without a parliament; and should the bill of exclusion be carried, and a necessity exist of choosing between the Prince of Orange and Monmouth, he was instructed to support the former, though a personal enemy, in preference to the pretensions of a bastard. Barillon immediately began to intrigue, and with the distribution of a few thousand pounds, purchased the services, or a promise of the services, of several among the more influential members of the House of Commons.’—vol. viii. 4to., p. 163.

We read with feelings of still deeper horror the page by which this is followed, and which shows how well all these causes worked together in the common cauldron of disaffection. The reader may remember to have heard of the meal-tub plot, among the many which distinguished those times. The mystery attending this plot has never been satisfactorily developed; it was charged against the Presbyterians, who were accused of conspiring the death of the king; and Dangerfield, who took a large share in it, afterwards turned it to a purpose, which clearly indicates its real origin. The blood runs cold in our veins, while we look back upon the parliament of 1680.

‘It was the intention of the Whigs that the bill of exclusion should originate in that house. The plan of operations was traced by the hand of Shaftesbury, and did honour to the ingenuity of its author. As soon as the members had taken the oaths, Dangerfield appeared at the bar to accuse the presumptive heir to the crown. Though he stood there with the accumulated infamy of sixteen convictions on his head, though his testimony had been rejected by the verdicts of three successive juries, he was received with approbation, and listened to with credulity. He solemnly affirmed that the Duke of York had been privy to his imposture of a presbyterian plot, had given him instructions to forge and distribute the lists and commissions, had made him a present of twenty guineas with a promise of a more substantial reward, had turned into ridicule his scruple of shedding the king’s blood, and had commanded him to persevere without dread of the consequences. Before the indignation excited by this disclosure had subsided, Lord Russell rose, and moved that it should be

the first care of the house "effectually to suppress popery, and prevent a popish successor." He was seconded by Sir Henry Capel, who, in the whole reign of the king, during the lapse of twenty years, could see nothing but the prevalence of popish counsels. Whether toleration was granted or denied, whether war was declared or peace concluded, whether the king sought to conciliate the two houses by concession, or cut short their debates by a prorogation or dissolution, every measure, no matter what might be its apparent motive, proceeded from the secret influence of the papists in the prosecution of their great objects,—the destruction of protestantism, and the elevation of a popish prince to the throne. From the same impure source he derived the many acts of arbitrary power, which marked the king's reign, the burning of London, the destruction of the fleet in the river, the attempts on the life of their protestant monarch, and that hellish plot for the discovery of which they were indebted to the mercy of Providence, and the agency of Titus Oates. Montague and others followed in the same tone of invective and crimination, and the resolution was adopted without a dissentient voice.'—vol. viii. 4to. pp. 164, 165.

We have no patience with such details: they are sufficient to throw discredit upon the very institution of parliament. We feel as little forbearance towards some of the victims of this infatuated period, who, instead of resisting their persecutors with the courage that ought always to animate the breast of a freeman, shrunk into the meanness of the spaniel, and fawned upon the foot that trod upon them. Lord Stafford, though perfectly innocent of any plot, having been condemned to die the death of a traitor, was told before he left the bar, that the lords would be suitors to his Majesty *to remit every part of the punishment—but the striking off his head!* 'At these words,' says the historian, 'he burst into tears: but, suddenly collecting himself, said—"My lords, it is not your justice, but your kindness that makes me weep."' Such a man as this dies without our pity: he degrades the noble character of the martyr.

For the bill of exclusion, which failed, was substituted a bill of limitations, reducing the future authority of the successor to a mere shadow—or rather, indeed, giving him only the title of King, but transferring the exercise of the office to a Regent. Even this bill, which, with the assent of Charles, was presented to the Commons, was rejected by them, no measure short of total exclusion being at that moment capable of allaying their frenzy. The dissolution of the parliament frustrated this second bill; and we cannot but agree with Dr. Lingard in thinking that the termination of the question in this way, at the period when it was agitated (1681), was a most fortunate circumstance for the liberties of this country.

'James,' he very justly observes, 'was not of a temper to acquiesce either in the expedient (the limitations) or the exclusion; he would have appealed to arms in defence of what he considered his right; and so profound was the reverence felt for the principles of the ancient constitution, so strong the prepossession in favour of the divine right of hereditary suc-



cession, that he would have found multitudes ready to draw the sword in his cause. Had he succeeded, he would have come a conqueror to the throne, armed with more formidable authority than he could have possessed in the ordinary way of inheritance; and if he had failed, there was reason to fear, from the political bias of the popular leaders, that the legitimate rights of the sovereign would have been reduced to the mere name and pageantry of a throne. It is probable that the dissolution preserved the nation from a civil war, and from its natural consequences, the establishment of a republican or an arbitrary government.'—vol. viii. 4to. p. 210.

The decision of the King produced a powerful effect, and for some time the tide of public sentiment was turned in favour of royalty. It was during this period that Shaftesbury was compelled to fly to Holland, where he died; that the franchise was taken from the city of London, the Rye-house plot discovered, and Lord William Russell tried and executed for his support of the doctrine of resistance, on the very day that the University of Oxford issued its celebrated decree in favour of passive obedience—a decree which it acted upon at the revolution, by presenting its plate, by way of a supply, to the Prince of Orange. It was during this re-action on the side of royalty, that Algernon Sydney also died for the same cause that brought Lord William Russell to the block—a cause worthy of a more honourable martyr; for we do not think that the history of England presents, to our contemplation, many more questionable characters than that of Algernon Sydney. We cannot abstain from giving Dr. Lingard's view of the merits of that much-bepraised hero of liberty. It coincides exactly with the impressions which we have always entertained of that ungrateful and corrupt traitor:—

'It was the persuasion of Sydney that civil liberty could flourish only under a republican government. After the death of Charles I. his birth and abilities raised him to the highest rank among the parliamentary leaders; but thence, by the usurpation of Cromwell, he was driven into retirement, where his promises of patient submission could not shield him from the jealousy and precautions of the Protector. The re-establishment of the commonwealth called him once more into political life; and he was employed on a mission to the court of Copenhagen, when Charles II. took possession of the throne. Sydney was again prepared to submit to necessity: but his avowed hostility to the Stuarts had made him an object of more than ordinary aversion; and he preferred the evil of a voluntary exile to the disgrace of asking pardon of the sovereign. From Italy he watched the progress of events: the war of 1663 summoned him from his retreat; he tendered his services to the enemies of his country; he offered to raise a rebellion in England, and he endeavoured to persuade Louis XIV., that it was for his interest to re-establish the commonwealth. Though Charles was well acquainted with his intrigues and hostility, he afterwards allowed him to visit his father, the Earl of Leicester, during the last sickness of that nobleman, and ultimately granted him a pardon for his past offences, a favour which, if we may believe him, "he valued not at a lower rate than the saving of his life." But his gratitude soon evaporated, and he employed the benefit against the benefactor. Faithful to

his principles, he entered into every opposition to the government, and the English reformer became the hireling of the French ambassador. His apologists have remarked that if he took the money of France, he still persisted in that line of conduct which he deemed most beneficial to his country; which is much the same as to assert that he was mean enough to accept the wages of infamy for doing the work of righteousness.—vol. viii. 4to. pp. 269, 270.

These prosecutions were followed by a variety of others, all tending to shew the confidence which the Government of the King had in its strength. The Duke of York was recalled from his temporary banishment; he was again made a member of the Council; the "expedient" was no longer thought of, and when Charles died (in February, 1685) the cause of royalty may be considered as having reached a very high degree in the general favour of the people.

Whatever doubt may be thrown upon the point by some historians, Dr. Lingard demonstrates that Charles died in the Catholic religion. The fact is of no particular consequence, as it took place manifestly through the influence of the Duke of York, and apparently without any thing like the operation of conviction upon the monarch's mind. Indeed it is but too evident that during his whole reign religion was looked upon by Charles II. rather as an affair of policy than as a matter connected with his hopes of an hereafter. His character is drawn by the author with the nice discrimination and impartiality which distinguish all his historical portraits.

The whole of the latter portion of the reign of Charles was conducted with so high a hand, and so depressed in the public estimation were the Whig party, once so popular, that James, against whom so many bills of exclusion and plots of disinheritance were put in motion, ascended the throne not only without being resisted, but without even a murmur being heard to his disadvantage on any side. Unfortunately for his dynasty, as well as for the Catholics whom he desired to serve, he soon became too confident of his strength, and entered upon that course of arbitrary and offensive policy which, within a period of less than three years from his accession, compelled him to abandon the crown. Not contented with hearing mass openly, he went to chapel in regal state, discharged recusants from prison; and although Dr. Lingard shews that he did not actually meditate the re-establishment of the Catholic religion, as some historians have inferred from his conduct, and that his views were limited to liberty of conscience and freedom of worship for all parties, nevertheless, considering the then state of the public mind on this question, it is clear that he advanced towards his objects in a suspicious manner, and with too seaman-like a rapidity and boldness. It is well known that he endeavoured to continue the disgraceful practice of his predecessor of receiving a pension from the French King:—nay he even demanded the



arrears which were due to Charles ! There is reason to suspect that Barillon, who was the negotiator upon these occasions, was well paid on this side of the water for the exercise of his ingenuity and influence in persuading his royal master to grant money to the English monarch without any stipulation, and indeed without the hope of any return being made for it. It does not appear, however, that James received more than the *arrears* due to his brother, although a large sum was placed in Barillon's hands for the purpose of being advanced to the king, 'if circumstances should compel him to dissolve the parliament, and defend himself by arms against his rebellious subjects.'

The invasion, failure, and execution of Monmouth, the sanguinary trials of his unhappy followers under the superintendence of Jeffreys, and the loyal addresses which were laid at his feet from all quarters, added not a little to the overweening confidence which James felt in the solidity of his power. An attempt to repeal the Test Act once more kindled the fury of religious bigotry in the country ; this attempt having being frustrated, the king was advised to have recourse to his "dispensing power" in favour of the Catholics—a power at all times odious, though perhaps at that period not altogether unconstitutional, and certainly not unsanctioned by usage. It was most properly abolished at the revolution, and, as ought to have been expected, the resumption of so extreme a prerogative, if such it was, furnished the already increasing enemies of the court with abundant matter of complaint and angry declamation. The pulpits resounded with invectives against the king's religion ; the King, as the Head of the Church, endeavoured to impose silence upon these dangerous antagonists ; an ecclesiastical commission was issued, the Bishop of London (Sharp) was suspended, Catholic fellows were placed in the Universities, Catholic chapels were opened, the test itself was dispensed with, liberty of conscience proclaimed ; in short, so numerous and so incautious were the measures which thus followed each other with so much haste, that in two years after his accession James found himself the most unpopular of monarchs. The measure of his offences against the prevailing prejudices of the nation was filled up by his prosecution of the seven bishops, who refused to comply with his most injudicious order directing the Declaration of Liberty of Conscience to be read in all the churches—'an order', says Dr. Lingard, 'the impolicy of which is so obvious as to provoke a suspicion that it proceeded from the advice of a concealed enemy'. The acquittal of the bishops was the signal of his downfall. The birth of a prince who would of course be brought up a Catholic, only argumented the alarm of the nation, and fixed all eyes upon the Prince of Orange, towards whom they had already been turned. In narrating the events of the short and disastrous reign of James, Dr. Lingard loses no opportunity of marking the infatuated counsels by which that monarch was guided. The impartiality, the acumen, the research

of the learned historian, are conspicuous throughout; his account of the intrigues, or preparations, if the expression be preferred, of the Prince of Orange, with a view to the throne to which he was afterwards called, is more ample and interesting than any that we had before read; and on several other topics connected with the ruin of the House of Stuart, his information, which is always collected from the best sources, wears a particularly authentic, as well as in some respects a novel appearance.

We must repeat the expression of our hope that Dr. Lingard will proceed with his labours, which, we confess, we should desire to see brought down to the battle of Waterloo, or at least to the French revolution. What pigmy contests were those of Cæsar and Agri-cola, of the Heptarchy, the Crusades, of Poitiers and Agincourt, of the Rival Roses, and even of the Commonwealth itself, compared with the Cyclopean wars which have, in our own times, shaken the world to its centre!

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ART. II.—*Journal of a Nobleman; comprising an Account of his Travels, and a Narrative of his Residence at Vienna during the Congress.* In two volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn & Co. 1831.

WE cannot very clearly make out to what country the author of these volumes owes his allegiance. In Poland, where he seems to have spent some of the happiest days of his life, he passed for a Frenchman; and in France, he gave himself out for a Pole. In Russia he was either, as it suited his fancy or his circumstances; and in Austria he was a citizen of the world. Perhaps it will be safest for us to take him in the latter character, as it is one which suits him exceedingly well. We have met with few authors, and with still fewer noble authors, who have written their thoughts with more frankness, and greater freedom from every kind of prejudice. His notions are indeed sufficiently aristocratic; but they do not prevent him from paying a just tribute to merit wherever he finds it, and from whatever quarter it springs. He seldom falls into those exclusive prepossessions which render the productions of some of our noble scribblers and orators so ridiculous to the eye of men of sense. There are even aspirants amongst our literary worthies, who, although of the people, can hardly condescend to speak of any body under the rank of a "Noble," or, at least a "Right Honourable Friend." They affect the language of parliament with a priggishness which would shake the sides of Diogenes himself with laughter.

Two or three facts connected with the personal history of the author, are, however, sufficiently apparent and interesting. The work was originally written in French, and the author, if not born in France, was at least a resident of that country at the breaking out of the revolution. His uncle, who held the office of Minister



for Foreign Affairs, emigrated, and took him with him while yet a mere youth to Hamburgh, whence they travelled on foot to Copenhagen, on their way to the residence of a Swedish nobleman who had offered them an asylum. They were in the most destitute circumstances, and their only hope of such assistance as might enable them to accomplish their journey, depended on the generosity of the reigning family of Denmark. It was proposed that the younger of the two exiles should be the bearer of a petition for that purpose to the Prince Royal; on the day before that on which he was to have an audience, he happened to saunter in the park of the palace of Friedrichsberg, where he saw a young lady and gentleman walking together in one of the alleys. The gentleman was dressed in a light grey coat, carried an umbrella under his arm, and jumped so oddly while he walked, as if he had learned to dance from St. Vitus, that the stranger rudely enough began to laugh at him. The man in grey frowned in anger, which only made his appearance still more ludicrous, and the laugh grew louder and louder until the object of it disappeared in the distance. The youthful petitioner was punctual to the hour appointed for the audience. On being introduced with great formality, whom should he see before him but his friend in grey! It was the Prince Royal! To his credit, however, the Prince did not appear to remember the impertinence of which the petitioner had been guilty, and dismissed him with an order upon the treasury for one hundred Fredericks d'or. How long the author remained in Sweden, how he contrived to spend so many years in Poland, how he came to be established in Russia, and in what character, our nobleman deposes not. All that we learn further of his emigrant history is, that in 1807, he was well introduced at Vienna, by the celebrated Prince de Ligne, to whom he was related, and that he afterwards frequently visited that capital, though whether for pleasure or on business we are not informed. His journal commences in May, 1812, when we find him, in company with a friend, setting out from Moscow on a journey to the same sociable and pleasant metropolis.

To this tour, which the author appears to have performed at leisure, and with great delight to himself, the first volume is entirely devoted. Conversant as we necessarily are, from the works of other and later travellers, with most of the places which he visited on this occasion, we can truly say that, under his guidance, we have revisited them with renewed satisfaction. There is a vein of romance in his character, which imparts a charm to his descriptions of society particularly. He is a lover of Nature too, as well as of his kind, and leaves none of her works unnoticed which come within his observation. Scenes that ordinary travellers would pass over as uninteresting, are not without their attractions for him. The desert steppes fill his mind with ideas of immensity, and cheer it with a sense of freedom. Lively anecdotes and agreeable conversation give variety to the page, and we never tire of him as a

companion and guide, even when he sojourns at the dullest villages and inns. He had frequent opportunities of meeting the numerous armies which overspread the northern parts of Germany at that period, and he has here preserved his reminiscences of the most celebrated military men with whom he thus came in contact. In the course of his tour he visited Constantinople and Smyrna, and Wallachia and Moldavia. His historical remarks upon the two principalities, his account of their climate, population, soil, productions, and mines,—of the manners of the Boyars and the peasantry, and of the Wallachian gipsies, will be read with attention, as the quantity of information already published respecting those countries is especially scanty and defective. A similar remark, though not to the same extent, applies to the author's observations upon Transylvania and Hungary.

The principal attraction of this work will be found, however, in the second volume—a series of animated sketches from the grand panorama comprehending the period of the first Congress which took place at Vienna after the peace of 1814. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Denmark, and their most able ministers, as well as the most distinguished diplomatists of the other states of Europe, attended by a multitude of intelligent men as assistants and secretaries, and by crowds of aspirants after kingdoms and duchies, adventurers of every degree, artists, poets, actors, singers, gamblers, idlers, belles and beaux, assembling together for the purpose of settling, as they then thought, irrevocably the destinies of the world—gave to Vienna the appearance of a singular masquerade, such as never before, or since that period, has been witnessed. It was, indeed, an exhibition of the most extraordinary description, worthy of a much more elaborate and dignified record than that which the author has here given of it. He has announced his intention of preparing such a work, and we trust that he will execute it. For the present he gives the Congress, as it were, in its dishabille. He speaks of emperors, and kings, and diplomatists, as men apparently engaged only in the pursuit of gay amusement, under the cover of which their most important business was sometimes transacted. The Emperor of Austria, anxious to do all honour to his royal guests, appointed a committee, whose special care it was to provide a variety of spectacles for their entertainment—of spectacles not only diversified every day, but capable of producing unexpected gratification. To most of these the author had the good fortune to be admitted. He appears to have been, besides, a good deal behind the scenes, and to have closely observed the great drama of which Vienna was then the stage. Every facility for this purpose was afforded to him by the Prince de Ligne, than whom no person could have been more competent to make him acquainted with the leading characters who figured on that memorable scene. The advantage of his hearing constantly the opinions of such a guide upon the *élite* of



the civilized world, then brought together as in a fair, and upon the interests in the arrangement of which they were engaged, cannot be disputed. The results are evident in the many brilliant anecdotes with which this volume abounds. It was the author's object to instruct as well as to entertain his readers. Both these points he has most successfully accomplished.

To some persons it may seem remarkable that none of the many able writers who took an active part in the transactions of the Congress, have given to the public any memorial of its existence. We suppose that their silence is to be imputed to diplomatic caution, which abhors the press. The habits of jealous reserve, of profound secrecy, have, doubtless, imposed upon them the necessity of keeping their journals, if they have made any, carefully sealed up in their *escritoires*. It is not improbable that a few deaths in the political world, or at least that the lapse of a few years, may cause these treasures to be disclosed, revealing to us the labours of some modern Pepys, a Fra Paolo, or perhaps a Hamilton. In the mean time we may be satisfied with such sketches as the author of this work has collected for our edification, and which are as clearly defined and glance as rapidly before us as the shadows in a magic lantern. The following scene, illustrated by the Prince de Ligne, is a suitable introduction to this living raree-show.

"Vienna, as the prince had truly observed, now presented an epitome of Europe, and the Ridotto might be said to be an epitome of Vienna. It is impossible to conceive anything more singular than this multitude, partly masked and partly unmasked, amidst which the rulers of mankind were seen, mingling in the crowd without any sort of distinction. "Observe," said the prince, "that graceful and martial figure who is walking with Eugene Beauharnais: that is the Emperor Alexander. Yonder tall, dignified-looking man, on whose arm a fair Neapolitan is playfully hanging, is no less a personage than the King of Prussia. The lively mask, who seems to put his Majesty's gravity somewhat to the test, is perhaps an empress, or perhaps a *grisette*. Beneath that Venetian habit, which but ill disguises the amiable affability of the crowned amphitryon, you see our emperor, the representative of the most paternal despotism that ever existed. There is Maximilian, King of Bavaria, in whose open countenance you may read the expression of his excellent heart. On the throne he does not forget his former rank of colonel in the French service, and he entertains for his subjects the same paternal affection which he once cherished for each private of his regiment. Beside him you see a little pale man, with an aquiline nose and fair hair: that is the King of Denmark, whose cheerful manners and happy repartees enliven the royal parties. He is called the *Lustig* \* of the sovereign brigade. Judging from the simplicity of his manners, and the perfect happiness which his little kingdom enjoys,

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\* *Lustig*, which means a merry fellow, is the name given in the German regiments to the soldier who amuses his comrades by his gaiety and humour. This title was very appropriately given to the King of Denmark

one would never imagine him to be the most absolute monarch in Europe. Such, nevertheless, is the fact; and in Denmark the royal carriage is preceded by an equerry armed with a loaded carbine, and the king, as he drives along, may, if he choose, order any of his subjects to be shot. That colossal figure, whose bulk is not diminished by the ample folds of his domino, is the King of Wirtemberg. Near him stands his son, the Prince Royal, whose attachment to Catherine, Grand-duchess of Oldenburg, detains him at the Congress, where he shews himself more anxious to please the lady of his heart, than intent on the arrangement of interests which will one day be his own. Those two young men who have just passed us, are the Prince Royal of Bavaria, and his brother Prince Charles. The head of the latter may vie with that of the Antonious; and the taste of the other for literature and the fine arts, which he cultivates with success, promises to Bavaria an illustrious reign. This crowd of people, as various in dress as in appearance, who are buzzing about in every direction, are either reigning princes, archdukes, or dignitaries of different countries. With the exception of a few Englishmen, who are easily distinguishable by the richness of their dresses, I do not perceive a single individual who has not a title tacked to his name. But now I think I have sufficiently introduced you, so you may go and work your own way; always recollecting, that in any case of difficulty I am at hand to pilot you."—vol. ii. pp. 16—19.

It is no part of the author's plan to notice political events, which are indeed sufficiently well known. It will, however, be a most interesting task for this writer, or for some other, hereafter to present a full representation of the anxiety, the earnestness, the pertinacity, with which different points relating to the settlement of Europe were pressed forward by some of the members of the Congress, and resisted by others, which, after being eventually arranged, as all then thought, upon the safest and most immovable basis, have been since dealt with, by the force of circumstances, like shuttlecocks which boys knock about as their whim or the air directs them. The sceptre of iron which was then prepared, but which was not felt by Europe until after the battle of Waterloo, and was intended to have the effect of that ebony wand, feigned by the poets to bind the world in sleep,—how suddenly, how effectually has it been since shattered and trampled into dust by the nations for whose oppression it was principally fabricated! What a satire upon human foresight and prudence are

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at the Congress of Vienna. Political considerations had prejudiced against him most of the sovereigns in the early part of the Congress; but his agreeable manners, his ready wit, and unaffected humour, soon gained for him the best wishes of his brother monarchs. When about to quit Vienna, the Emperor Alexander, who had conceived an affectionate regard for him, in taking leave, said to him, "Sire, you carry all hearts away with you." The king unhesitatingly replied, with a good-natured smile; "Hearts, perhaps, Sire, but not a single soul." This witty allusion to the unprofitable part he had taken in the proceedings of the Congress, can hardly undergo translation without losing its force.



the solemn decrees of that august body of emperors, kings, and ministers ! How flimsy are all human laws, however multitudinous the armies and the sanctions by which they are supported, when the tide of circumstance, impelled by the inscrutable ordinances of Providence, dashes with its winds and waves against them !

But the author forbids such reflections for the present, although he is sufficiently prone to them, in consequence, perhaps, of the lessons which he daily received from his Mentor, the Prince de Ligne, who had the happy faculty of mixing a profound and philosophical knowledge of human nature with a vein of sparkling wit and inoffensive satire. The Prince, by the bye, was not one of the least conspicuous of the personages crowded together at Vienna by the Congress. His society was much sought after, and, old as he was, he seemed to enjoy the scenes around him with peculiar zest. They did not, however, interfere with his usual habits of writing. His library was his bed-room ; his desk was his pillow. He used to sit in his bed writing the greater part of the morning, with a number of books, to which he might have occasion to refer, piled around him. "The extraordinary events," he would say, "now passing in the world, seem to inspire me ; and perhaps a thought may arise in my mind which will be useful or amusing to somebody. I am more of an observer than an actor in the busy scene that is passing around me, which I cannot help comparing to an ant-hill disturbed by a kick. We hope that his memoranda, during this period, have been preserved, and that they will not long remain in their present state of obscurity.—Among other *sights* to which he introduced the author, we must not omit that of young Napoleon, then a mere child, at Schoenbrun, under the care of Madame de Montesquieu.

'We proceeded to the apartments of Madame de Montesquieu, who received us with the most lady-like politeness. As soon as we entered the young prince jumped from the chair in which he was sitting, and ran to embrace the Prince le Ligne. He was certainly the loveliest child imaginable. His brilliant complexion, his bright and intelligent eyes, his beautiful fair hair, falling in large curls over his shoulders—all rendered him an admirable subject for the elegant pencil of Isabey. He was dressed in a hussar uniform, and wore the star of the Legion of Honour. On the Prince introducing me, bearing in mind Rousseau's remark, that nobody likes to be questioned, and least of all children, I contented myself with stooping down to embrace him. He then ran into a corner of the apartment in quest of a little regiment of houlans made of wood, which the Archduke Charles had given him, and he made them manœuvre, while the marshal drew his sword and commanded the evolutions.

'Madame de Montesquieu, who, by her fondness for her interesting charge, well justified Napoleon's choice, related several clever remarks made by the child, which were calculated to confirm the idea that talent is hereditary. "A striking instance of his presence of mind," said she, "occurred yesterday, when Commodore —, who accompanied the Emperor to Elba, came to visit us. 'Are you not glad,' said I, presenting the

commodore, 'to see this gentleman, who left your papa only the other day?'—'O yes,' he replied, 'I am very happy to see him; but,' laying his finger on his lip, 'I must not say so.'—'Your papa,' said the commodore, taking him in his arms, 'desired me to embrace you.' The child, who happened to have a toy in his hand, threw it down on the ground and broke it. Then bursting into tears, he exclaimed, 'Poor papa!' What was passing in his mind at that moment? added Madame de Montesquieu. Doubtless the same train of ideas which suggested the resistance he evinced when about to be removed from the Tuileries. He exclaimed that his father was betrayed, and that he would not quit the palace. He held by the curtains and clung to the furniture, saying it was his father's house, and he would not leave it. I was obliged to exert all my authority in order to get him away, and I succeeded at last only by promising to take him back again."

'We stepped up to Isabey, who had nearly finished the portrait. The likeness was striking, and the picture possessed all the grace which characterises the works of that distinguished artist.\* "What particularly interests me in this portrait," observed the Prince de Ligne, "is its remarkable resemblance to that of Joseph II. when a boy. I should like to compare it with the portrait of Joseph, which was presented to me by Maria Theresa. This similarity, though merely a matter of accident, nevertheless affords a happy presage for the future." He then paid some well-merited compliments to the artist.

"I have come to Vienna," said Isabey, "in the hope of painting all the celebrated personages who are here, and I ought to have commenced with you."—"Why certainly," replied the prince, "in my rank of seniority."—"Not so," resumed Isabey, "but as the model of all that is illustrious in the present age."

'The Empress Maria Louisa was now announced, and we made our obeisance and withdrew, leaving Isabey, who wished to shew her the portrait.'—vol. ii. pp. 46—49.

From this scene the reader will not be displeased to find himself removed to the Prater of Vienna, which the author describes in his usual picturesque and lively style.

'To an inhabitant of Vienna the prater must possess, in a high degree, the charm of reviving pleasing recollections. It must be the mirror of the past at every period of life, reflecting alike the diversions of childhood, the pleasures of youth, and the dreams of early love. Where else shall we find, in a great capital, a place so rich in the beauties of wild and cultivated nature?

'The majestic forest which extends to the banks of the Danube is inhabited by deer, who, sportively bounding from place to place, animate the delicious solitude.

'How delightful is the picture, when the whole population of the city is seen assembled beneath the shade of the magnificent trees, or pursuing their various amusements on the grass, to which the Danube imparts constant freshness and verdure!

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\* It was this same miniature which Isabey presented to Napoleon on his return from Elba in 1815.'



‘It is a high treat to enter on a holiday one of the redoubts which border the grand alley of the prater. Nothing is more amusing than to see a minuet danced in the style of ludicrous gravity, by a few stately couples, who, in spite of the interruptions they continually experience from the surrounding bystanders, continue the dance with the most imperturbable solemnity, as though every step were a serious affair of conscience. The dull monotonous minuet is at length succeeded by the animated and graceful waltz, and the couples frequently wheel round for an hour without stopping. At another part of the prater a sort of carousal is got up, and some worthy citizen, seated on a wooden horse, adroitly carries off the ring, without losing his equilibrium in the saddle. Then there are abundance of swings, which are a favourite amusement in all countries, parties of itinerant actors, &c.

‘Amidst this motley assemblage, a stranger cannot help being struck with the obvious comfort and prosperity of the population of Vienna. The families of the trades-people and artisans collected round the tables testify at once, by the expence in which they indulge, their own industry, and the light burdens imposed on them by the government. No quarrelling or uproar disturbs the tranquillity of the multitude. Scarcely a voice is heard; and this silence is not the effect of gloomy melancholy, but the result of a happy physical temperament, which in this country produces a dreaming of the senses, instead of the mental wandering so common in the more northern parts of Germany.

‘On our arrival at the prater, we found an immense number of persons of distinction, some on horseback, and some in carriages. Besides the number of carriages, which, as I have before mentioned, were provided for the use of the sovereigns and their suites, there was a throng of equipages belonging to the different foreigners who had come to Vienna, from all parts of Europe. Lord Stewart, the English ambassador, drove four superb horses, which would have been the admiration of Newmarket. The Emperor Alexander and his interesting sister, the Duchess of Oldenburgh, were taking their airing in an elegant curricule. Prince Eugene Beauharnais on the one side, and the Prince Royal of Wirtembergh on the other, paid their court to the illustrious pair from very different motives. In a large *berline*, richly emblazoned with armorial bearings, appeared Sir Sidney Smith. Next came the *calèche* of the Pacha of Widin, entangled in a file of hackney-coaches, and followed by the carriages of the archdukes, who, in all their amusements, adopted the rank of private individuals, availing themselves of the privileges of their illustrious rank only in the fulfilment of their duties.

‘The gay scene was enlivened by a variety of interesting costumes,—Oriental, Hungarian, and Polish; and, above all, the becoming cap worn by the wives and daughters of the citizens of Vienna, resembling the Phrygian head-dress, and displaying to the greatest advantage the fair hair and pretty features of the wearers.

‘Bands of music, paid by the keepers of the different coffee-houses, are stationed here and there, so that the prater daily presents the aspect of a tranquil festival, where every one appears intent on present enjoyment, and free from all anxiety for the future.’—vol. ii. pp. 64—67.

A very extraordinary story is told in this volume of the Count and Countess Pletenberg, whose appearance of constraint on one

side, and of romantic attention on the other, in every society in which they mixed, attracted the notice of the author. The mystery was solved by the Baron Ompteda, (a name not unknown in the annals of the late Queen of England,) who stated, that the Count's father, having imposed by will an obligation upon him to marry a lady of undoubted noble descent, before the age of twenty-five, a Mademoiselle de Gallemberg was fixed upon for that purpose. She was extremely beautiful, and in her fifteenth year, yet the idea of being compelled to marry in order to preserve his estates, rendered the union so disagreeable to the Count that he soon deserted her, and sought for pleasure in dissipation. The wife, thus neglected, retired to one of her husband's estates in Bohemia, and gave herself up to complete solitude during a period of fourteen years, at the end of which the Count, jaded and disgusted with the course of vice he had so long pursued, once more visited her, and was struck with her still blooming beauty and amiable manners. Such was the impression which her presence produced upon his mind, that he sued for forgiveness and reconciliation. No entreaty could prevail upon the lady to relent in the resolution which his previous conduct had caused her to adopt; he became her admirer, her enthusiastic lover, notwithstanding her coldness; but nothing would do, she preferred her single blessedness to all his flattery and devotion. Thinking that change of scene might operate in favour of his views, he persuaded her to accompany him to Vienna, where, according to Ompteda's account, matters remained just the same as they were between this husband and wife in the wilds of Bohemia. Here is a charming subject for an opera or a comedy!

Some of our readers may have seen that very interesting exhibition of "Living Pictures," which was presented at the King's Theatre a season or two ago. It has long been a favourite amusement upon the continent, and formed one of the many entertainments which the "committee" provided for the gratification of the sovereigns. We observe from the author's description, however, that the "pictures" were not confined to the imitation by living characters of celebrated paintings, but that they followed in pantomime the course of a poem or a romance. We can imagine nothing more fascinating than such an entertainment as this; and are apt to think that if well executed, a similar exhibition would draw to it all the gay crowd of London at this season of the year.

The commencement of the performances was now announced by all the lights being put out. After an appropriate overture, executed by an orchestra composed only of harps and French horns, the curtain was drawn, and presented a scene called the Spanish Conversation. The second was the subject of a picture drawn by a young French artist, representing Louis XIV. at the fête of Madame de la Valière. This scene was executed by the young Count Trantmansdorff and the beautiful Countess Fichi. They were both of them possessed of superior attractions; and there was such an expression of emotion in the features of the count, a



of innocence and alarm in that of the countess, that the illusion was rendered complete. The third scene was taken from Le Gros' picture, representing Hippolytus justifying himself to Theseus against the accusation of Phædra.

'The subjects of these pictures, represented by the most distinguished persons at court, with costumes so magnificent and appropriate, with shades and lights disposed in the most masterly manner by Isabey, necessarily excited great admiration. It is impossible, however, to judge of the species of magic effect produced, without having witnessed the exhibition. The immobility of the figures was maintained in a surprising manner; but there were attitudes so extremely fatiguing that they could not be kept up for more than a few minutes, and the curtain dropped on them sooner than the spectators could have wished.

'The lights were now restored, and whilst the *dramatic romances* were being prepared, refreshments of all kinds were served round to the audience.

'The first performance was the well-known romance, *Partant pour la Syrie*, composed by the Queen Hortense. It was executed by Mademoiselle Goubault, daughter of the Dutch minister, Baron Goubault, who is now governor of Brussels. Her voice was extremely melodious, and she sang the air with an exquisite expression; whilst the young Count Schaenfeldt and the young Princess Philipstadt expressed the meaning of the words through mimic action. They were seconded by a full chorus of both sexes, and the variety of grouping, the figures especially, during the marriage stanza, the perfection of the chorus,—all produced an effect perfectly enthusiastic among the spectators.

'I was seated too far away from the Emperor Alexander to hear what he said to the Prince Eugene, who sat between him and his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria. But it was evident, from the expression of the Prince's countenance, that the Emperor was paying a just tribute of praise to the merit of his sister's composition.

'The second performance was that of Coupigni's romance, *Le Troubadour qui chante et fait la guerre*. It was executed by the Count Schaenbor and Countess Marassi. The third was again a composition of the Ex-Queen of Holland, *Fais ce que doit, advienne que pourra*. It was as well sung and as well expressed as the others, by the young Prince Radzivil and the Countess Zamoiska, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Marshal Prince Czartorinsky. The author's name was demanded, and its announcement elicited loud and universal applause.

"Indeed," observed the Prince de Ligne, "Mademoiselle Beauharnais wields a sceptre which will never break in her hands. She remains a Queen by the grace of her own talents, after having ceased to be one by the grace of God. For my part, I most cordially add my applause to these traits of genius. I take pleasure in paying homage to fallen greatness, especially when persons in that situation have proved themselves so worthy of the high station to which circumstances had raised them."

"I have seen so much of the Queen Hortense," said Prince Leopold, "during my frequent visits to Paris, that I can bear full testimony to the truth of your remark, so far as it may apply to her. She was extremely young when suddenly transferred to a court resplendent with military glory. Her amiable disposition was not in the remotest manner affected by the brilliant turn of her prospects. Neither imperial pomp nor regal honours

could produce any alteration in her, and she has always retained her modest and unaffected manners. Nor does the privation of all these honours appear to have occasioned any regret with her. Nature has gifted her with genius for the fine arts, which her superior education and the means at her command have fully developed. The Prince has, therefore, very justly observed that she wields a sceptre of which nothing can deprive her. She sings most exquisitely, and plays delightfully on various instruments. She composes very prettily, and draws in great perfection. No lady in Paris danced more gracefully than she did. But what can never be forgotten by strangers who were in the habit of visiting Paris during the time of her greatness there, is the urbanity which both herself and her mother evinced towards those who had the honour of becoming known to them. They seemed both of them as if desirous of smoothing the difficulty of position peculiar to many of us at the court of the Tuileries."

"I admire," said the Prince de Ligne, "the frank homage you pay, my dear Prince, where it is justly due. I am fond of admiring where admiration is called for, and I confess that I detest those who are ever seeking a motive for every demonstration of kindness, and who affect to doubt that amiable qualities can spring from natural impulses."

"When the sovereigns quitted their seats, the company repaired to the great ball-room, where every thing had been prepared for dancing. I offered my arm to the Princess Esterhazy, and she allowed me to remain by her the rest of the evening.

"All those who had figured in the representation had kept on their dramatic costumes, and as their number was considerable, they formed separate quadrilles among themselves, which added much variety and animation to the scene. These *fêtes*, in which dancing was introduced, were frequently as useful to young diplomatists in the furtherance of political objects, as in giving an agreeable relaxation to their labours. All restraint was laid aside on such occasions, and politicians of a maturer age assembled in groupes in various parts of the room, discussing grave subjects without reserve. The young waltzers would occasionally stop short near these groupes, and, apparently occupied exclusively with their amusement and their fair partners, would listen attentively to the conversations of the politicians. A word or sentence pronounced by any person of note often served to govern diplomatic proceedings in a manner which puzzled many to discover how their thoughts or intentions could have been guessed at.

"The Emperor Alexander had opened the ball with the Empress of Austria, by a Polonaise, a kind of dancing march with which the court balls are always begun. In an adjoining apartment several members of the *corps diplomatique* were seated gravely at the whist table; a recreation which seemed to have become indispensable to their ministerial labours.

"A magnificent supper was served up at twelve o'clock. The sovereigns sat down to the table which had been reserved for them, and the rest of the company took their seats at other tables without any observance of etiquette or distinction of ranks. These banquets were always magnificent and expensive. It was calculated that up to the occasion of which I am speaking, they had cost the emperor thirty millions of florins. But then the money spent in Vienna by the strangers, attracted either by business or curiosity, was estimated to amount to no less than a hundred thousand florins; and every one knows the means employed by Colbert to re-exhaust the exhausted coffers of his master.



‘Soon after the sovereigns had withdrawn, dancing ceased, and every one went to seek in rest a new accession of strength and spirits for pleasures long before marked out in the chain of amusements provided for each successive day.’—vol. ii. pp. 106—112.

There were no two greater friends at the Congress than the late Emperor Alexander and the Prince Eugene Beauharnais. They were generally to be seen walking together every day on the prater, or on the ramparts, or visiting the sights of Vienna, the emperor dressed in a plain frock coat, and without any decoration but that of the Sword of Sweden. His open protection of the young prince at such a period was highly honourable to him. The author walking one day with the Count de Witt on the prater, was enabled to speak of the emperor’s kind and engaging manners. The two friends having joined his party, ‘Alexander,’ he says, ‘spoke of Lady Castlereagh’s ball, and his lordship’s fondness for dancing. “There is nothing extraordinary in that,” observed Prince Eugene; “dancing is the amusement of all ages: Socrates learned to dance from Aspasia; and at fifty-six, Cato the Censor danced oftener than Lord Castlereagh now does.”’ This remark made the emperor smile. Alexander’s noble and handsome countenance would have been exceedingly imposing but that an expression of mildness tempered its dignity. The good-natured attention with which he listened to any replies that were addressed to him, captivated all with whom he conversed. He was adored by those who enjoyed the honour of his intimacy; and the simplicity of his manners, together with his easy politeness and gallantry, won all hearts at Vienna! In these respects he presented a striking contrast to Napoleon, of whose jealous attention to etiquette the following anecdote affords an amusing example.

‘After making a few visits, we called on Isabey, to see his fine collection of portraits, which have now, in a great measure, become historical. We found him in his *atelier*, working upon that splendid picture which is destined to connect the name of the artist with most of the distinguished characters of his day. In a moment we found ourselves surrounded by the almost living likenesses of all the celebrated men and beautiful women at that time assembled in Vienna. I saw the portrait of young Napoleon, which Isabey was just finishing when I first met him at Schoenbrunn; also a likeness of the Prince de Ligne, animated by all the fine expression of the original, and a full-length of Napoleon himself, walking in the gardens of Malmaison. “Then he really had the habit of walking with his arms crossed in this manner?” said I.—“Unquestionably,” replied Isabey; “and that, together with his other remarkable habit of stooping his head, at one time well-nigh proved fatal to me. During the consulate, I had been dining one day with some of Bonaparte’s young aides-de-camp at Malmaison. After dinner we went out on the lawn fronting the château, to play at leap-frog: you know that was a favourite college game of ours. I had leaped over the heads of several of my companions, when a little further on, beneath an avenue of trees, I saw another, apparently waiting for me in the requisite position. Thinking I had not yet completed my task, I ran forward; but unfortunately missed my

mark, springing only to the height of his neck. I knocked him down, and we both rolled along the ground to the distance of at least ten yards. What was my horror on discovering that the victim of my unlucky blunder was no other than Bonaparte himself! At that period he had not even dreamed of the possibility of a fall; and this first lesson was naturally calculated to rouse his indignation to the utmost degree. Foaming with rage, he drew his sword, and had I not proved myself a better runner than a leaper, I have no doubt but he would soon have made an end of me. He pursued me as far as the ditch, which I speedily cleared, and, fortunately for me, he did not think fit to follow my example. I proceeded straight to Paris; and so great was my alarm, that I scarcely ventured to look behind me till I reached the gates of the Tuileries. I immediately ascended to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, for the persons of the household were accustomed to admit me at all times. On seeing my agitation, Josephine at first concluded that I was the bearer of some fatal news. I related my adventure, which, in spite of my distress, appeared to her so irresistibly comic, that she burst into a fit of laughter. When her merriment had somewhat subsided, she promised, with her natural kindness of heart, to intercede with the consul in my behalf. But knowing her husband's irascible temper, she advised me to keep out of the way until she should have an opportunity of appeasing him, which to her was no very difficult task; for at that time Napoleon loved her most tenderly. Indeed her angelic disposition always gave her a powerful ascendancy over him, and she was frequently the means of averting those acts of violence to which his ungovernable temper would otherwise have driven him.

"On my return home I found lying on my table an order not to appear again at the Tuileries; and it was during my temporary retirement that I finished the portrait you were just now looking at. Madame Bonaparte, on presenting it to the consul, obtained my pardon, and my recall to court. The first time Bonaparte saw me after this affair was in Josephine's apartments, and stepping up to me good-naturedly, he patted me on the cheek, saying,—'Really, sir, if people will play tricks, they ought at least to do them cleverly.'—'*Mon Dieu!*' said Josephine, laughing, 'if you had seen his look of terror when he first presented himself to me, you would have thought him sufficiently punished for his intended feat of agility.'"

'Isabey related this anecdote with all his peculiar animation and drollery; and he accompanied the story with such expressive gestures and attitudes, that he seemed to bring the whole scene visibly before me. I could imagine I saw Napoleon prostrate on the ground, and then rising to vent his rage, like angry Jupiter hurling his thunderbolts.'—vol. ii. pp. 159—162.

The reader who can refer to this volume will find in it a great many anecdotes which we have no space to notice. Among these the strange story of Mr. Aide is not the least curious. This adventurer had already appeared at Vienna, in an oriental dress as the *Prince of Lebanon*; he now returned in a less pompous character, was received every where, but especially by Lord Castlereagh, with a kindness for which nobody could account. The Prince de Ligne described him as "one of those citizens of the world in whom a good stock of assurance supplies the want of other recommenda-



tions." He was at one time a good deal known in this country, and moved in the best society, without, as it ultimately turned out, any claim whatever to the rank in which he appeared. He was the son of an American merchant, who having charitably presented a small sum of money to a convent at the foot of Mount Lebanon, received from the Pope the order of the Golden Spur, which according to the exploded privileges of the Holy Roman Empire, conferred the title of Count or Marquis. Upon this foundation the merchant's son became a prince! Possessing the exterior of a gentleman, good manners and some money, he cut a plausible figure in England, until his resources being exhausted by his expensive career, poverty betrayed his real character, notwithstanding which he succeeded in marrying an heiress, the daughter of Sir George and Lady Collier. A dispute at a ball in Paris led to a duel in which he was killed some six or seven years ago.—Anecdotes abound in this volume of General Tettenborn, Madame de Stael, the Princess Bagration, the Esterhazies, the Sapiieghas, the Potokis, Capo d'Istrias, Prince Stahremberg, the Grand Duke Constantine—of the Englishman Reilly, whose splendid dinners were so much talked of at Vienna during the Congress,—of Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, of Lord Stewart, now Marquis of Londonderry, and a numerous tribe of other personages who figured at that period in the capital of Austria. That their time was not always spent in the most innocent manner, will sufficiently appear from an incident which the author relates as having happened to one of his friends, the Count Zavadowski.

“Count Zavadowski was the son of a favourite minister of Catherine II., and on the death of his father became heir to a vast fortune. I had known him very well at St. Petersburg, where his noble birth, his amiable manners, and a fund of information far beyond his years, rendered him a favourite in the most distinguished circles of the Russian capital. On the conclusion of peace, he proposed visiting the different capitals of Europe, and, with this view, proceeded straight to Vienna, during the sitting of the Congress. This was of course an excellent preface to the book of the world, every page of which he was anxious to peruse.

““I have been spending the evening,” said he, “with my relation, Prince Razumowsky, who gave a ball in honour of the Empress Elizabeth's Saint's day. The heat was excessive, and I came away before supper.” I gave him a description of Mr. Reilly's dinner, an account of which he had already heard from the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg.

“I expected next morning two Hungarian horses to be sent to me, which I was assured were the best trotters in Vienna. As I wished to purchase them, I asked the count to accompany me to the prater to try them, which he promised to do. While we were talking about trotting horses, of which I think none in Europe equal those employed in the Russian sledges, for the winter races on the Moskwa, the count prepared to undress. He observed that he was much fatigued with dancing, as he had been teaching the Mazurka to some German ladies, who were prevailed on to substitute the graceful elegance of the Polish dance for the

stiff formality of the minuet. "Good night, then, count," said I; "I will put out the lights, and give this *bougie* to your valet de chambre. Be ready to-morrow at 10 o'clock."

Next morning the horses were harnessed in my curricule, and at the appointed hour I was at Zavadowski's door. On entering I was met by his valet, who told me that the count was not yet up. "How! not up?" I exclaimed, "and in bed before midnight:—a lazy fellow! I'll soon rouse him." I entered his chamber, and found his curtains closely drawn. "Come, come, Zavadowski," said I, "what means this? I hope you are not ill?"—He raised his head from the pillow, and drawing his hand across his eyes, as if to dash aside a tear, he exclaimed, "Alas! my dear father, why did I lose thee?"—"Count," resumed I, "what ails you? What melancholy dream has revived the memory of your father at this moment? Come, come, the horses are at the door."—"My dear friend," replied he, "it is no dream but a sad reality. I lost two millions last night!"—"Zavadowski, are you mad? I tell you, you are in bed where I left you last night. I extinguished the lights myself before I went away.—Are you dreaming or asleep?"—"Neither, my friend; but I am awaked from a sleep which I could fain have wished had been my last. Z—— and Count B—— called on me after you went away. The candles were lighted: we played the whole night, and I lost two millions of rubles, for which they have my bills." I advanced to the window, and on drawing aside the curtain, I saw the chamber strewn with cards. A few short hours had completed the ruin of the unfortunate young man. "My dear count," said I, "in all probability this is merely a joke, intended to alarm you. Be comforted. They cannot surely intend to rob you in this way. I will go to them immediately. They cease to be my friends if they hesitate for one moment to adopt the course which honour dictates."—vol. ii. pp. 209—212.

It would be superfluous to add that in both cases his interference was simply laughed at. The Count had recourse to a more energetic mode of appeal, and challenged one of his adversaries, whom he wounded. His character as a gambler and a duellist gained him so much discredit with Alexander, that upon applying to be attached to the Russian embassy to Florence, he received from the Imperial hand the following overwhelming answer:—"In consideration of the services rendered to our august mother by your father, Count Zavadowski, I pardon the indecorous presumption of your request."!!

At some party which was graced by the presence of Prince Eugene, he related a curious story characteristic of the uses to which *Malmaison*, now so beautiful a palace, was applied by Cardinal Richelieu, from whose acts of despotism carried on there it has derived that ill-omened appellation.

"In a gloomy day in the month of November a traveller, on horseback, stopped at the door of an inn in the village of Rouelle, which adjoins the park of Malmaison. The hostess went out to receive him, and having given his horse to the stable-boy, he ordered dinner. He was shewn into the best room in the house, and the busy hostess set about preparing his repast. In a few minutes another traveller, on horseback, stopped at the



inn, and also ordered dinner. 'I am very sorry that I cannot accommodate you, Sir,' said the hostess; 'but every thing we have in the house has been bespoke by a gentleman who arrived a few minutes before you.'—'Go up stairs,' said the traveller, 'and tell your guest I shall be obliged to him if he will permit me to share his dinner, and I will defray my portion of the expense.' The hostess delivered the message to the first traveller, who politely replied, 'Tell the gentleman I shall be glad of his company, but that it is not my practice to accept payment from persons whom I invite to dine with me.' The second traveller accordingly went up stairs, and having expressed his acknowledgments for the kind reception he had experienced, they both sat down to table.

'The dinner was as cheerful as could be expected, considering the short acquaintance of the parties; but during the dessert, when some excellent wine was placed before them the conversation became more unrestrained, and the second traveller ventured to ask his obliging Amphitryon what had brought him to that part of the country, where he appeared to be a stranger? 'I have been ordered here,' he replied, 'by the cardinal.'—'By the cardinal!' resumed his companion. 'Pardon my curiosity, Sir, if I inquire whether you have reason to suppose you have given his Eminence any offence?'—'By no means,' replied the first traveller; 'and it is to free myself from any such imputation that I have come here. The fact is, there has been published at Rochelle, my native town, a virulent satire upon the public conduct and personal character of the cardinal, several copies of which have been addressed to the king; and though I never in my life wrote a single word that has appeared in print, I am unjustly accused of being the author of this pamphlet. Nothing obtains such ready belief as the whisperings of folly and illnature; and I have therefore lost no time in obeying the summons of his Eminence, in the hope of effectually refuting the absurd charge that has been brought against me.'—'Sir,' said his companion, with an expression of marked anxiety, 'return thanks to Providence for the fortunate accident which has introduced me to you to-day. I also have been summoned hither by the cardinal, and for no other purpose, I am convinced, than that of beheading you!' A thrill of horror passed through the frame of the person to whom these words were addressed. 'Yes, sir,' resumed the speaker, 'I say again my task would have been to behead you. I am the executioner of a neighbouring town; and whenever the cardinal has any secret act of vengeance to perform I receive orders to repair to the castle. The particulars I have just heard you relate, together with the hour of your appointment here, all convince me, beyond a doubt, that you are marked out as a victim.—But fear nothing: I will secure your escape. Order your horse instantly and go with me. I will acquit myself of the debt of gratitude which your courtesy has imposed on me.'

'The horror and alarm of the poor traveller may be more easily conceived than described. He instantly ordered the horses to be saddled, and having paid the bill, he and his companion set out, taking a private way through the wood of Bertard. 'Do you see,' said his guide, as they approached the castle, 'that grated window which almost reaches the cranies of the central turret? In that dungeon sentences, against which there is no appeal, are pronounced and executed, and the mutilated bodies of the victims are hurled into the moat below, where they are speedily destroyed

by quick-lime. Neglect not to observe my instructions. Conceal yourself behind that hedge; and if within the space of an hour you see a light glimmering at the window which I have pointed out, then you may conclude that I am ordered here to execute vengeance upon another: but if, on the contrary, you see no light, rely on it that you yourself are the intended victim. In that case lose not a moment. Profit by the darkness of the night and the swiftness of your horse. Gain the frontier, and there lead your cause as you think fit. But permit me to tell you, that it is absurd to seek to justify yourself against the imputation of an offence which you have not committed; for, where despotism reigns law, and justice are powerless.\*

\* "Having expressed unbounded gratitude to his tutelary saint, the traveller withdrew to his hiding-place. The suspicions of the cardinal's agent proved well founded. No light appeared at the window of the turret; and at the expiration of the hour the traveller galloped off. He immediately quitted France, and did not venture back until after the death of the cardinal.

"On returning to his native country, his first business was to visit the inn of Rouelle, and to make inquiries respecting his benefactor; who, however, had not been seen or heard of for several years. He then related his adventure, which has since become a local tradition, and has conferred celebrity on the inn of Rouelle, known by the sign of the *Cheval Blanc*. The room in which the two travellers dined is shown to this day, and is called *la salle de bon secours*.

"You see, gentlemen," added Prince Eugene, "that there is some difference between the impression which Malmaison produced on you, and that which was experienced when the *tour des oubliettes* was an object of error to the neighbouring country."—vol. ii. pp. 267—271.

We might go on amusing ourselves and the reader through a dozen or two more pages, exhibiting the attractive matter which seems in the volume before us; but we must put it away, under the hope that we have fairly exhibited its merits, and that we may soon again meet with its accomplished author, in that more important work which he has promised to execute.

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ART. III.—*Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries. Interspersed with some Particulars respecting the Author.\** By William Godwin. 8vo. pp. 471. London: Wilson, 1831.

WE regret to say that this work, like all Mr. Godwin's philosophical productions, must be read with great caution, in order to be read with advantage. It resembles, in its leading features, the same author's "Enquirer—Reflections on Education, Manners and Literature," which was published in 1797. Like that series of essays, the present collection is written in a terse and perspicuous

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\* A work under a title nearly similar to this was some time since announced by Mr. Murray, from the pen of the late Anastasius Hope. Since the death of that accomplished scholar, the work has been very properly suppressed by his executors, as it was thought to be rather too latitudinarian.



style, and bears strong marks of originality and dogmatism. Although the author professes to treat only of topics which had not been discussed by any preceding writer—a profession, by the way, that sounds of a degree of empiricism, which we would not willingly impute to him—nevertheless he has, perhaps unconsciously, reproduced in these pages, several subjects which he had already commenced, at least, in the “Enquirer,” in his “Political Justice,” as well as in some of his other writings. We find that upon Education, Talents, Character, Benevolence, Frankness, Liberty of Action, Human Virtue, not to mention other heads of his chapters, he has repeated ideas which he had before announced, and expanded many germs of thought, for which he had, more than thirty years ago, obtained his due share of applause. We do not object to this as a material fault in itself; we mention it as a fact that contradicts the assertion of that entire novelty which is assumed as conferring peculiar value upon the present performance.

Indeed, we might observe that, with very few exceptions, there is hardly a single topic developed in this volume, which Mr. Godwin had not directly or indirectly touched upon in his former compositions. We must even go farther and say, that it has been, so far as we can judge, his principal object, in framing the work before us, to impart a more popular form to those notions of the universe, of political and religious institutions, of men and manners, which in common with Helvetius and Rousseau, and the author of the *Système de la Nature*, he had propagated in the early part of his life. The style in which he clothes those notions is fresh, and we may add generally elegant and inviting; but the doctrine upon all essential points is still the same. The years that have since scattered their snows upon his head, have produced little alteration in his sentiments. He is still for peace and order in the community, and the means by which he would obtain those ends are more conformable with the existing state of our government than we had expected to find them. He is also still as zealous as ever for the diffusion of happiness, the cultivation of all that is kindly and generous in human feelings; and quite an enthusiast in his admiration of that “miracle,” man, and of the world which is around and above him. But believing as he does in the existence of a God, and in the immortality of the soul, he still thinks, as he thought years ago, that what is called Religion is a mere artificial invention, without which man might safely accomplish all that is required of him. Reason and the sentiments of love and friendship and virtue which spring up naturally in the breast, together with the talents that are given to us, and the occupations in which we are engaged, are quite sufficient, according to Mr. Godwin’s philosophy, not only to keep the great majority of mankind out of mischief, but to preserve them in innocence, and to conduct them to that felicity which is to have no end. He does not startle us indeed by violent declamations against Christianity, but if he abstain from open and conspicuous hostility to the divine origin of the scriptures, his parenthetical sneers

against them render it impossible that his opinions on this subject should be mistaken. He speaks of the Redeemer merely as the son of a poor carpenter, who had the good fortune to give birth to a sect!—like Mahomet, or the founder of the quakers!

There is much in these essays worthy of praise, both in sentiment and expression; we perceive in them many notions of a cheering and benevolent nature, respecting the human race in general. But, unhappily, we must trace them all to an apocryphal source, found in that system of philosophy which yields nothing to revelation, which admits of no mysteries, and requires mathematical demonstration in all things. Faith, in a religious sense, is altogether discarded from this system. Nothing is of any value which fails to produce conviction. The reason must be a consenting party to the truth and expediency of every rule by which human conduct is to be directed. Living by that light here, we must be happy hereafter, for God is powerful, and can make us happy. He is good, and will, of necessity, exert that attribute in our favour. This is the summary of Mr. Godwin's religion!

How lamentably mistaken should we be, were we to accept this doctrine as the regulator of our thoughts and actions! Mr. Godwin, assuredly, does not persuade himself that such a religion as this is now disclosed for the first time, or that it is a novelty even in his own hands. Warning the reader against its influence, and requesting him to guard himself from the incidental sarcasms upon Christianity which he will find in these essays, we may at the same time recommend them to his attention. He will find in them a good deal of matter that will excite his reflective faculty and kindle his imagination. He will observe indeed that Mr. Godwin is ambitious of originality, is fond of being considered a leader of his fellows, is often dogmatical, wears the self-sufficient air of a schoolmaster, and has evidently thought more than he has read. His early education was manifestly defective. Although he quotes the classics of the latin and our own language, his mind has received no polish from them; it has not breathed long enough of their atmosphere of poetry to think as they thought, and to be imbued with their taste. Horace talks of the cask that always savours of the generous wine it once contained. This illustration cannot be applied to Mr. Godwin; the cask *was* seasoned, but the wine was home-made, not the true Falernian. He repaired, as far as he could by self-education, the want of the usual academical course, and by perseverance and a habit of meditation has become what he is, an independent ideologist, a *doctrinaire*, as the French say, who is anxious to form a school of his own. In this object he has hitherto failed. We have never had any *Godwinites*, and are not likely to have. The mind of the master is too peculiar to attract many pupils. Nevertheless his lectures may be read with profit and pleasure; there are amiable traits about them which will go far to redeem their faults in the eyes of the most fastidious moralist.



The personal 'particulars' which the author announces as being interspersed through this work, are so few that they hardly deserved to be noticed in the title-page. They are, however, as all autobiography is, interesting as far as they make us acquainted with his intellectual constitution. Voluminous as his compositions have been, he begs his readers to believe that he never in any instance contributed a page to any periodical miscellany. We should not think the worse of him if he had. Perhaps if he had submitted some of his lucubrations to the test of such productions, he might have found the necessity of giving them a more popular and attractive aspect than they now wear. The best essays in our language, Addison's, Steele's, Johnson's, appeared first in a periodical form; and we may presume that a desire to captivate the attention of general readers, tended rather to augment than to diminish the care with which those authors finished their compositions. Hence those artist-like touches which even now we admire in them. Indeed we doubt whether Mr. Godwin would ever succeed as a periodical writer, and perhaps this is the secret of his non-appearance in that character. No one would read in a magazine or newspaper an Essay on 'Human Innocence,' or on 'Frankness and Reserve,' whereas in a "regular book" such themes may be endurable as a diversion from more weighty subjects.

The author further informs us, as indeed his writings sufficiently prove, that his mind, though constitutionally meditative, is very far from being misanthropical. 'I have lived,' he says, 'among, and I feel an ardent interest in, and love for, my brethren of mankind. This sentiment, which I regard with complacency in my own breast, I would gladly cherish in others. In such a cause I am well pleased to enrol myself a missionary!' In another place he expresses himself thus:—'I had entered upon a certain career; and I held it to be my duty not to abandon it.' In other words Mr. Godwin appears to live under an impression that he is destined to teach the purest truths of philosophy to mankind. This idea of a mission is not peculiar to him. Napoleon conceived that he had it in charge to overturn all thrones but his own. Chateaubriand believed himself called to re-construct them. The progress of events is sure to demonstrate the vanity of political charlatans. The world, we apprehend, would go on just as well, if Mr. Godwin's 'mission' had never taken place, or if his 'certain career' had long ago been abandoned. Individuals are no more than grains of sand on the sea-shore. Their affectation of self-importance would be laughable, if it were not so humiliating.

In other respects we are not displeased with Mr. Godwin's egotism. Religion being altogether out of his calculations, he seems to enjoy life with more zest than most persons of his age. He sets about his purpose like an intellectual Epicurus. His grand rule is, that it is desirable not to accomplish our ends within the briefest possible space of time, but rather to consider existence as 'an

ample field that is spread before us, and to examine how it is to be filled with pleasure, with advantage, and with usefulness.' Of course this rule is intended for the guidance of literary men and others who are masters of their time, and can dispose of it as they think fit. His remarks on this subject are well worth attention.

' We shall perhaps understand this best, if we take up the subject on a limited scale, and, before we consider life in its assigned period of seventy years, first confine our attention to the space of a single day. And we will consider that day, not as it relates to the man who earns his subsistence by the labour of his hands, or to him who is immersed in the endless details of commerce; but we will take the case of the man, the whole of whose day is to be disposed of at his own discretion.

' The attention of the curious observer has often been called to the tediousness of existence, how our time hangs upon our hands, and in how high estimation the art is held, of giving wings to our hours, and making them pass rapidly and cheerfully away. And moralists of a cynical disposition have poured forth many a sorrowful ditty upon the inconsistency of man, who complains of the shortness of life, at the same time that he is put to the greatest straits how to give an agreeable and pleasant occupation to its separate portions. "Let us hear no more," say these moralists, "of the transitoriness of human existence, from men to whom life is a burthen, and who are willing to assign a reward to him that shall suggest to them an occupation or an amusement untried before."

' But this inconsistency, if it merits the name, is not an affair of artificial and supersubtle refinement, but is based in the fundamental principles of our nature. It is unavoidable that, when we have reached the close of any great epoch of our existence, and still more when we have arrived at its final term, we should regret its transitory nature, and lament that we have made no more effectual use of it. And yet the periods and portions of the stream of time, as they pass by us, will often be felt by us as insufferably slow in their progress, and we would give no inconsiderable sum to procure that the present section of our lives might come to an end, and that we might turn over a new leaf in the volume of existence.

' I have heard various men profess that they never knew the minutes that hung upon their hands, and were totally unacquainted with what, borrowing a term from the French language, we call *ennui*. I own I have listened to these persons with a certain degree of incredulity, always excepting such as earn their subsistence by constant labour, or as, being placed in a situation of active engagement, have not the leisure to feel apathy and disgust.

' But we are talking here of that numerous class of human beings who are their own masters, and spend every hour of the day at the choice of their discretion. To these we may add the persons who are partially so, and who, having occupied three or four hours every day in discharge of some function necessarily imposed on them, at the striking of a given hour go out of school, and employ themselves in a certain industry or sport purely of their own election.

' To go back then to the consideration of the single day of a man, all of whose hours are at his disposal to spend them well or ill, at the bidding of his own judgment, or the impulse of his own caprice.

' We will suppose that, when he rises from his bed, he has sixteen hours before him, to be employed in whatever mode his will shall decide. I bar



the case of travelling or any of those schemes for passing the day, which by their very nature take the election out of his hands, and fill up his time with a perpetual motion, the nature of which is ascertained from the beginning.

‘With such a man, then, it is in the first place indispensably necessary, that he should have various successive occupations. There is no one study or intellectual enquiry to which a man can apply sixteen hours consecutively, unless in some extraordinary instances which can occur but seldom in the course of a life. And even then the attention will from time to time relax, and the freshness of mental zeal and activity give way, though perhaps, after the lapse of a few minutes, they may be revived and brought into action again.

‘In the ordinary series of human existence it is desirable that, in the course of the same day, a man should have various successive occupations. I myself for the most part read in one language at one part of the day, and in another at another. I am then in the best health and tone of spirits, when I employ two or three hours and no more, in the act of writing and composition. There must also in the sixteen hours be a time for meals. There should be a time for fresh air and bodily exercise. It is in the nature of man that we should spend a part of every day in the society of our fellows, either at public spectacles and places of concourse, or in the familiar interchange of conversation with one, two, or more persons with whom we can give ourselves up to unrestrained communication. All human life, as I have said, every day of our existence, consists of term and vacation; and the perfection of practical wisdom is to interpose these one with another, so as to produce a perpetual change, a well-chosen relief, and a freshness and elastic tone which may bid defiance to weariness.

‘Taken then in this point of view, what an empire does the man of leisure possess in each single day of his life! He disposes of his hours much in the same manner as the commander of a company of men, whom it is his business to train in the discipline of war. This officer directs one party of his men to climb a mountain, and another to ford or swim a stream which rushes along the valley. He orders this set to rush forward with headlong course, and the other to wheel, and approach by circuitous progress perhaps to the very same point. He marches them to the right and the left. He then dismisses them from the scene of exercise, to furbish their arms, to attend to their accoutrements, or to partake of necessary refection. Not inferior to this is the authority of the man of leisure in disposing of the hours of one single day of his existence. And human life consists of many such days, there being three hundred and sixty-five in each year that we live.’—pp. 138—142.

There is nothing but good sense in this passage, which is, besides, very neatly written. From the author’s remarks upon education we perceive that he still retains the opinion, that if a boy be properly treated, ‘reprehension and reprimand’ not to speak of chastisement, can scarcely ever be necessary. There are undoubtedly some youths to be met with in public schools, who may be seriously injured by severe correction. The boy who generally shews an ambition to excel his fellows, ought never to be degraded in this manner. Occasional failures will operate more forcibly upon his mind than reproof, and it must be the mere love

of tyranny in the master that would visit such a youth with the same mortification which is imposed upon the idler. So far we agree with Mr. Godwin. But if his rule were to admit of no, or even only of a few exceptions, we apprehend that it could not be reduced to practice. Describing his own education, he states that he found in himself, for as long a time as he could trace backward the records of memory, 'a prominent vein of docility,' and, 'a desire to possess the qualifications which I found to be productive of esteem, and that should enable me to excel among my contemporaries.' 'I was ambitious, he ingenuously adds, 'to be a leader, and to be regarded by others with feelings of complacency. I had no wish to rule by brute force and compulsion; but I was desirous to govern by love, and honour, and "the cords of a man."' In another place he gives us a sketch of the means by which he attempted to accomplish this end; in other words, of his efforts to execute the "mission" to which we have already alluded.

'I have no desire to pass myself upon those who may have any curiosity respecting me for better than I am; and I will therefore here put down a few particulars, which may tend to enable them to form an equitable judgment.

'One of the earliest passions of my mind was the love of truth and sound opinion. "Why should I," such was the language of my solitary meditations, "because I was born in a certain degree of latitude, in a certain century, in a country where certain institutions prevail, and of parents professing a certain faith, take it for granted that all this is right?—This is matter of accident. "Time and chance happeneth to all:" and I, the thinking principle within me, might, if such had been the order of events, have been born under circumstances the very reverse of those under which I was born. I will not, if I can help it, be the creature of accident; I will not, like a shuttle-cock, be at the disposal of every impulse that is given me." I felt a certain disdain for the being thus directed; I could not endure the idea of being made a fool of, and of taking every *ignis fatuus* for a guide, and every stray motion, the meteor of the day, for everlasting truth. I am the person spoken of in a preceding Essay, who early said to Truth, "Go on: whithersoever thou leadest, I am prepared to follow."

'During my college-life, therefore, I read all sorts of books, on every side of any important question, or that were thrown in my way, that I could hear of. But the very passion that determined me to this mode of proceeding, made me wary and circumspect in coming to a conclusion. I knew that it would, if anything, be a more censurable and contemptible act, to yield to every seducing novelty, than to adhere obstinately to a prejudice because it had been instilled into me in youth. I was therefore slow of conviction, and by no means "given to change." I never willingly parted with a suggestion that was unexpectedly furnished to me; but I examined it again and again, before I consented that it should enter into the set of my principles.

'In proportion however as I became acquainted with truth, or what appeared to me be truth, I was like what I have read of Melancthon, who, when he was first converted to the tenets of Luther, became eager to go into all companies, that he might make them partakers of the



inestimable treasures, and set before them evidence that was irresistible. It is needless to say that he often encountered the most mortifying disappointment.

‘ Young and eager as I was in my mission, I received in this way many a bitter lesson. But the peculiarity of my temper rendered this doubly impressive to me: I could not pass over a hint, let it come from what quarter it would, without taking it into some consideration, and endeavouring to ascertain the precise weight that was to be attributed to it. It would however often happen, particularly in the question of the claims of a given individual to honour and respect, that I could see nothing but the most glaring injustice in the opposition I experienced. In canvassing the character of an individual, it is not for the most part general, abstract or moral principles that are called into question: I am left in possession of the premises which taught me to admire the man whose character is contested: and conformably to those premises, I see that his claim to the honour I have paid him is fully made out.

‘ In my communication with others, in the endeavour to impart what I deemed to be truth, I began with boldness: but I often found that the evidence that was to be irresistible, was made small account of by others; and it not seldom happened, as candour was my principle, and a determination to receive what would be shown to be truth, let it come from what quarter it would, that suggestions were presented to me, materially calculated to stagger the confidence with which I set out. If I had been divinely inspired, if I had been secured by an omniscient spirit against the danger of error, my case would have been different. But I was not inspired. I often encountered an opposition I had not anticipated, and was often presented with objections, or had pointed out to me flaws and deficiencies in my reasonings, which, till they were so pointed out, I had not apprehended. I had not lungs enabling me to drown all contradiction; and, which was still more material, I had not a frame of mind which should determine me to regard whatever could be urged against me as of no value. I therefore became cautious. As a human creature, I did not relish the being held up to others, or to myself, as rash, inconsiderate and headlong, unaware of difficulties the most obvious, embracing propositions the most untenable, and “against hope believing in hope.” And, as an apostle of truth, I distinctly perceived that a reputation for perspicuity and sound judgment was essential to my mission. I therefore often became less a speaker than a listener, and by no means made it a law with myself to defend principles and characters I honoured, on every occasion on which I might hear them attacked.

‘ A new epoch occurred in my character, when I published, and at the time I was writing, my Enquiry concerning Political Justice. My mind was wrought up to a certain elevation of tone; the speculations in which I was engaged, tending to embrace all that was most important to man in society, and the frame to which I had assiduously bent myself, of giving quarter to nothing because it was old, and shrinking from nothing because it was startling and astounding, gave a new bias to my character. The habit which I thus formed, put me more on the alert even in the scenes of ordinary life, and gave me a boldness and an eloquence more than was natural to me. I then reverted to the principle which I stated in the beginning, of being ready to tell my neighbour of whatever it might be of advantage to him to know, to shew myself the sincere and zealous advo-

cate of absent merit and worth, and to contribute by every means in my power to the improvement of others, and to the diffusion of salutary truths through the world. I desired that every hour that I lived should be turned to the best account, and was bent each day to examine whether I had conformed myself to this rule. I held on this course with tolerable constancy for five or six years; and, even when that constancy abated, it failed not to leave beneficial effect on my subsequent conduct.

\* But, in pursuing this scheme of practice, I was acting a part somewhat foreign to my constitution. I was by nature more of a speculative than an active character, more inclined to reason within myself upon what I heard and saw, than to declaim concerning it. I loved to sit by unobserved, and to meditate upon the panorama before me. At first I associated chiefly with those who were more or less admirers of my work; and, as I had risen (to speak in the slang phrase) like "a star" upon my cotemporaries without being expected, I was treated generally with a certain degree of deference, or, where not with deference, with submission, yet as a person whose opinions and view of things were to be taken into the account. The individuals who most strenuously opposed me, acted with a consciousness that, if they affected to despise me, they must not expect that all the bystanders would participate in that feeling.

\* But this was to a considerable degree the effect of novelty. My lungs, as I have already said, were not of iron; my manner was not overbearing and despotic; there was nothing in it to deter him who differed from me from entering the field in turn, and telling the tale of his views and judgments in contradiction to mine. I descended into the arena, and stood on a level with the rest. Beyond this, it occasionally happened that, if I had not the stentorian lungs and the petty artifices of rhetoric and conciliation, that should carry a cause independently of its merits, my antagonists were not deficient in these respects. I had nothing in my favour to balance this, but a sort of constitutional equanimity and imperturbableness of temper, which, if I was at any time silenced, made me not look like a captive to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of my adversary.

\* All this, however, had a tendency to subtract from my vocation as a missionary. I was no longer a knight-errant, prepared on all occasions, by dint of arms, to vindicate the cause of every principle that was unjustly handled, and every character that was wrongfully assailed. Meanwhile I returned to the field, occasionally and uncertainly. It required some provocation and incitement to call me out: but there was a lion, or whatever combative animal may more justly prefigure me, sleeping, and that might be awakened.

\* There is another feature necessary to be mentioned, in order to make this a faithful representation. There are persons, it should seem, of whom it may be predicated, that they are *semper parati*. This has by no means been my case. My genius often deserted me. I was far from having the thought, the argument, or the illustration at all times ready, when it was required. I resembled, to a certain degree, the persons we read of, who are said to be struck as if with a divine judgment. I was for a moment changed into one of the mere herd, *de grege porcus*. My powers, therefore, were precarious; and I could not always be the intrepid and qualified advocate of truth, if I vehemently desired it. I have often, a few minutes afterwards, or on my return to my chambers, recollected the train of



thinking, which would have shown me off to advantage, and memorably done me honour, if I could have had it at my command the moment it was wanted.'—pp. 333—340.

Here we have a candid, and, we doubt not, a sincere confession. The portrait which Mr. Godwin has drawn of himself strikes us as a perfect resemblance. No person who was intimately acquainted with him, could have drawn it with more correctness and impartiality. Indeed we think that if the whole of these essays were well sifted, they would furnish the materials for a very good delineation of Mr. Godwin's character. He very justly denominates them the 'special fruits of his meditations;' they bear on every page the stamp of his own likeness. His love of mankind, which forms the leading feature of his philosophy, is beautifully indicated in the first essay 'on body and mind.' He paints in glowing colours his admiration of the human form, the chiselled elegance and the agility of the limbs, the "looks commercing with the skies," the surpassing charms of the countenance, now giving way to an expression of awful intrepidity, now melting in condescension and tenderness.

'What a miraculous thing,' he exclaims, 'is the human complexion! We are sent into the world naked, that all the variations of the blood may be visible. However trite, I cannot avoid quoting here the lines of the most deep-thinking and philosophical of our poets:

"We understood

Her by her sight: her pure and eloquent blood,  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say her body thought."

What a curious phenomenon is that of blushing! It is impossible to witness this phenomenon without interest and sympathy. It comes at once unanticipated by the person in whom we behold it. It comes from the soul, and expresses with equal certainty shame, modesty, and vivid, uncontrollable affection. It spreads as it were in so many stages, over the cheeks, the brow, and the neck, of him or her in whom the sentiment that gives birth to it is working.

'Thus far I have not mentioned speech, not perhaps the most inestimable of human gifts, but, if it is not that, it is at least the endowment which makes man social, by which principally we impart our sentiments to each other, and which changes us from solitary individuals, and bestows on us a duplicate and multipliable existence. Besides which it incalculably increases the perfection of the mind. The man who does not speak, is an unfledged thinker; and the man who does not write, is but half an investigator.

'Not to enter into all the mysteries of articulate speech and the irresistible power of eloquence, whether addressed to a single hearer, or instilled into the ears of many,—a topic that belongs perhaps less to the chapter of body than mind,—let us for a moment fix our thought steadily upon that little implement, the human voice. Of what unnumbered modulations is it susceptible! What terror may it inspire! How may it electrify the soul, and suspend all its functions! How infinite is its melody! How instantly

it subdues the hearer to pity or to love ! How does the listener hang upon every note, praying that it may last for ever.

“ ——— that even Silence

Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more  
Still, to be so displaced.”

It is here especially that we are presented with the triumphs of civilisation. How immeasurable is the distance between the voice of the clown, who never thought of the power that dwells in this faculty, who delivers himself in a rude, discordant and unmodulated accent, and is accustomed to confer with his fellow at the distance of two fields, and the man who understands his instrument as Handel understood the organ, and who, whether he thinks of it or no, sways those that hear him as implicitly as Orpheus is said to have subdued the brute creation !

“ From the countenance of man let us proceed to his figure. Every limb is capable of speaking, and telling its own tale. What can equal the magnificence of the neck, the column upon which the head reposes ! The ample chest may denote an almost infinite strength and power. Let us call to mind the Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus de Medicis, whose very “bends are adornings.” What loftiness and awe have I seen expressed in the steps of an actress, not yet deceased, when first she advanced, and came down towards the audience ! I was ravished, and with difficulty kept my seat. Pass we to the mazes of the dance, the inimitable charms and picturesque beauty that may be given to the figure while still unmoved, and the ravishing grace that dwells in it during its endless changes and evolutions.

“ The upright figure of man produces, incidentally as it were, and by the bye, another memorable effect. Hence we derive the power of meeting in halls and congregations, and crowded assemblies. We are found “at large, though without number,” at solemn commemorations and on festive occasions. We touch each other, as the members of a gay party are accustomed to do, when they wait the stroke of an electrical machine, and the spark spreads along from man to man. It is thus that we have our feelings in common at a theatrical representation and at a public dinner, that indignation is communicated, and patriotism becomes irrepressible. One man can convey his sentiments in articulate speech to a thousand ; and this is the nursing mother of oratory, of public morality, of public religion, and the drama. The privilege we thus possess, we are indeed too apt to abuse ; but man is scarcely ever so magnificent and so awful, as when hundreds of human heads are assembled together, hundreds of faces lifted up to contemplate one object, and hundreds of voices uttered in the expression of one common sentiment.”—pp. 4—7.

From the consideration of the Body the author proceeds to speak in a strain of similar eloquence concerning the mighty attributes of the Mind. Of its actual seat in the body we know nothing. ‘We have every reason to believe,’ says Mr. Godwin, ‘that the mind cannot subsist without the body.’ With great deference to him, we say that we have no reason to believe any such thing. As an intellectual and deeply reflecting man, we put it to him whether he does not feel at times, when his mind is perfectly unclouded,



that it is separable from the clay by which it is surrounded, and that it is capable of consciousness, of happiness, of degradation, joy or sorrow, without the aid of the material substance which composes the brain and the marvellous chains of sensation with which the brain is connected? If the mind cannot subsist without the body, it must moulder into dust as the body is destined to return to the earth. Yet this is not Mr. Godwin's doctrine, though he adds, with a kind of sneer, that if the mind survive the frame, 'at least we must be very different creatures from what we are at present when that shall take place.' The following is a much nobler view of the subject.

'Man is a godlike being. We launch ourselves in conceit into illimitable space, and take up our rest beyond the fixed stars. We proceed without impediment from country to country, and from century to century, through all the ages of the past, and through the vast creation of the imaginable future. We spurn at the bounds of time and space; nor would the thought be less futile that imagines to imprison the mind within the limits of the body, than the attempt of the booby clown who is said within a thick hedge to have plotted to shut in the flight of an eagle.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Man is a creature of mingled substance. I am many times a-day compelled to acknowledge what a low, mean and contemptible being I am. Philip of Macedon had no need to give it in charge to a page, to repair to him every morning, and repeat, "Remember, sir, you are a man." A variety of circumstances occur to us, while we eat, and drink, and submit to the humiliating necessities of nature, that may well inculcate into us this salutary lesson. The wonder rather is, that man, who has so many things to put him in mind to be humble and despise himself, should ever have been susceptible of pride and disdain. Nebuchadnezzar must indeed have been the most besotted of mortals, if it were necessary that he should be driven from among men, and made to eat grass like an ox, to convince him that he was not the equal of the power that made him.

'But fortunately, man is a "stranger at home." Were it not for this, how incomprehensible would be

"The ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
The monarch's crown, and the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, and the judge's robe!"

How ludicrous would be the long procession, and the caparisoned horse, the gilded chariot and the flowing train, the colours flying, the drums beating, and the sound of trumpets rending the air, which after all only introduce to us an ordinary man, no otherwise, perhaps, distinguished from the vilest of the ragged spectators, than by the accident of his birth!

'But what is of more importance, in the temporary oblivion we are enabled to throw over the refuse of the body, it is thus we arrive at the majesty of man. That sublimity of conception which renders the poet, and the man of great literary and original endowments "in apprehension like a God," we could not have, if we were not privileged occasionally to cast away the slough and *exuviae* of the body, from incumbering and dishonouring us, even as Ulysses passed over his threshold, stripped of the

rags that had obscured him, while Minerva enlarged his frame, and gave loftiness to his stature, added a youthful beauty and grace to his motions, and caused his eyes to flash with more than mortal fire. With what disdain, when I have been wrapt in the loftiest moods of mind, do I look down upon my limbs, the house of clay that contains me, the gross flesh and blood of which my frame is composed, and wonder at a lodging, poorly fitted to entertain so divine a guest?—pp. 9—14.

In the next essay upon the ‘Distribution of Talents,’ the author inculcates the just as well as benevolent doctrine, that ‘putting idiots and extraordinary cases out of the question, every human creature is endowed with talents, which, if rightly directed, would shew him to be apt, adroit, intelligent and acute, in the walk for which his organization fitted him.’ The misfortune is, (if indeed, the order of Providence considered, it ought to be deemed a misfortune), that the habits of civilized society permit very few out of the great mass of mankind to follow those pursuits for which their natural aptitude would best suit them. The necessity of earning a subsistence is with the multitude the main point to be looked to. They have not the opportunity of waiting until their natural talents shew themselves, and point out the course in which they could be applied with the greatest advantage. Even in cases where such an opportunity occurs, the difficulty of decision is obvious, and can hardly be lessened by Mr. Godwin’s reasoning upon it. It is indeed ‘comparatively, a very little way that we can penetrate into the mysteries of nature.’ While many men are thus placed out of their proper sphere, others are, by ambition, by impulse or accidental circumstances, elevated to employments for which they are utterly unfit. Hence the number of intellectual abortions and failures which we behold in almost every rank of society. Hence the amazing quantity of vile poetry and feeble literature with which the world is inundated. Hence the columns of fulsome speeches with which the published debates of parliament constantly teem. Hence the blunders which perpetually occur in the management of domestic and foreign policy. Generals presume to be statesmen—statesmen generals. The man intended by nature for a mechanic toils at the bar; he who would have shone as an advocate, keeps an apothecary’s shop. Mr. Godwin’s illustrations of this subject are very happily expressed.

‘In all the various paths of human existence, that appear to have something in them splendid and alluring, there are perpetual instances of daring adventures, unattended with the smallest rational hope of success. *Optat ephippia bos piger*.

All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

‘But, besides these instances of perfect and glaring miscarriage, there are examples worthy of a deeper regret, where the juvenile candidate sets out in the morning of life with the highest promise, with colours flying, and the spirit-stirring note of gallant preparation, when yet his voyage of life is destined to terminate in total discomfiture. I have seen such an one,



whose early instructors regarded him with the most sanguine expectation, and his elders admired him, while his youthful competitors unreluctantly confessed his superiority, and gave way on either side to his triumphant career; and all this has terminated in *nothing*.

‘In reality the splendid march of genius is beset with a thousand difficulties. “The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.” A multitude of unthought-of qualifications are required; and it depends at least as much upon the nicely-maintained balance of these, as upon the copiousness and brilliancy of each, whether the result shall be auspicious. The progress of genius is like the flight of an arrow; a breath may turn it out of its course, and cause that course to terminate many a degree wide of its purposed mark. It is therefore scarcely possible that any sharpness of foresight can pronounce of the noblest beginnings, whether they shall reach to an adequate conclusion.

‘I have seen such a man, with the most fervent imagination, with the most diligent study, with the happiest powers of memory, and with an understanding that apparently took in every thing, and arranged every thing, at the same time that by its acuteness it seemed able to add to the accumulated stores of foregone wisdom and learning new treasures of its own; and yet this man shall pass through the successive stages of human life, in appearance for ever active, for ever at work, and leave nothing behind that shall embalm his name to posterity, certainly nothing in any degree adequately representing those excellencies which a chosen few, admitted to his retired and his serenest hours, knew to reside in him.

‘There are conceptions of the mind, that come forth like the coruscations of lightning. If you could fix that flash, it would seem as if it would give new brightness to the sons of men, and almost extinguish the luminary of day. But, ere you can say it is here, it is gone. It appears to reveal to us the secrets of the world unknown; but the clouds congregate again, and shut in upon us, before we had time to apprehend its full radiance and splendour.

‘To give solidity and permanence to the inspirations of genius, two things are especially necessary. First, that the idea to be communicated should be powerfully apprehended by the speaker, or writer; and next, that he should employ words and phrases which might convey it in all its truth to the mind of another. The man who entertains such conceptions, will not unfrequently want the steadiness of nerve which is required for their adequate transmission. Suitable words will not always wait upon his thoughts. Language is in reality a vast labyrinth, a scene like the Hercanian Forest of old, which we are told, could not be traversed in less than sixty days. If we do not possess the clue, we shall infallibly perish in the attempt, and our thoughts and our memory will expire with us.

‘The sentences of this man, when he speaks, or when he writes, will be full of perplexity and confusion. They will be endless, and never arrive at their proper termination. We perceive the person who delivers them, to be perpetually labouring after a meaning, but never reaching it. He is like one flung over into the sea, unprovided with the skill that should enable him to contend with the tumultuous element. He flounders about in pitiable helplessness, without the chance of extricating himself by all his efforts. He is lost in unintelligible embarrassment. It is a delightful and a ravishing sight, to observe another man come after him, and tell, without

complexity, and in the simplicity of self-possession, unconscious that there was any difficulty, all that his predecessor had fruitlessly exerted himself to unfold.

\* There are a multitude of causes that will produce a miscarriage of this sort, where the richest soil, impregnated with the choicest seeds of learning and observation, shall entirely fail to present us with such a crop as might rationally have been anticipated. Many such men waste their lives in indolence and irresolution. They attempt many things, sketch out plans, which if properly filled up, might illustrate the literature of a nation, and extend the empire of the human mind, but which they desert as soon as begun, affording us the promise of a beautiful day, that, ere it is noon, is enveloped in darkest tempests and the clouds of midnight. They skim away from one flower in the parterre of literature to another, like the bee, without, like the bee, gathering sweetness from each, to increase the public stock, and enrich the magazine of thought. The cause of this phenomenon is an unsteadiness, ever seduced by the newness of appearances, and never settling with firmness and determination upon what had been chosen.

\* Others there are that are turned aside from the career they might have accomplished, by a visionary and impracticable fastidiousness. They can find nothing that possesses all the requisites that should fix their choice, nothing so good that should authorise them to present it to public observation, and enable them to offer it to their cotemporaries as something that we should "not willingly let die." They begin often; but nothing they produce appears to them such as that they should say of it, "Let this stand." Or they never begin, none of their thoughts being judged by them to be altogether such as to merit the being preserved. They have a microscopic eye, and discern faults unworthy to be tolerated, in that in which the critic himself might perceive nothing but beauty."—pp. 59—63.

Another fine chapter on Man, is opened in ascertaining the durability of his achievements and productions. He is the only creature we know, that, when the term of his natural life is ended, leaves the memory of himself behind him! He decorates the plains, the valleys, and the hills, by industry and taste in cultivation, and in the erection of commodious buildings. Further than this, he gives a permanent, in some instances an imperishable record to his thoughts, and this, too, after having provided for his subsistence. 'We manufacture these sublimities and everlasting monuments out of the bare remnants and shreds of our time.' This subject leads to the consideration of fame and popularity, of the number of men who have in various periods of the world made the sciences and arts the chief objects of their occupation, of the real state of the human mind during those ages when it is generally represented as wrapped in a profound sleep, of the connection of the feudal system with chivalry and romance, and of the preservation by the monasteries of the remains of ancient literature. The author, in order to shew the instability of fame, furnishes us with the names of many men who were celebrated in their day for their prodigious learning, but who have since sunk to the lowest depths of the pool of oblivion. We shall quote two or three of these examples.



\* Nicholas Peiresk was born in the year 1580. His progress in knowledge was so various and unprecedented, that, from the time that he was twenty-one years of age, he was universally considered as holding the helm of learning in his hand, and guiding the commonwealth of letters. He died at the age of fifty-seven. The academy of the Humoristi at Rome paid the most extraordinary honours to his memory; many of the cardinals assisted at his funeral oration; and a collection of verses in his praise was published in more than forty languages.

\* Salmasius was regarded as a prodigy of learning; and various princes and powers entered into a competition who should be so fortunate as to secure his residence in their states. Christina, queen of Sweden, having obtained the preference, received him with singular reverence and attention; and, Salmasius being taken ill at Stockholm, and confined to his bed, the queen persisted with her own hand to prepare his caudles, and mend his fire. Yet, but for the accident of his having Milton for his adversary, his name would now be as little remembered, even by the generality of the learned, as that of Peiresk.

\* Du Bartas, in the reign of Henry the Fourth of France, was one of the most successful poets that ever existed. His poem on the Creation of the World went through upwards of thirty editions in the course of five or six years, was translated into most European languages, and its commentators promised to equal in copiousness and number the commentators of Homer.

\* One of the most admired of our English poets, about the close of the sixteenth century, was Donne. Unlike many of those trivial writers of verse who succeeded him, after an interval of forty or fifty years, and who won for themselves a brilliant reputation by the smoothness of their numbers, the elegance of their conceptions, and the politeness of their style, Donne was full of originality, energy, and vigour. No man can read him without feeling himself called upon for the earnest exercise of his thinking powers, and, even with the most fixed attention and application, the student is often obliged to confess his inability to take in the whole of the meaning with which the poet's mind was perceptibly fraught. Every sentence that Donne wrote, whether in verse or prose, is exclusively his own. In addition to this, his thoughts are often, in the noblest sense of the word, poetical; and passages may be quoted from him that no English poet may attempt to rival, unless it be Milton and Shakespeare. Ben Jonson observed of him, with great truth and a prophetic spirit: "Donne, for not being understood, will perish." But this is not all. If Waller and Suckling and Carew sacrificed every thing to the Graces, Donne went into the other extreme. With a few splendid and admirable exceptions, his phraseology and versification are crabbed and repulsive. And, as poetry is read in the first place for pleasure, Donne is left undisturbed on the shelf, or rather in the sepulchre; and not one in an hundred, even among persons of cultivation, can give any account of him, if in reality they ever heard of his productions.—pp. 82—84.

The 'Rebelliousness of Man,' affords to Mr. Godwin a subject for one of the most ingenious of his essays. He considers man both as a rational and an irrational being, a god and an animal, and describes in vivid colours the sublimities to which he is capable of reaching, as well as the extravagant absurdities into which he

frequently falls. From this theme the author passes to that of 'Human Innocence,'—a captivating title, which he illustrates by a very engaging train of reflections. 'When we observe,' he says, 'the quiet manner in which the inhabitants of a great city, and, in the country, the frequenters of the fields, the high roads, and the heaths, pass along, each engrossed by his private contemplations, feeling no disposition to molest the strangers he encounters, but, on the contrary, prepared to afford them every courteous assistance, we cannot in equity do less than admire the innocence of our species, and fancy that, like the patriarchs of old, we have fallen in with "angels unawares!"' The crimes of the species are all registered in history, while few of their virtuous deeds are recorded, and thus we obtain a false impression as to the character of mankind in general. Violence only affords materials to the historian; the peaceful pursuits of men are seldom noticed. But even in times of war the great majority of mankind are occupied in the vocations of industry, which are always free from guilt.

The author next proceeds to treat (Essays VII. and VIII.) of the duration of human life, and contends that no more than about eight hours a-day are passed by 'the wisest and most energetic with a mind attentive and on the alert.' The remaining sixteen hours slide away in vegetation. Indeed, of the great mass of mankind, it is truly observed, that 'the whole of their lives while awake, with the exception of a few brief and insulated intervals, is spent in a passive state of the intellectual powers. Thoughts come and go, as chance or some undefined power in nature may direct, uninterfered with by the sovereign will, the steersman of the mind. And often the understanding appears to be a blank, upon which, if any impressions are then made, they are like figures drawn in the sand, which the next tide obliterates, or are even lighter and more evanescent than this.'

The Ninth Essay treats 'of leisure' as distinguished from that occupation which forms the business of life. The author does not mean by leisure mere idleness, but that pleasant kind of employment which is not necessary or prescribed, which is incidental to our graver pursuits, and may be taken up or laid down as fancy suggests. He doubts which of the two, occupation or leisure, is of the higher value, although the discussion of such a question carries no importance with it, the great and only legitimate object of leisure being to enable us to apply to our usual occupations with greater energy and effect. The bow that is always bent will lose its elasticity. As to the portion of time that may be usefully devoted to either, that is a point which every man must determine for himself, according to the extent of controul which he possesses over the distribution of his hours.

It is in the tenth Essay, on 'Imitation and Invention,' that we chiefly meet with those sneers against the scriptures to which we have already alluded. Mr. Godwin cannot understand how the



Old Testament 'came indiscriminately to be considered as written by divine inspiration.' He looks upon it as nothing more than 'a collection of the literary remains of an ancient and memorable people, whose wisdom may furnish instruction to us, and whose poetry abounds in lofty flights and sublime imagery.' He condescendingly adds, that 'it certainly contains a sufficient quantity of unquestionable truth, to induce us to regard it as springing from profound observation, and comprehensive views'!! Besides that these remarks expose Mr. Godwin to the risk of being ranked among the Carliles and Taylors of the day, he has gone out of his course in order to make them. They have nothing whatever to do with the question, whether human speech is but imitation, whether we are angry or pleased because we see others undergoing those moods of the mind. Much as the author has sought in other chapters to exalt his species, in this he endeavours to depress them to the rank of monkies. 'We pretend,' he says, 'each of us to have a judgment of our own; but in truth we wait with the most patient docility till he whom we regard as the leader of the chorus, gives us the signal—here you are to applaud, and here you are to condemn! 'We are,' he maintains, 'all apes, fixing our eyes upon a model, and copying him gesture by gesture.' Upon this dark side of the question, Mr. Godwin pours a flood of astounding eloquence. He does not, however, omit to shew, that it has also its light side, and that there are splendid monuments of human genius in existence, which shew that man is not altogether the mere slave of imitation.

The subjects of 'Self-love and Benevolence,' of 'The Liberty of Human Actions,' are delightfully discussed in the eleventh and twelfth Essays. The thirteenth, which treats of 'Belief,' brings us to more dangerous ground, over which, however, the author effects his progress with but a few allusions to religion. 'Youth and Age,' 'Love and Friendship,' 'Frankness and Reserve,' furnish the subjects of the succeeding three Essays, and the seventeenth is devoted to the now much-agitated theme of the 'Ballot.' We own, that from the republican tendency of Mr. Godwin's politics, we had expected to find him a strenuous advocate for this secret mode of voting, and were surprised to find him wholly opposed to it. He looks upon the 'Ballot' as the badge of slavery, and uses some of the strongest arguments against it that we have yet seen.

Two or three of the latter Essays in the volume are taken up with the subjects of 'Phrenology' and 'Astronomy.' The former he easily demolishes as a science; he attempts to treat the latter in a similar way, and laughs at Ferguson and Herschell, whose calculations about the sun, moon, and stars, he considers as utterly incredible. It is very certain that the astronomers sometimes demand of us a measure of faith next in degree almost to the mysteries of religion: but to say that they have accomplished nothing, ascertained nothing, that all their systems are mere visions of the brain, is of itself a proposition that produces neither faith nor conviction.

In the concluding Essay we have an amiable view of the natural position to virtue which animates the human race. Even Nero, during the first part of his reign, not only shed no blood, but acted, at least from Seneca, his panegyrist, the epithet of Clement. His suggestions of the youthful mind are all ingenuous and honourable; but riches and vices, springing out of the scheme of civil society, soon turn him from the paths of virtue to those of dechery and crime. Poverty, on the other hand, produces a similar effect, and thus the race becomes degraded, while our nature still remains the same, capable of good, and originally tending to it, but led away by temptation, which Mr. Godwin does not teach us how to resist. Here his philosophy falls to the ground, exhibiting its imbecility upon the very point with which it is of the greatest importance to us all to be acquainted in theory, and still more in practice.

T. IV.—*A Year in Spain.* By a young American. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Murray, 1831.

AND the author not announced his country in the title-page, and permitted his name to be disclosed in the Quarterly Review, which impetted forth loud praises of his work before it appeared in public, we should never have supposed that it was written by any other than an Englishman. There are, indeed, two or three sentences, towards the close of the second volume, which might have convinced us of our mistake; but, in all other respects, we should have easily believed that these volumes were the production of one of our own countrymen, thoroughly versed in the idiomatic simplicity of our language, and the best style of our literature. It is not among the least of the pleasures which we have derived from the perusal of them, that they have afforded to us a remarkable indication of the return of our American brethren to the "Wells of English undefiled," and of their abandonment of that ambitious phraseology which has so long tarnished their compositions, and limited them to an ephemeral popularity. We do not of course assert that this has been the case with all their authors; their Cooper and Irvings form brilliant exceptions in a crowd of motley aspirants, though *they*, indeed, seem to belong more to ourselves than to the land of their birth. But American literature, as such, has hitherto exhibited nothing destined to the enjoyment of a permanent fame, beyond the essays contained in the Federalist, which gain date so near the separation of the two countries, that they may be said to constitute part of our political philosophy. In almost all the departments of writing the native archives of the Union as yet present a woful show of empty cases. They have no history worth reading, not a canto of poetry, no memoirs, no collections of speeches, no miscellaneous works of amusement, very few travels, and not even a single good sermon.



If there be many 'young Americans' brought up among the rising generations, as Lieutenant Slidell appears to have been, these national deficiencies are not likely to remain long unsupplied. The style in which he writes is perfectly free from affectation. It never mounts upon stilts, or betrays the slightest tendency to that arrogance which is so exceedingly disagreeable in the works of some of his countrymen. It is civilized and European in its mode of expressing notions, and speaking of institutions and customs, which are not American. This is a great step for a republican to make, who has, we presume, lived chiefly at the other side of the Atlantic, and has been altogether educated there. We are pleased to recognize in his work so general a conformity to the taste which prevails in England, not because it is that to which we are most inured, but because we believe it to be founded upon the best models. Indeed, upon more than one point, this American traveller presents an example of which our own tourists would do well to profit. He describes the manners of those to whom he is indebted for hospitality exactly as he finds them. He does not deem it a part of his duty, or rather he does not yield so far to the temptations of insolent prejudice, as to decry their morals and ridicule their religion. He looks homeward when these subjects force themselves upon him, and he very properly leaves it to those who are themselves innocent to "throw the first stone."

Spain has been, perhaps more than any other country, the butt of our English travellers, both as to its religious and political institutions. We have abundance of calumny and misrepresentation upon these points in our libraries, and it is therefore particularly delightful to meet with a work like this, which gives us an impartial picture of that never-changing and yet ever-interesting part of the Peninsula. There is a sustained freshness and raciness about Lieutenant Slidell's sketches, with which even the least-informed reader can hardly fail to be pleased. They may want the picturesque touches with which Irving so well knows how to grace his pictures—like those snatches of exquisite scenery which the great painters exhibit, as it were by chance, through a window or a door accidentally opened; they may want also that appearance of defined outline and finish which an experienced artist never neglects; but they have the essential merit of truth and nature as far as they go. We can speak of this from our own knowledge, as, with some few exceptions, we have been over every foot of the ground which this author has traversed. As a much more rare and curious coincidence we may observe, that we have been enabled to appreciate his accuracy, not only as to the parts of the country which he visited, but even as to the season and the festival days on which he chanced to sojourn in them.

After having made the circuit of most of the French provinces, the author resolved to devote a year's leave of absence from his ship, to Spain, which he entered on the Catalonian side, in the

October of 1826. His pecuniary means, he frankly confesses, not being superabundant, he took the chances of the diligence from Perpignan, rather rejoicing than otherwise in the rumours which, for the last hundred years at least, have uniformly peopled the Pyrennees with banditti, whom no traveller can expect to escape. The objects which successively present themselves among the mountains and on the road to Barcelona, the city itself, not long since "the City of the Plague," and its beautiful environs, are accurately as well as gaily described. Thence the ride to Tarragona and Valencia, chiefly following the outline of the sea-coast, is varied and animated, sometimes commanding vistas of the Mediterranean, sometimes, in order to avoid the headlands, striking boldly into the interior. As on the side of Irun and Tolosa, so here also it is mountain, mountain, mountain. One imagines, before crossing the Pyrennees, that having passed the chain which bounds the horizon, one is to descend into a level plain. No such thing. They form a territory of their own, which spreads a considerable way into the Peninsula; ridges overlook ridges, and, indeed, the whole country may be truly said to be a constant succession of mountains, many of which are richly cultivated to their summits, affording fruits and excellent pasturage for goats and sheep, and presenting to the sun their bosoms teeming with oil and wine. The traveller, during the first week or two of his progress through Spain, will frequently be under the necessity of kindling up his associations, in order to invest the rivers and towers he meets on his way with the charms which he expected to find in them. Nay disappointment waits upon his steps for weeks and months. Filthy beds, food which he can hardly touch, wine which at first makes him sick, ruined cities, dismantled fortresses, squalid villages, idle and wretched looking crowds of human beings, every where contribute to disenchant the scenes which the song of the minstrel, the tale of the novelist, or the deeds of the warrior, had filled with many a spell of beauty and glory. But all these things are altered in time. Some how or other, upon further acquaintance, the stranger forgets all the inconveniences and disappointments which he had encountered; he sees the sunny side of the picture, enjoys the transparent climate, becomes attached to the good-natured and generous inhabitants, and quits the country as great an enthusiast in its favour as when he was about to enter it.

The kingdom of Valencia, sometimes called the Garden of Europe, with its amazing fertility, its numerous orchards of lemons, oranges, figs, pomegranates and mulberries, excited the author's admiration in a high degree. It is almost a continued slope from the interior towards the Mediterranean, varying in breadth from thirty to sixty miles, and stretching along that storied sea a distance of two hundred. While all the other provinces of Spain have been gradually declining from bad to worse, this alone has preserved a comparative degree of wealth and pros-



perity. It contains a million of souls, is watered by abundant streams, and besides the produce of its surface possesses a great quantity of mineral treasure. While its barrier of mountains preserves the climate from rigid cold in winter, the excessive heats of summer are tempered by the breezes from the sea. It is no exaggeration to assert that 'throughout the year the air remains ever pure, pleasant, and healthful, the sky ever serene, and the whole system of seasons seems lost in one continual delicious spring.' We are not surprized that Mariana compared Valencia to the Elysian Fields. Its capital, by no means worthy of such a kingdom, need not detain us from Madrid, where we shall exhibit the author *in propria personâ*, looking out for lodgings, a chace which he describes most amusingly.

'One of my first objects on arriving at Madrid was to seek winter quarters, which should combine the essentials of personal comfort with favourable circumstances for learning the language. These were not so easily found; for though the Spaniards have no less than six different and well-sounding names to express the various degrees between a hotel and a tavern, yet Madrid is so seldom visited by foreigners, that it is but ill provided for their accommodation. In the way of hotels, the Fonda de Malta is one of the best in the place; and yet the room in which I passed the two first days of my stay in Madrid, had but a single small window, which looked on the wall of a neighbouring house. There were but two chairs, one for my trunk, the other for myself; these, with a bed in an alcove at one end of the room, comprised the whole of the furniture. There was no table, no looking-glass, no carpet, and no fire-place, though there had already been ice, and my window was so placed that it had never seen the sun. There was nothing, in short, beside the bed and two chairs; and the grated window and dark walls terminated overhead by naked beams, and below by a cold tile floor. What would have become of me I know not, if I had not been taken from this cell on the third day, and moved into a large apartment at the front of the house, where the sun shone in gloriously, and which, besides, had a sofa and half dozen of straw-bottomed chairs, a straw mat which covered the whole floor, a table with crooked legs, and even a mirror! As for meals, public tables are unknown in Spain, and doubtless have been unknown for centuries; for men here are unwilling to trust themselves to the convivialities of the table, except in the society of friends. It is the custom for each party or person to eat alone, and in the lower part of our fonda was a public coffee-room for this purpose, which I used to resort to, in preference to remaining in my room. It was fitted up with much elegance, having marble tables, mirrors with lamps before them, columns with gilt capitals, a pretty woman placed in an elevated situation to keep order, and sometimes a band of music.

'Though this mode of living was tolerable, yet it would not have been so for a whole winter. On enquiry I was told that there were *casas de alquila*, or houses to be let, in Madrid, in which a person might rent a whole habitation, and hire or buy furniture to please himself, and be served by a domestic of his own; likewise, that there were other establishments called *casas de huespede*, or boarding houses, kept by families, who, having more room than they had occasion for, were in the habit of receiving one or more lodgers, who took their meals at the common table or were fur-

apart. I determined at once for a *casa de huespede*, as according with means that were rather limited; and because the intercourse mily would be more favourable to the acquisition of the language.— pp. 164—166.

th the assistance of a much decayed constitutionalist, who him lessons in Spanish, he found, after a good deal of walk-house in the Calle Montera, belonging to a poverty-stricken st named Don Valentin, which eventually suited his pur-  
The scene is painted to the life.

ecantime, we had reached the landing-place of the third story, and the bell-cord which hung in the corner. Before the sound was out bell, we were challenged by a voice from within, crying in a sharp "Quien?"—"Who is it?" "*Gente de paz!*"—"Peaceful people!" the answer of Don Diego. Our professions of amity were not, how-sufficient, and we were reconnoitered for half a minute through a window of a convent. The man who reconnoitered us from the ty of his strong-hold had no occasion to close one eye whilst he d with the other; for he was one-eyed, or, as the Spaniards, who a word for every thing, express it, *tuerto*. When he had sufficiently ed himself of our looks and intentions, several bolts and latches were ed, the door was opened, and Don Valentin stood before us. He tall, guant and bony, dressed in a square-tailed coat, and nar-antaloons of brown, with a striped vest of red and yellow. The and ruffles of his shirt, as well as the edges of a cravat of white ric, were elaborately embroidered, and made a singular contrast with coarseness of his cloth. Beside him were an immense pair of stiff-d boots with tassels, ready to supersede the slippers which he wore. Valentin's face was thin, wrinkled, and sallow, and was set off by and bristly hair, which seemed to grow in all directions from sheer eracy.

These observations were made whilst the punctilious politeness which ighishes the Old Castalian, and to which the Andaluz is no stranger, expending itself in kind inquiries after the health of each other and y. "*Como esta usted?*"—"How fares your grace?"—"As usual, our grace's service: and yourself?" Then followed a long list of inq- for *Dona Concha* on one part, and *La Florencia* on the other; with eplies of, "*Tan buena—tan guapa—para servir á usted;*" "Equally —famously—at your grace's service." By this time Don Valentin discovered me in the obscurity of the doorway; so directing his eye e, and inclining his ungainly figure, he said, with an attempt at unction *servidor de usted caballero*," and bid us pass onward into a small on, of which he opened the door. When he had drawn on his boots followed, and, after a few more compliments, Don Diego opened the ect of our visit. Don Valentin, after a becoming pause, replied that room we were in served them as a saloon, and that the alcove had been sleeping apartment of his daughter; but that if it suited me to occupy hey would live in the *antesala* adjoining the kitchen, their daughter old move up stairs, and I should have the whole to myself. The room every thing one could have wished in point of situation: for it over- ed the Puerta del Sol, and had a broad window fronting toward the th east, which, from its elevation above the opposite roofs, was each



morning bathed by the earliest rays of the sun. But I did not like the look of Don Valentin, nor did I care to live under the same roof with him. So, when we rose to depart, I said I would think of the matter, secretly determining, however, to seek lodgings elsewhere.

‘Don Valentin accompanied us to the door, charged Don Diego with a load of *expresiones* for his family, and, as it is the custom on a first visit to a Spaniard, told me that his house and all it contained was at my entire disposal. He had told us for the last time, “*Que no haya novedad ! Vayan ustedes con Dios !*”—“May you meet with no accident ! God be with you !”—and was holding the door for us, when we were met on the narrow landing, full in the face, by the very Dona Florencia about whom Don Diego had asked, and who had just come from mass. She might be nineteen or thereabout, a little above the middle size, and finely proportioned ; with features regular enough, and hair and eyes not so black as is common in her country, a circumstance upon which, when I came to know her better, she used to pride herself ; for, in Spain, auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty. She had on a mantilla of lace, pinned to her hair and falling gracefully about her shoulders, and a *busquina* of black silk, trimmed with cords and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely, and show a shape which was really a fine one. Though high in the neck it did not descend so low as to hide a well-turned ankle, covered with a white stocking and a small black shoe, bound over the instep by a riband of the same colour.

‘As I said before, I was met full in the face by this damsel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pairs of stairs had given a colour not common in Madrid, and to herself not habitual. Her whole manner showed that satisfaction which people who feel well and virtuously always experience on reaching the domestic threshold. She was opening and shutting her fan with vivacity, and stopped short in the midst of a little song, a great favourite in Andalusia, which begins,

“O no ! no quiero casarme !  
Ques mejor, ques mejor ser soltera !”

“O no ! I care not to marry !  
'Tis better, 'tis better live single !”

‘We came for a moment to a stand in front of each other, and then I drew back to let her pass, partly from a sense of courtesy, partly, perhaps, from a reluctance to depart. With the ready tact which nowhere belongs to the sex so completely as in Spain, she asked me in, and I at once accepted the invitation, without caring to preserve my consistency. Here the matter was again talked over, the daughter lent her counsel, and I was finally persuaded that the room and its situation were even more convenient than I at first thought, and that I could not possibly do better ; so I closed with Don Valentin, and agreed to his terms, which were a dollar per day for the rent of the room and for my meals.\* That very afternoon I abandoned the Fonda de Malta, and moved into my new lodgings, where I determined to be pleased with every thing, and, following the prescription of Franklin's

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\* ‘In Madrid, lodgings are hired by the day. A tenant may abandon a house at a day's notice, but cannot be forced from it by his landlord so long as he continues to pay the stipulated rent.’

philosopher with the good and bad leg, to forget that Don Valentin was *tuerto*, and to look only on Florencia.'—vol. i. pp. 187—192.

As the description of the interior of a single house, and the ordinary habits of a family, will often afford us a nearer view of the manners of a foreign people than the most laboured generalities, we make no apology for quoting the remainder of the chapter from which the above extracts are taken.

\* Being now established for the winter, it may not be amiss to give some account of the domestic economy of our little household. The apartments of Don Valentin occupied the whole of the third floor, and two rooms in the garret, a third being inhabited by a young man, cadet of some noble house, who was studying for the military career. One of these rooms was appropriated by Don Valentin as a bed-room and workshop: for, like the Bourbon family, he had a turn for tinkering, and usually passed his mornings, to my no small inconvenience, in planing, hammering, and sawing, in his aerial habitation. I used sometimes to wonder, when I saw his neighbour, the cadet, lying in his bed and studying algebra in his cloak, boots, and foraging-cap—for he kept no *brasero*,—how he managed, with such a din beside him, to follow the train of his equations. The third room was the bed-chamber of Florencia.

\* On the same floor with my apartment, was one inhabited by Dona Gertrudis, an Austrian lady, whose husband had been a colonel in the army, and who dared not return to Spain, whence he fled on the arrival of the French, because he had given an ultra-patriotic toast at a public dinner, at the time of the constitution. He was wandering about somewhere in America, she scarce knew where, for it was next to impossible to hear from him. This woman was a singular example of the private misery which so many revolutions and counter-revolutions have produced in Spain, and brought home to almost every family. Of three brothers who had held offices under the government, two had been obliged to fly, and were now living in England, a burden to the family estate. This, with the death of her two children, and the absence of their father, who alone could have consoled her for the loss, had so greatly preyed upon her health, that she was threatened with a cancer in the breast. Her friends had sent her to the capital to procure better advice than could be found at Oviedo. She frequently told me her story, talked of other days, when her husband, being high in favor, had brought her to this same Madrid, taken her to court, and led her into all the gaieties of the capital. Her situation was indeed a sad one—I pitied her from my soul.

\* My own room was of quadrangular form, and sufficiently large for a man of moderate size and pretensions. On the side of the street a large window, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, opened, with a double set of folding doors, upon an iron balcony. The outer doors were glazed, the inner ones were of solid wood, studded with iron, and firmly secured by a long vertical bolt. This folding window is found all over France, and the bolt which confines it is there called *espangolette*. Directly in front of the window was a recess or alcove, concealed by curtains, within which was my bed. At the bedside was a clear merino sheep-skin, in addition to the mat of straw, or *esparto*, which covered the alcove and sitting-room.

\* The furniture consisted of a dozen of rush-bottomed chairs, a chest of



drawers, which Don Valentin himself had made, and where, at my request, Florencia continued to preserve her feast-day finery, and a huge table, which filled one end of the room, and which I had at first taken for a piano. There were here but few ornaments. Two or three engravings hung about the walls, in which one of Raphael's Virgins was paired with a bad picture of hell and its torments. There was, likewise, on the bureau, a glass globe with a goldfish in it. Though the pet of Florencia, and well taken care of, this little fellow seemed weary of his prison-house; for night and day he was ever swimming round as if in search of liberty. On the whole there was about this dwelling an air of great snugness and quiet. The balcony, however, was by far the most agreeable part. There, leaning on the railing, I passed a portion of each day; for when cavalcades and processions failed, there was always abundant amusement in gazing upon the constantly circulating multitude, and in studying the varied costumes and striking manners of this peculiar people. Nor were other motives wanting to lead me to the balcony. The one immediately next my own was frequented at all hours by a young Andaluza of surpassing beauty, whilst over the way was the habitation of Letizia Cortessi, *prima donna* of the Italian opera.

As for the occupations of our little family, they were such as are common in Spain. The first thing in the morning was to arrange and order every thing for the day. Then each took the little *higada* of chocolate and *panecillo*, or small roll, of the delightful bread of Madrid. This meal is not taken at a table, but sitting, standing, or walking from room to room, and not unfrequently in bed. This over, each went to his peculiar occupation: the old woman, with her *Diarios* and *Gautas*, to open her reading room in the entry; Florencia to ply her needle; and Don Valentin to play the tinker over-head, having first taken out his flint and steel, and cigar and paper, to prepare his brief cigarillo, which he would smoke, with a sigh between each puff, after those days of liberty when a cigar cost two *cuartos*, instead of four. Towards noon he would roll himself in his *capa parda*—cloak of brown—and go down into the *Puerta del Sol*, to learn the thousand rumours which there find daily circulation. If it were a feast-day, the mass being over, he would go with his daughter to the Prado. At two, the family took its mid-day meal, consisting, beside some simple dessert, of soup and *puchero*, well seasoned with pepper, saffron, and garlic. If it had been summer, the *siesta* would have passed in sleep; but it being winter, Don Valentin took advantage of the short-lived heat to wander forth with a friend, and in the evening went to his *tertulia*, or friendly re-union. In summer, one, or even two o'clock, is the hour of retiring; but in winter it is eleven. Always the last thing before going to bed, was to take a supper of stewed meat and *tomatos*, prepared in oil, to sleep upon.

Such was the ordinary life of this humble family. Don Valentin sometimes varied it by a shooting excursion, from which he scarcely ever returned without a good store of hares and partridges; on such occasions he was followed by his faithful Pito, a fat spaniel, of very different make from his master. This Pitt, or Pito, so called in honour of the British statesman, had passed through dangers in his day; for in Spain even the lives of the dogs do not pass without incident. He was one day coursing with his master in the neighbourhood of the Escorial, when they were

suddenly set upon by robbers; Don Valentin was made to deliver up his gun and lie down on the ground, whilst his pockets were rifled. When, however, the robber who took the gun had turned to go away, Pito gathered courage, and seized him by the leg; the incensed ruffian turned about and levelled his piece, whilst poor Pito, well aware of the fatal power of the weapon, slunk to the side of his master. The situation of man and dog was indeed perilous; but fortunately, the piece missed fire, and both were saved. Nor should I forget to say something of a cat, last and least of our household; his name was *Jazmin*, or *Jessamine*. It was only in name, however, that he differed from, and was superior to the other cats. Like them, he was sly, mischievous, and spiteful; and would invite my caresses by rubbing his back against my leg, or playing with the tails of my coat, only when he wished to share my dinner or be allowed to warm himself on the *braseiro*.—vol. i. pp. 192—198.

This is all delightful; the many little traits which the author thus brings together form the best introduction that we know of, short of a personal one, to an acquaintance with the peculiarities of the Spanish people. They are mostly points which strike the stranger at first, but which, losing in a few days their novelty, are soon forgotten, or at least are seldom remembered with sufficient vividness to be introduced into his journal, if he keeps one. And yet these, and such as these, are really among the features which distinguish nations from each other as much as institutions and laws.

The author might have shortened his labours, and perhaps have done no harm to his work, if he had omitted altogether his lengthened description of Madrid, which is chiefly taken from the "*Paseo por Madrid*," the usual topographical guide, and may be found in almost every book of travels that relates to Spain. In his account of the social pleasures of that stately capital, he attributes the great decline which has lately taken place in that respect, to the political changes effected by the last French invasion.

\* The period of the constitution was, in Madrid, a season of jubilee. The public mind, so long shackled by despotism, and held in check by inquisitorial dread, was at once allowed free exercise and unrestrained expression. The people, intoxicated by indistinct notions of liberty, evinced their joy by crowding to the places of public amusement, and by festive entertainments, given in the open promenade of the Prado. This, however, had its end, like the season of stupor by which it had been preceded. The French were admitted to an easy conquest of Spain, and Ferdinand having exchanged one set of masters for another, returned once more to his capital. Fury and fanaticism came with him. Robberies, murders, and public executions, took the place of rejoicings; and the Spaniards who still continued to think and feel, sought to conceal it under a cloak of apathy. The effect of such a change on public manners is perfectly obvious. Friends no longer cared to meet friends, where every topic of discourse might lead insensibly to something that was proscribed, and when no man was willing to trust his security to the keeping of another. Each person sought his amusements within the well-bolted door



of his own apartment, and festivity no longer gained by participation. As the storm passed over and the panic abated, the intercourse of society was partially resumed; but, in general, it still confines itself to meeting at the theatres, public walks, or in the evening tertulias, when the ladies remain at home and receive the visits of their male acquaintances, who circulate until a late hour from house to house. In the most distinguished class, consisting of the higher noblesse and the diplomatic corps, the French usages are so entirely adopted, that when they occasionally come together, even the national language is partially superseded. With the French customs, however, the French fondness for society has not been adopted, or else it is restrained and counteracted by political dissension.'—vol. i. pp. 246, 247.\*

It is odd enough, but nevertheless true, that those who visited Madrid during the period of the constitution, referred the 'season of jubilee' to an epoch still farther back, the times of Godoy. It certainly was not in 1820, 21, or 22, any thing like a gay capital. Public spectacles were exhibited then as in 1826, when the author was in Spain; but private society was quite as reserved when the Cortes sat in Madrid, as it was after they had been altogether abolished. Perhaps the true solution of the author's statement is, that he had not the means of observing with his own eyes the real state of Spanish society, among those classes of whom what is called society is generally composed. Very few foreigners, certainly very few Englishmen or Americans, who in the sense in which we are speaking, are considered the same, enjoy the opportunity of forming an accurate judgment upon this point. They are seldom invited to the houses of Spaniards, who give no expensive entertainments, and they might live for years in Madrid without knowing how its society is constituted, how it is occupied, and what are its in-door amusements. Besides, it may be added, that Spanish society has, in fact, very little outward show, by which its movements may be discerned. The ears are not stunned as they are in the western parts of London, during a certain portion of the year, every night by the incessant rolling of innumerable carriages. The parties given by the ambassadors now and then cause a slight commotion in the streets for an hour or two, but the usual evening parties or tertulias of Madrid, are conducted without much form, and with no ostentation whatever. The assemblage meets like one family; the young dance, the old play at cards, and all converse with the utmost familiarity. They disperse as quietly as they meet; and this system goes on without ever attracting public notice. It is upon the Prado that the better classes are seen to the greatest advantage; and although it has been often described, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting this lively author's sketch of that favourite promenade.

\* Those who make the Paseo in carriages drive up and down in double file between the streets of Alcala and San Geronimo, along the whole extent of the saloon. The intermediate space between the two files is

reserved for cavalry officers and young nobility, who take advantage of the assemblage, and the watchful presence of beauty, to show off the good qualities of a horse or their own graceful equitation. A company of lancers with gay pennons, or cuirassiers with glittering breastplates and Grecian helmets, are always in attendance to enforce the arrangements, without which there would be nothing but confusion. The vehicles, to the number of several hundreds, are of every variety, among which are elegant carriages of the diplomatic corps of the most modern construction, with a liveried coachman and Swiss footman, flanked by a chasseur with a pair of epaulettes, a hunting-sword, and cocked hat surmounted with green feathers. Most of the carriages, however, are in the old Spanish style, not very different, indeed, from the first one used in Spain, by the good, or good-for-nothing queen, Joanna the Foolish. The body is square and formal, ornamented in a sort of Chinese taste, and is not unlike a tea-chest. This body is sustained by leathern straps, whose only spring is derived from their great length; for which purpose they are placed at such a distance from each other that they scarce seem to be parts of the same vehicle. As these primitive carriages were built in remote ages, long before the invention of folding steps, the ascent and entrance to them is facilitated by a little three-legged stool, which dangles by a strap behind, and which, when the carriage stops, the footman hastens to prepare in readiness beside the door. This singular vehicle is usually drawn by a pair of fat and long-eared mules, with manes, hair, and tails fantastically cut, driven by a superannuated postillion, in formidable jack-boots and not less formidable cocked hat of oil-cloth. When I looked at an equipage of this kind, I could scarce persuade myself that the coach, the mules, and the postilion had not existed always, and would not continue for ever to make each day the circuit of the Prado.

\* Such is the saloon, and such the Prado. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the range of the eye from the fountain of Cybele, on the afternoon of a feast day. At your back is the gate of Recoletos, standing at the extremity of a double avenue of trees; on the right is a hill ascending by the street of Alcala towards the Gate of the Sun; on the left, the same street making a second ascent, and terminated by the noble arch of triumph. The whole road is thronged with soldiers in varied uniforms, and people in picturesque costumes, from the various provinces of Spain. The saloon, too, is thronged to overflowing, whilst in the distance are partially discovered the museum and botanic garden through the vistas of the trees; and in the interval, Neptune, half concealed by the spray thrown up before him, is seen urging his watery steeds.

\* At such a moment the arrival of the king, surrounded by a pageantry scarce equalled by any court in Europe, serves to crown the splendor of the spectacle. His coming is first announced by drum and trumpet as he passes the various guard-houses which lie in the way, and presently by the arrival of an avant-courier, who rides forward without looking to either side, in the road which his master is to follow. Next comes a squadron of young nobles of the body-guard, mounted on beautiful horses from the royal stables, which are chiefly of the cast of Aranjuez; and immediately after a gilded carriage drawn by six milk-white steeds, covered with plumes, and with manes and tails that are full and flowing. They are mounted and controlled by postillions, richly dressed in jockey suits of blue and



gold. Within, the Catholic king is discovered seated on the right, conspicuous by his stars, his blue scarf, and the golden fleece which dangles from his neck. He glances round on the multitude with a look of mingled apathy and good humour, and salutes them mechanically by putting his hand up towards his nose and taking it down again, as though he were brushing the flies away. At his left is the queen, looking too good for this wicked world. Next comes Don Carlos, the heir apparent, drawn by six cream-coloured horses, more beautiful than those of his brother. He grins horribly through his red mustaches, and frightens those whom he intended to flatter. Beside him is his wife, a large coarse woman, with heavy butting eyebrows. In the third coach is Don Francisco and his wife, drawn by six noble blacks. In the fourth the Portugueza with her young son Don Sebastien; after which come some four or five carriages, each drawn by six mules, and which contain the lords and ladies in attendance. The whole is numerously escorted by cavaliers of the body-guard, and grooms from the royal service. The arrival of the royal family, like the passing of the host or the tolling of the 'angelus,' usually arrests every one in the situation in which it may find him. The line between the carriages is at once cleared, through the exertions of the cavalry, and the vehicles on either side pause until their majesties have passed. Those who are walking turn their faces towards the road; the gentlemen unroll the embozo of their cloaks, and take their hats off, whilst the women shake their fans in passing salutation.

'In winter the Paseo takes place at noon, and continues until dinner. In spring and summer it commences at sunset, and is not entirely over until after midnight; for the Spaniards usually pass the siesta of the hot season in sleep, and then, having dressed themselves, they sally out in the evening fresh and buoyant. I was so unfortunate as to leave Madrid just at the close of the winter, when returning vegetation denoted the approach of a happier season. Thus I missed the pleasure of passing a summer evening on the Prado. But I heard much upon the subject; for Florencia, when she urged my longer stay, drew a vivid picture of its attractions. It appears, that in that season the walks are carefully sprinkled in anticipation; and if it be a feast day, the fountains throw their waters higher. In the evening, chairs are placed in readiness, in which the ladies take their seats in circles, and hold their tertulias under the trees. Bare-headed boys circulate with lighted matches, for the accommodation of the smokers. Aguadores are at hand, with water that is fresh and sparkling. Half-naked Valencians offer oranges and pomegranates. Old women praise their *dulces*, or sweetmeats, for which the Madrilenas have quite a passion, whilst the waiters of a neighbouring *botilleria* bring ices and sherbets to refresh the palates of the thirsty. Children are heard on every side, collected in noisy groups, at their pleasant games and pastimes; whilst the humbler crowd seat themselves in circles under the trees, strum their guitars, and tune their voices, to make music for a light-heeled couple, who trip it gaily in the midst. Meantime, the falling waters of the neighbouring fountains impart a coolness to the air, which comes perfumed from neighbouring botanic gardens with the aromas of every clime, and burdened with the song of the nightingale.

'Who can say enough in praise of the Paseo? It furnishes an amusement at once delightful and innocent, and from which not even the poorest

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are excluded; a school where the public manners are softened and by social intercourse, and by mutual observation; where families, and friends meet friends, as upon a neutral ground—inform themselves of each other's affairs, unrestrained by ceremonial, and keep alive, without the formalities of visiting. In these delightful associations of every rank and of every calling forget their exclusive pretensions, whilst the softer sex, to whom belong the attributes of modesty and banish indecorum, and shed a charm over the whole assemblage. pp. 303—309.

We shall not follow Lieutenant Slidell in his excursion to Seville and the Escorial, although his relation of it is sufficiently romantic. A portion of his journey, which was performed in a public vehicle, is highly amusing. We must, however, say, that his description of the Escorial, which he writes somewhat affectedly, conveys no idea whatever of the solemn grandeur of that convent-palace. His visit to it was not only a very hasty one, but he has to have preserved a most confused recollection of the many points of interest which that celebrated structure exhibits. He is more happy in his account of Toledo, known as the head-quarters of the church in Spain, which he visited before his departure to the south. His vehicle, on this occasion, as far as Aranjuez, a *carro*, or common cart, drawn by two mules, and one of the less inviting modes of conveyance which a hapless traveller could select. From Aranjuez, he rode a miserable half-starved horse, for which he was obliged to pay beforehand. Enjoying the pleasures of riding, Rosinante, he also had his Sancho, in a ragged boy who accompanied him on an ass, in order to bring back the Pegasus. The *vaiveté*, the utter freedom from false delicacy, with which the whole of this portion of his journal especially is written, has great charm for us. It is truth quite undisguised.

The heat was intense; for, as is usual in this climate, a cloudless sky left a free action for the rays of the sun. The dust, too, set in motion by the horse, had time to envelope me, ere he could get beyond it: nor were there any comfort in my seat; the pack-saddle was hard and uneven, and each instant to grow longer and heavier. I had tired them, too, in kicking the ribs of my beast, in order to make him keep up with Jose and his *barrico*, which moved its feet so quickly over the ground, that it seemed even to be getting on much faster and leaving me behind, though preserved always the same interval. It was a long and a weary ride, for the lofty Alcazar of Toledo, seemed ever to maintain the same distance as when we first discovered it, in emerging from the groves of Aranjuez.

Towards noon we reached a part of these desert and barren downs, where some labourers were constructing *nórias* to raise water for the purpose of irrigation. Hard by stood a solitary *venta*, which we gladly entered to procure some food, and to escape awhile from the fury of the sun. A steerer, accompanied by two women, had paused just before us, and was skinning a hare which he had just shot, and from which they were



about to make their dinner. As we carried no gun, and had not been so fortunate, we asked a coarse-haired, dark-eyed old woman, what she had to eat, and being answered that there were eggs, we ordered a tortilla. Our hostess went into the next room, whence some hens had just come cackling forth to join the group that were picking the crumbs in the kitchen, and presently returned with half a dozen new-laid eggs, breaking them at once into a frying-pan, the bottom of which she had previously covered with oil. Whilst this operation was going on, Jose led his beast to the shady side of the house, and taking a few handfuls of barley from a canvass bag which hung from the back of the barrico, he threw it upon the ground, and left the two animals eating together in peace, like Rosinante and the Rucio.

‘The eggs were soon emptied into an earthen dish, where they floated at large in a sea of oil; the dish was placed on a low table, which, for want of a bench—the only one in the house being occupied by the party of the muleteer—we drew close to the door, so as to take our seats upon the sill. Now that we had our meal before us, however, it was not so easy to eat it; the bread and the wine, indeed, gave us no trouble, but the eggs were as much beyond our reach as fishes that you see in the water but have no means of catching; in vain did we ask for a spoon or a fork—our hostess only regretted that she could do nothing for us. Until a week before, she had two wooden spoons and one horn one for the accommodation of cavaliers who did not carry their own utensils; but some *quintas*, or conscripts, had passed by on their way to the frontiers of Portugal, and halted during the heat of the day at her house, since then, she had seen nothing either of her horn spoon or of the two wooden ones, and she never meant to buy another. As our invention was sharpened by hunger, Jose and I bethought ourselves to cut the bread into slices, and to use two pieces as chop-sticks, after the manner of the Chinese. In this way, and by lending each other occasional assistance in catching a refractory egg, we were enabled to drive them, one by one, into a corner, and draw them out, until nothing remained but the oil.’—vol. ii. pp. 18—21.

After feasting his mind with the wonders of Toledo, a city formerly of much grandeur and opulence, though now almost in ruins, the author returned to Madrid, whence, after a short stay, he proceeded by the diligence to Cordova. The description of his route offers no novelty beyond a real attack of banditti; for however numerous may be the reports upon this subject, it is not one traveller in a hundred that obtains an opportunity, from personal observation, of describing an incident of this nature. We own that we were at first inclined to doubt whether the lieutenant had not drawn a little upon his imagination on this occasion; but knowing, as we do intimately, the spot upon which it is said to have taken place, and having a strong recollection of the facilities which the neighbouring localities present for the escape of robbers who have for many years infested the mountains round Puerto Lapiche, we found reason, as we proceeded, to believe that there is not a syllable of exaggeration in any part of the narrative.

‘Leaving Madrilejos, we travelled on, through a solitary country, until

we came to the venta of Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour and was dubbed knight errant in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking of the exploits of the renowned hero, when our conversation was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs. Here, indeed, is an adventurous thought I. Oh! for Don Quixote to protect us! In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the window, the cause of the interruption became manifest.

Our four wild partisans were seen flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate-looking fellows, dressed in sheep-skin jackets and breeches, with leathern leggings, and montera caps, or cotton handkerchiefs, on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddle-bow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch-box, and a carabine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this, such as I had frequently before seen on canvas, in Wouverman's spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes, but which I had never before been so highly favored as to witness in reality.

Whilst this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to sit down by one of the party, who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession the words "*Ajo! a tierra! boca abajo los ladrones!*" As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that it means garlic, and the remainder of the salutation, "to the ground! mouth in the dust, robbers!" Though this formula was uttered with great volubility, the present was doubtless the first attempt of the person from whom it proceeded; a youth scarce turned of twenty, and evidently a novice—mere Gil Blas at the business. We did not, however, obey him the least quickly, and took our seats as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; he was so much agitated, that his musket shook like the spout of a fire-engine; and we knew full well that in such situations a frightened is not to be dreaded than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene afforded no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visitors, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn the unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch into the rut of the road, and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated the grasshopper attitude, and Fray Antonio availed himself of the occasion to assume the devotional posture to bring up the arrears of his Paters and Aves.

We had not been long thus, before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. Indeed, their chief was no other than the celebrated Polinario, long the terror of La Mancha, until he had been brought over to guard the diligence, and had turned royalist volunteer. We could distinctly hear them cursing and abusing the robbers, and daring them to come *tantos por tantos*—man for man. As honor, however, was not the object of these sturdy cavaliers, they contented themselves with keeping the guard in check, whilst their comrades were playing their pa-



at the diligence. The first thing the captain did, when he rode among us, was to call to the conductor for his hat; after which he bade him mount upon the diligence, and throw down whatever was there. He cautioned him at the same time to look around and see if any thing was coming, adding with a terrible voice, as he half lifted his carabine, "And take care;" "*Y cuidado!*" The conductor quietly obeyed, and the captain having told us to get up and not be alarmed, as no harm was intended, called to us to put our watches and money into the conductor's hat, which he held out for the purpose, much in the ordinary way of making a collection, except that instead of coming to us, he sat very much at his ease upon his horse, to let us come to him. I threw my purse in, and as it had nine or ten silver dollars, it made a very good appearance, and fell with a heavy clink. Then, grasping the bunch of brass keys and buttons which hung from my fob, I drew out the huge watch which I had bought at Madrid, in contemplation of some such event, and whose case might upon emergency have served the purpose of a warming-pan. Having looked with a consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully in the hat of the conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money all together into a large leathern pocket which hung from his girdle, and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

"*Cunado!*"—"Brother-in-law!" said the captain to one of the worthies, his companions, "take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be any thing in them that will suit us."—"Las llaves, senores!"—"The keys, gentlemen!" "And do you, zagal, cast me, loose those two horses on the lead; a fine fellow is that near horse with the saddle." The two persons thus summoned set about obeying with a very different grace. Our *cunado* dismounted at once, and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which being unrolled, expanded into a prodigious long sack, with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and with a certain professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph-cast of countenance, that in a market-place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appearance, and he accosted him with great composure. "Open it yourself, padre; you know the lock better than I do." The padre complied with becoming resignation, and the worthy trunk inspector proceeded to take out an odd collection of loose breeches that were secured with a single button, robes of white flannel, and handkerchiefs filled with snuff. He had got to the bottom without finding aught that could be useful to any but a friar of mercy, and there were none such in the fraternity, when, as a last hope, he pulled from one corner something square that might have been a box of diamonds, but which proved to be only a breviary fastened with a clasp. The trunk of the Biscayan came next, and as it belonged to a sturdy trader from Bilboa, furnished much better picking. Last of all he came to mine; for I had delayed opening it until he had called repeatedly for the key, in the hope that the arrival of succour might hurry the robbers away, or at least that this double sack would fill itself from the others, which was certainly very charitable. The countenance of our *cunado* brightened up when he saw the contents of my well-filled trunk; and not unlike Sancho of old, when he stumbled upon the portmanteau of the disconso-

late Cardenio in the neighbouring Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee, and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a very bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion; for Senor Cunado slipped it slyly into his side pocket, and though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoke of it to his brother-in-law.'—vol. ii., pp. 65—71.

The author put up with his losses in the best humour possible, as indeed did the whole party, and the diligence pursued its way to the ancient and interesting, though now desolate city of Cordova, without further molestation. Its splendid cathedral attracts at once the attention of every stranger. This pile examined, there is little further to be seen, except the country in the vicinity, which is singularly wild, and full of historical, particularly Moorish, associations. The author had the good taste to remain some days here, one of which he devoted to the Hermitage. The reader will be pleased with his sketch of this curious monastery.

• I found the hermitage situated upon one of the wildest ledges of the mountain. It is bounded on the southern and eastern sides by a precipice of a fearful depth, and on every other hand the world is as effectually shut out by an irregular wall, connecting and binding together the scattered rocks which had been rudely thrown there by the hand of Nature. Having rung at the gate, I was presently reconnoitered through a small grated window by one of the hermits, with a pale face and a long beard. He asked what I would have, in a tone of meekness. I told him that I had come to see the desert of Cordova. He disappeared to ask the permission of the chief brother, and soon after returned to give me admittance. My first sensation, on entering, was one of most pleasing disappointment. I had expected to find every thing within dreary and graceless, as became the abode of austere misanthropy; but instead of that, there were fifteen or twenty little white-washed cottages, nestling among the rocks, and almost overrun and hidden among vines, fruit-trees, and flowers. Nature here was as savage as without. The rocks and precipices were of equal boldness; but man had been busy, and the rain and the sun had lent their assistance. Indeed, vegetation could nowhere be more luxuriant, and the plants and flowers had a richness of colour and of perfume that could scarce be surpassed.

• On approaching the cottage of the *hermano mayor*, or chief brother, he came to the door to receive me, signed the cross over me, and pressed my hand in token of a welcome. Like the other hermits, the *hermano mayor* wore a large garment of course brown cloth, girded round the middle with a rope, and having a hood for the head. The only covering of his feet consisted of a course shoe of half-tanned leather. Yet was there something in his appearance which could have enabled one to single him out at once from the whole fraternity. He had a lofty and towering form, and features of the very noblest mould. I cannot tell the curious reader how long his beard was; for after descending a reasonable distance along the chest, it returned to expand itself in the bosom of his habit. This man was such a one as, in any dress or situation, a person would have turned



to look at a second time; but as he now stood before me, in addition to the effect of his apostolic garment, his complexion and his eye had a clearness that no one can conceive who is not familiar with the aspect of those who have practised a long and rigid abstinence from animal food and every exciting aliment. It gives a lustre, a spiritual intelligence to the countenance, that has something saint-like and divine; and the adventurous artist who would essay to trace the lineaments of his Saviour, should seek a model in some convent of Trappists or Carthusians, or in the ethereal region of the Desert of Cordova.

When we were seated in the cell of the superior, he began at once to ask questions about America; for I had sent in word that a citizen of the United States asked admission, having ever found this character to be a ready passport. He had been on mercantile business to Mexico many years before, and had come away at the commencement of the revolution. He felt anxious to hear something of its present condition, of which he was very ignorant; and when I had satisfied his curiosity and rose to depart, he gave me a little cross of a wood that had grown within the consecrated inclosure, and had been rudely wrought by the hands of the hermits. He told me that, if troubles and sorrows should ever assail me, if I should grow weary of worldly vanities, if the burden of existence should ever wax heavier than I could bear, I might leave all behind and come to their solitude, where I should be at least sure of a peaceful and a welcome home. Then, ordering a brother to show me every thing, he uttered a benediction, and bade me "Go with God."

A good-natured friar of the convent of San Francisco in Cordova, who had come out to take the mountain air with two young lads, his relations, took his leave at the same time of the *hermano mayor*, and we all went the rounds together. The little chapel we found under the same roof with the principal cell. It has been enriched by the pious gifts of the faithful and devout; for silver, gold, and precious stones are every where in profusion. As the Desert is dedicated to the Virgin, the altar of the chapel is decorated by a painting of her, possessing heavenly sweetness of expression. I lingered long on this consecrated spot. What a contrast between the dazzling splendors of that altar, and the humble garb and humbler mien of the penitents who lay prostrate before it!

From the chapel we went to see the different cottages of the brethren; they are very small, containing each a small sleeping room, with a broad platform, a straw pillow, and two blankets for the whole bed-furniture. A second apartment serves as a workshop and a kitchen. Each brother prepares his own food, which consists of milk, beans, cabbages, and other vegetable dishes, chiefly cultivated by themselves in the hermitage garden. There is a larger building for the instruction of novices, where they pass a year in learning the duties of their new life under the tutelage of an elder brother.

The brother did not fail to lead us to the projecting point of the ledge upon which the hermitage stands, near two thousand feet above the level of the city, and which is bounded on three sides by a fearful abyss. Hence you command a broad view of one of the fairest regions of Andalusia. A rock which occupied the spot has been hewn away, so as to leave a stone arm-chair, just at the pinnacle. This stone chair has received sundry great personages; among others the French Dauphin, and Fernando Septimo, who halted here to review a part of his kingdom on one of his

forced marches to Cadiz. The august pressure which the chair had felt on former occasions did not, however, hinder us from seating ourselves in turn, and gazing abroad upon the splendid panorama. The view was indeed a fine one; the hour for contemplating it most auspicious; for the sun had well nigh finished his course, and was soon to hide himself—unclouded and brilliant to the last—behind a projection of the Sierra Morena. The country about us was broken and savage; precipices and ravines, rocks and half grown trees, were thrown together in the utmost confusion; but below, the scenery was of the most peaceful kind; the *campania* spread itself in a gentle succession of slopes and swells, every where covered with wheat-fields, vine-yards, and fruit-orchards. The Guadalquivir glided nobly amid the white buildings of Cordova, concealed occasionally in its wanderings as it wound round a slope, and emerging again in a succession of glassy lakes, which served as mirrors to the rays of the sun. The course of the river might, however, be constantly traced by the trees which skirted it, and by a broad range of meadow land sweeping back from the banks, and thickly dotted with cattle. In the distance rose the towering Sierras of Ronda and Nevada, the latter blending its snowy summit with the clouds. At its foot lies Granada, blest with a continual spring, and surrounded by that land of promise—that favoured Vega, over which the Genil and the Darro are ever scattering fertility.

‘But the pleasantest, if not the most interesting portion of our ramble, was when we came to wander through the garden. It was arranged in terraces, without much attention to symmetry, wherever the rocks left a vacant space, and bevelled off to prevent the soil from being washed away. These terraces were occupied by plantations of pease, lettuce, and cauliflower, interspersed with fruit trees, which seemed to thrive admirably; whilst the vine occupied little sunny angles, formed by a conjunction of the rocks, between which it hung itself in festoons. Nor was mere ornament entirely proscribed in this little seclusion. There were everywhere hedges of the fairest flowers, dividing the beds, and creeping along the rocks; so that here the perfumes of the parterre were added to the wild aromas of the mountain. The roses of white, of orange, and of crimson, formed, however, the chief attraction of the spot; for they had an unequalled richness of smell and colour. We were allowed to select a few of these beautiful flowers, which are in such estimation throughout Andalusia that you scarcely meet the poorest peasant, going to his daily toil, without one of them thrust through his button-hole, or lodged over the left ear, his round hat being gaily turned aside to make room for it.’—vol. ii. pp. 130—136.

From Cordova, Lieutenant Slidell went on to Seville, which he did not much admire, and next to Cadiz, whence, having failed to effect a voyage by sea, he made the journey by land to Gibraltar. He concludes his work with a general chapter upon the physical character of the Peninsula, its history, arts, sciences, political condition, language, and manners. The materials for this chapter he has chiefly collected from Townsend and other writers. We are happy to observe, that his personal experience has enabled him, however, to predict, that Spain will not long remain the slave of an absolute king.



- ART. V.—1. *Summer and Winter Hours*. By Henry Glassford Bell. 8vo, pp. 175. London: Hurst & Co. 1831.
2. *The Assassins of the Paradise, an Oriental Tale, in four cantos*. By the Author of Abassah. 8vo, pp. 104. London: Bull, 1831.
3. *The Siege of Constantinople, in three cantos, with other Poems*. By Nicholas Michell. 8vo, pp. 80. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1831.
4. *The Ascent of Elijah; a Seatonian Poem*. By the Rev. R. Parkinson, M. A., of St. John's, Cambridge. 8vo, pp. 20. London: Rivingtons, 1830.
5. *Sketches of Genius, and other Poems*. By D. Corkindale. 12mo. pp. 126. London: Robins, 1831.
6. *The Bereaved; Kenilworth, and other Poems*. By the Rev. E. Whitfield. 12mo, pp. 140. London: Whittaker & Co. 1830.
7. *The Moorish Queen; A Record of Pompeii, and other Poems*. By Eleanor Snowden. 8vo, pp. 166. Dover: Batcheller, 1831.

LITERARY men have often expressed their regret that there were no Reviews in the middle,—usually denominated the dark,—ages, though they were by no means so obscure as some writers have chosen to represent them. Had such journals existed in those times, and been preserved, as all good things were, in the monasteries, many a name might now be rescued from dull oblivion, which nobody for the last five hundred years has ever heard of. In this respect, Fame is capriciously unjust. She has wrapped in the cerements of the tomb many a bright scroll, which, if it had been duly taken under her parental care, would have obtained admirers even in these days, and then it would have appeared that thousands of luminous ideas and witty conceptions which are palmed upon the world as original and new, had often been clothed in language before, and waked the tear or the smile of ladies fair and gay cavaliers, amid the bustle of the crusades.

The best antiquaries, who have investigated the history of the oriental regions, are of opinion, that long before the sciences and arts were known in Europe, or even in Africa, they had undergone a complete revolution of rise, progress, and decay, in the country of the Euphrates and the Ganges. There is no doubt that literature has long since experienced an analogous fate in the civilized tracts of our quarter of the globe; and that although none are remembered save those who reached the culminating point of its prosperity, there were abundant writers who contributed to postpone its decline. Their names are lost indeed to posterity, because there was no Review to embalm their memory in its Pantheon.

Now, although it has been often asserted that since the press has been invented, no work of genius can altogether perish, we maintain the very reverse. When but a few books were printed in the course of a century, they were easily collected, easily read, and

stored in a convenient and accessible library. But the same result may be produced by the total absence of the press as by its being too prolific. No darkness can be more thick and overwhelming than that which is caused by too great a flood of light operating on the retina of the eye. The reader, for instance, we venture to say, knows no more of most of the poems enumerated at the head of this article, than he would have known if they had never been published at all. The reason is, that he has never been able to reach or even to see them, through the enormous piles of other books which interpose, like a mountain, between him and the pleasant groves which they occupy. Nay, there are myriads of poetical works catalogued at the end of every new publication, which even we, omniscient as we are supposed to be in the literary world, have never opened or heard a human creature speak of. We may mention, by way of example, "The Day of Rest, and other Poems,"—"O'Donghue, Prince of Killarney,"—"The Vale of Tempe, and other Poems,"—"The World, a Poem,"—"The Champion of Cyrus, a Drama,"—"Calista, a Moral Poem,"—"The Highlanders, a Descriptive Ditto,"—"The Hop Garden, a Didactic Ditto,"—"Tobias, a Sacred Ditto,"—"Poems Descriptive of Himley," and about seventy-five thousand others, which, if we have ever seen externally, we most certainly never have read, and never will read, unless we chance to meet them in Elysium, or some other region where sleep is neither necessary nor unconquerable. Here, therefore, are seventy-five thousand and ten real works, neatly printed by the press, of whose conservative power we boast so highly, and yet, in the midst of the light by which we are surrounded, they have disappeared, and have been as utterly annihilated as if they had never been. Sometimes, indeed, a scene from a Drama, or an Episode from a Didactic, may be seen on the inside of a trunk, or in the boards of a book, or enclosing a pound of cheese or cigars; but this is a species of advantage over oblivion of which, we presume, few are very ambitious.

We do not expect that we shall save from a better fate all the effusions which are now before us, courting our applause. We shall, however, say at all events, that "they have been." "*Fui*" is the simple and expressive epitaph which most reasonable men would wish to have sculptured on their tombs. We cannot deny to these poetical aspirants a similar record. It would seem that we are now once more in the middle ages of poetry at least; it is the period of decay in all things wearing the shape of verse, and it may be interesting to those who come after us, *longo intervallo*, to measure the steps by which we have so rapidly descended from a Byron to a Bell, from a Campbell to an Corkindale!

The said Bell has entitled his volume 'Summer and Winter Hours,' because his verses were chiefly elaborated during those opposite seasons. A very unanswerable reason this is, as every body must acknowledge, and very original too, as it is probable that no poems, at least no such poems had ever been written before,



either in winter or summer. He modestly informs us, that he has published them 'more as an intimation of his *poetical* existence, than as any attempt to prove himself entitled to the highest honours of the Muse.' Thus *Fui* would be the height of his ambition, we thought, until we pounced upon the next sentence,—'If he live, he will put his capabilities, as a poet, to a more ambitious and arduous test.' He consequently relies more upon what he *will* do, than upon what he has done; and as perchance he may do nothing, we are not alarmed at his menace, and in the mean time shall deal with his present poetical existence. We are sorry that we cannot find it in our heart to admire his tale of mystery, beginning,—

'I had an uncle once—a man  
Of three score years and three,'

Nor yet his Alexandrine lines on Mary, Queen of Scots. The verses addressed to 'One I love' express, we suppose, a real passion, and some of the illustrations and figures are not void of merit. The language, however, is an odd mixture of vulgarity and tinsel. A poet writing of the death-watch, and earnest in his desire to be pathetic, would hardly, we suspect, describe a coffin as 'a *black box*.' When next he writes a story of chivalry, we should advise him not to say of his hero, after slaying his enemy, that

'He stretched him with one desperate blow all stiff across his path;  
or teach his heroine such language as this:—

' "Now, by St. Louis! braggart base!" fair Isabel replied,  
"I tell thee in thy craven teeth that loudly thou hast lied!"'

Our young ladies will be frightened, if he make such fish-women of his demoiselles. It is, perhaps, no new idea to represent the billows as 'the squires' of an old ship; the 'strange shapes of the deep' as her children; and the dolphin, the whale, and the shark, as her particular acquaintances; but to say that she loved them all, the shark and whale included, and that she even loved the storm which made her gallant sides creak, is a notion peculiar, we believe, to Henry Glassford Bell. In a poem entitled 'Nature,' the author represents a discontented person complaining of his wayward fate, and obtaining no other answer to his murmurs than the music of the woods and streams. The composition would have been readable if it had not given utterance to the cry of the wretch in such ludicrous lines as these:—

'I do impeach thee, Nature! that thou hast,  
In causeless malice, made me *wo-begone*!"

This author has also his burlesque in the Beppo style,—as for instance—

'I would write you a dozen letters, coz,  
A dozen letters a-day;  
But I'm growing so old and stupid, coz,  
That I don't know a thing to say.'

•        •        •        •        •  
 ‘ I am sure you remember the big kite, coz,  
     *That was higher, a foot, than me,*  
*For you know you let go the string one day,*  
     And it flew away over the sea.’  
 \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

‘ I am sure you remember the pony, too,  
     That we used so to *kiss and hug* ;  
 And the *pup* that we thought a Newfoundland *pup*,  
     Till it turn’d out a *black-nosed pug*.’

After describing these and other tender reminiscences of childhood, the poet becomes satirical upon the follies of the day, and then sums up, in one verse, his ideas of real happiness.

‘ Good lud ! is this society, coz ?  
     Are these the delights of life ?  
 I wish, from my heart, *I was buried*, coz,  
     Or married to some *old wife*,  
 And living away on a far hill side,  
     With a garden, a *cow*, and a *pig*,  
 A happy and simple cottar, coz,  
     With a Bible and Sunday wig.’

Were we inclined to be profane, we might be tempted to ask,

“ Good Lord ! is this your poetry, Bell ? ”

We must answer, however, that it is not always such. In fairness, we must say that there are several compositions in this volume of an infinitely better description ; of which the following Address to a Primrose may be taken as an average sample.

‘ Flower ! thou art not the same to me  
     That thou wert long ago ;  
 The hue has faded from thy face,  
     Or from thy heart the glow,—  
 The glow of young, romantic thoughts,  
     When all the world was new,  
 And many a blossom round my path  
     Its sweet, fresh fragrance threw ;  
 Thou art not what I thought thee then,  
     Nor ever wilt thou be again.

‘ It was a thing of wild delight,  
     To find thee on the bank,  
 Where all the day thy opening leaves  
     The golden sunlight drank,—  
 To see thee in the sister group  
     That clustering grew together,  
 And seemed too delicate for aught  
     Save summer’s brightest weather,  
 Or for the gaze of Leila’s eyes—  
     Thou happiest primrose ’neath the skies !



‘ I know not what it was that made  
 My heart to love thee so ;  
 For though all gentle things to me  
 Were dear long, long ago,  
 There was no bird upon the bough,  
 No wild-flower on the lea,  
 No twinkling star, no running brook,  
 I loved so much as thee ;  
 I watch’d thy coming every spring,  
 And hail’d thee as a living thing.

‘ And yet I look upon thee now  
 Without one joyful thrill ;  
 The spirit of the past is dead,  
 My heart is calm and still ;  
 A lovelier flower than e’er thou art  
 Has faded from my sight,  
 And the same chill that stole her bloom  
 Brought unto me a blight,  
 ’Tis fitting thou should’st sadder seem,  
 Since Leila perish’d like a dream !’—pp. 114—116.

Mr. Bell deserves encouragement; he wants neither the boldness nor originality which may enable him to attempt a loftier flight. Let him keep his verses by him some eight or ten years before he publishes them, and if he spend but half that time in giving them a polish, they may live a while.

We remember to have read, some years ago, a poem called ‘ Abassah,’ though of its merits we have at this moment not a very distinct perception. We thought it one of the imitations of the Byron school which then abounded, and we believe that it was very little known then or since. Such as it was, its reception has now induced the author again to enter the lists of fame, and to present us with another oriental tale, in which it is his principal object, however, rather to pourtray character than to relate a connected story. His personages are chosen from among those fanatical mystics who, about the year 1090, established themselves in the ranges of the Caucasus, under the name of Assassins. This name they derived from the word *haschisch*, signifying wild hemp, by a preparation of which these strange sectarians were thrown into a stupor; out of which, upon their initiation into the mysteries of the faith, it was arranged they should ‘awaken in a garden, which was laid out, according to the Mosleman ideas of Paradise, with fragrant and flowering shrubs and fruit trees from every climate; and pavilions of marble ornamented with gold, and adorned with paintings and silken furniture; streams of crystal watered the soil; fountains of milk and wine—or more probably coloured water—played in recesses; beautiful women, obtained indifferently by purchase or violence, and trained in every elegant and seductive allurements, personated the Hourî brides reserved for the

faithful, and amidst the warbling of birds and the sounds of stringed instruments filled the air with songs of love and languishment.' Robbery and murder formed a part of their creed ; they held that the command of their superior justified every deed whatsoever.

The verses in which the author has painted the beings of this Paradise, are occasionally melodious and poetical in a very high degree ; but, as a whole, the composition wants energy and interest. Haleb, its chief hero, after passing through the career of crime common to his associates, becomes in the end disposed to penitence. His wayward moods, his passion in enjoyment, his disgust in despair, afford the author the subjects of some excellent lines. The opening scene is beautiful.

' How fair the placid hour of evening shines  
Where night is not, although the day declines !  
And calm that moment hung o'er Kasvin's plain,  
As Nature breathed in balmy sweets again.  
The scorching sun had sunk—and herb and flower  
With grateful odours bless'd the dewy shower.  
Dark lay her vines and orchards : not a breeze  
Broke the charm'd stillness of her cypress-trees ;  
And the lone rush of Sharood's distant stream,  
Rose as th' imperfect murmurs of a dream.  
The sun had sunk ; his last, retiring ray  
Slow fading, feebly flush'd the twilight's gray ;  
Faint and more faint, from mellowing mountain-head,  
The mingling hues in dying splendours spread,  
That one fond glow that lingers, half unseen,  
On evening's brow, and loves its deep serene.  
All, all was hush'd ;—the broad, blue vault profound,  
Bow'd to the wide horizon's softening bound,  
As though, her fervours past, within that zone  
Nature was peace, and earth and heaven were one.

' Yet was there one for whom that sacred hour  
Of raptured stillness bore no healing power.  
Though calm the scene of beauty slumber'd round,  
The mellowing light, the scarcely-whisper'd sound ;—  
That voice of solitude, whose lisplings fill  
Alone the pause, and make it lovelier still :  
This darker spirit, sever'd from its kind,  
In lone, unsharing apathy reclined,  
As though the hour when passion's fires grow dim  
In holier musings, was not made for him.  
Few were the years whose hurried steps had wound  
Through every maze of youth's enchanted ground :  
Wild with untutor'd thoughts, the child of dust  
In endless transport placed his eager trust ;  
All had he tried, and found them all disgust.  
The purest impulses of youth's pure time  
Check'd in their channels, stagnate into crime ;  
And turn'd to guilt, or maddening in excess,  
Make joy, a moment,—life, one long distress.



' Long stay'd that sullen mood ; till on the breeze  
 Broke the sweet sound of distant harmonies ;  
 Light, far, and ærial first—their stealing flight  
 Half won the pensive bosom to delight ;  
 And as it nearer came, the willing ear  
 Rous'd to the gradual sound, and lov'd to hear.  
 Nor in confusion, as each varied strain  
 Rung more distinctly from th' approaching train.  
 Hark with what glee the joyous champaign rings  
 Where its gay voice the laughing rebeck flings !  
 Thrills the loud clarion now,—and now 'tis mute ;  
 Breathes through each pause the slowly-warbling flute ;  
 Moans, in low guise, the plaintive lute alone ;  
 Joins the light dulcimer, its tinkling tone,  
 Urging the sense, till feeling riots free,  
 Borne on the fife to screaming ecstasy,  
 Whose rapid murmurs float commingling by,  
 Half human tones, shrill-syllabled on high.  
 That proud procession pass'd, rejoicing there,  
 With streaming banners fluttering in the air ;  
 Bright lances, neighing steeds, rich panoply,  
 Crimson, and plumes, and gold embroidery.  
 Sword clash'd with shield, and clattering clubs recall  
 The jocund welcome of the Istakbal ;  
 Whilst brandish'd torches far their flashes flung,  
 And cries, and shouts, and bursts of music rung,  
 And wild in hurrying dance the wanton Almas sung.'—pp. 9—12.

The author of the "Siege of Constantinople" indirectly informs us that his style has been formed upon that of Mr. Campbell, to whom he has dedicated this his first publication. Like Mr. Bell, he declares that, even if he should be foiled at this onset, he will "reset his lance, and venture another encounter." He has divided his poem into three cantos : in the two first, the leading warriors are marshalled ; in the third, the siege and fall of Byzantium, before the Turkish arms, are described. But the interest of the piece merges in the loves of Arnold, an illegitimate son of Constantine, and Irene, a Greek lady of matchless beauty. The poet supposes the former to have rebelled against his father—to have been banished—to have gone over to the infidels, and assumed the turban, and to be one of their most distinguished chieftains at the siege. In this situation he obtains a secret interview with his mistress, who had in his absence become a nun. The lovers are discovered by Irene's father, who slays his daughter, sooner than allow her to become the victim of a person who, wearing the dress of a Moslem, appeared to him to be one. There is nothing very new or striking in this catastrophe, nor in the general conduct of the poem. The taste of the writer appears, however, to have been well formed ; his diction is chaste, and his verses possess energy, as well as propriety of phrase and rhythm. The opening of the third canto is perhaps rather too Byronian ; it will serve, however, to show how Mr. Litchell writes.

## I.

Morn opes her eye : rock, valley, mount, and stream,  
 With smile of gladness, hail the welcome beam ;  
 His strength renewed, to run life's measur'd span,  
 Again from slumber bounds exulting man,  
 Through Hæmus' forests, bath'd in rosy glow,  
 Winds the swift hound, and twangs the hunter's bow ;  
 The early monk, on Athos' sea-bound height,  
 Drops on his knees, to bless returning light ;  
 While far away, o'er Phrygia's storied meads,  
 His joyful flock the grateful shepherd leads,  
 Weaves his blithe song by Simois' silver tide,  
 Regardless there Troy's thousands fought and died ;  
 Lays his tired length, where Ida's laurels grow,  
 Nor starts to think great Hector sleeps below.

## II.

Fair gilds the beam, the city, and the sea ;  
 From couch of heath, and dream of victory,  
 Cheerly for him has fate ordained no grave,  
 In clanging arms, upsprings each turban'd brave.  
 Hark ! o'er the plain the busy, stirring hum  
 Of hosts preparing for the fight to come !  
 With flying mane, and clattering hoof of speed,  
 Swift to the van the Tartar spurs his steed ;  
 Unnumber'd, dun as Afric's locust cloud,  
 The desert wanderers 'neath their standard crowd ;  
 While rolls the drum, and winds the echoing horn,  
 Where onward press the confident " Forlorn."  
 Silent, yet dread as cloud-wombed thunder, stand  
 The marshalled hosts, and wait but the command.—

## III.

Still from the wall the Christian banner flies,  
 And still the Greek the Ottomite defies.  
 On foaming steed what Moslem chief appears,  
 Nerv'd by war-toil, and proud in manhood's years ?  
 The lofty turban, and the haughty eye,  
 Betray the lord of Paynim chivalry.  
 Insatiate chief ! half Asia owns his reign,  
 And now shall Europe stoop her to the chain :  
 Nought slakes ambition's harlot-lust for power,  
 Till, like the conquer'd, conquerors worms devour.  
 Slow down the lines the dreaded monarch moves,  
 Scans every rank, each phalanx' order proves,  
 Inspires the faint, applauds the bold by turns,  
 Till, like his own, each breast for combat burns.'—pp. 41—43.

We have often been struck by the real beauty of most of the poems which have obtained prizes, on various occasions, in the two Universities ; and as often have we asked, without receiving any satisfactory answer, what has become in after-life of the poetical talents which those compositions called forth ? We have at this



moment in our recollection the names of many scholars who have produced capital verses, which have been distinguished in this manner, and we do not find that more than one or two of them have afterwards written any thing that holds a permanent place in our literature. Of those who win the poetical prize, many, indeed, subsequently become members of the ecclesiastical profession, with which a fastidious prejudice—it is nothing more—considers frequent homage to the muses incompatible. Others make academical honours merely the stepping-stone to parliament or the law, and think no more of the lyre which had once seasonably responded to their touch. These are results greatly to be lamented. There is no pursuit which poetical exercises might not sweeten and exalt; and where genius has succeeded, particularly that noble description of it now so rare, it were much to be desired that it should again and again be exerted. We have been led into these observations by the “Ascent of Elijah,” a masterly production from the pen of the Rev. Richard Parkinson. It is no imitation of Campbell’s verse, and yet it reminds us more of the manly vigour, the classical diction, the elevated thought, and exquisite imagery, which crown the “Pleasures of Hope” with the true gifts of poetry, than any publication that we have for a long time seen. The subject is told at once in the title, and is thus magnificently pictured in verses that well merit preservation.

‘ Fast clos’d the shades of eve;—the sun’s last ray  
That linger’d sadly on the verge of day,  
Cast a wild, spectral light on sulph’rous clouds  
Careering past, like giants in their shrouds!  
Yet not a breath was there to move these forms—  
Silence, dumb herald of advancing storms,  
Reign’d all around, and Expectation sat,  
With anxious eye, watching the birth of Fate!  
Is that the moon’s unwonted glow, that breaks  
Through the dark thunder-cloud, in arrowy streaks,  
Flinging on distant heights unearthly gleams,  
And darting fiercely down, o’er woods and streams?  
Wider it spreads o’er all the eastern sky!—  
The lightning-sever’d clouds asunder fly;  
And, ere the heart could think, in smoke and flame  
Down the bright steep, chariot and horseman came!  
At once that glowing car the seer ascends,  
At once the cope of heaven asunder rends,  
And with angelic millions girdled, rise  
Those fiery steeds, to seek their native skies.  
Elisha saw!—No touch of human fear  
Dimm’d his bright eye, or stopp’d his list’ning ear.  
With rapturous zeal he breath’d his Father’s name,  
And hail’d with holy joy that car of flame;  
He mark’d the train of heavenly light expire  
In a long vista of receding fire;

He heard the seraph tones, that hymn'd on high  
 Elijah's welcome to the happy sky !  
 But where is then the Promise ? where the Sign  
 Of delegated power, and grace divine ?  
 The heavenly splendour now fades fast away,  
 Mark'd in the sky by one bright lingering ray.  
 —Yet is that ray o'ershadow'd !—Something seems  
 With disk opaque to blot its ruddy beams !  
 Lower and lower it descends ; and sails,  
 With flickering motion, borne on evening gales,  
 Rapidly on ; and gently seeks the ground,  
 Before Elisha's feet, with whispering sound !  
 What tongue may speak the rapture of that hour ?  
 It is ! it is !—the Robe of magic power !  
 Elisha dash'd his vesture to the ground,  
 And with his master's Mantle wrapp'd him round ;  
 And stood, from that day forth, before the Lord,  
 His Power on earth—his Wisdom—and his Word !'—pp. 18—20.

This is the finest passage in the poem ; but there are many lines among those which precede it, that indicate the possession of powers which, we trust, Mr. Parkinson may long continue to cultivate.

The author of the 'Sketches of Genius' has undertaken to sing of almost every person who has figured in metre from Solomon himself down to Childe Harold. This, it must be admitted, was a comprehensive undertaking, the mere idea of which reflects credit on Mr. Corkindale. We fear, however, that one stanza will satisfy every body as to the purity of his taste, and the delicacy of his phraseology. The poet varies his theme by the introduction of a chop-house scene.

'Tis sad to dine on chop-house miseries,  
 Disgust and pain are at the sound unnumbered ;  
 There sit you, squeezed like cheese within a press,  
 And when to hoarseness for the "Times" you've hummed,  
 Brought you betimes, all buttered and bethumbed,  
 Now comes your bill, as custom has appointed ;  
 But ah ! your miseries linger still unsummed,  
 For the sad joint your stomach has disjointed,  
 And your grave neighbour has with gravy you anointed.'—p. 41.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Corkindale's *minor* poems are no better.

Let the reader imagine a country curate seated in a cheerful room in a snug cottage, the woodbine, the clematis, and monthly roses shedding their mingled flowers and fragrance round his window, a small green patch of garden smiling before it, a brook singing merrily at a short distance, which descends from a mountain, a charming wife teaching a blue eyed, fair haired child by her side to read or draw, and he will have a fair idea of the circumstances under which the Rev. Mr. Whitfield applied himself to the



poetical vocation. He evidently writes for the sake of amusement, to give form to the pleasant and airy nothings which float over his imagination. He publishes also to please himself and his family, and we have no desire whatever to lessen their enjoyment. Happy they, if they can derive delight and benefit from his lines 'to a Butterfly,' and his heroics 'on a Gray Hair.' Friendship, charity, sympathy, melancholy, enthusiasm, religion, have found in Mr. Whitfield a modest and zealous advocate, and we pray that his verses may be immortal.

Depending on the favour with which her prettily printed and gilt-edged poem, the "Maid of Scio" was received,—by us at least,—Miss Eleanor Snowden has promoted her muse from the rank of a sex-decimo to an octavo! But this difference, we fear, is all that she has gained by her new volume; it will not extend her reputation much beyond the precincts of Dover. Strange to say we like her Epigrams better than her *Epics*.

'A frigid Earl lolls listlessly beside  
Yon love-sick belle, who fain would be his bride;  
Down her fair cheek as trickling tear-drops stray,  
She weeps because she's *peerless*, strange to say!'

'Was ever an entanglement  
Like this?—with such disaster fraught?  
Miss Lureall's habit (dire event!)  
By Major Hooker's rowels caught.  
Fie! what a falling from thy throne,  
Coquettish queen, of short-liv'd reign;  
Thy suite of buzzing *flats* all flown,  
A *sharper* now is in thy train!'

'Why for the gaming-table should we sigh,  
When life's a *hazard*, and its ends a *die*?'

'With scandal-mongers wasps may well compare,  
The stings of both are in the *tales* they bear.'

#### BEAUTY WITHOUT SENSE.

'A fausse-montre, on whose fair, inanimate face  
Admiration at first we bestow;  
Then turn with disgust from the fine, empty case,  
And most heartily wish it would *go*.'—pp. 165, 166.

If we should be asked why we occasionally gather together in an olla podrida article, our opinions upon a number of poetical works, which, after all, have little merit to recommend them, our answer is that we deem it a part of our duty to hold the mirror up to the passing publications of the day, whether they be of an excellent, or an inferior kind. Our pages will thus shew what is actually going on in all grades of intellect, and every class of composition, and enable thinking minds to trace the history of our literature as well through its dark spots, as through those which

with light. We have, moreover, long had a habit of reading criticising verse of every order, and that habit has now become a pleasant relaxation from grave pursuits. "A man," says Addison, "may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves, in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first exercise, becomes at length an entertainment."

VI.—*A Selection from the Papers of the Earls of Marchmont, in the Possession of the Right Honorable Sir George Henry Rose, illustrative of Events from 1685 to 1750.* In three volumes, 8vo. London: Murray. 1831.

The title of Marchmont, by which these papers are designated, passed in succession to three earls of the Scotch family of Hume, as it began with the first, so did it become extinct with the last of these noblemen. The Earls of Marchmont respectively bore a part—more or less conspicuously, in the political transactions of their time, and their united history links itself with an interval in our annals, reaching almost from the Restoration to the time of George the Third, a term exceeding that which has been set forth in the title-page. The first Earl of the family, better known, perhaps, as Sir Patrick Hume, acted a distinguished part in Scotland against the Stuarts. He opposed, by every means in his power, the succession of James the Second to the throne, and for his ardent and incessant hostility to that family, was rewarded by George William, after the revolution, with the honours of the peerage. He was succeeded by his son, Alexander, the second Earl, who filled several exalted offices both in Scotland and England, and from him the title devolved to his son, Hugh, who, for several years, was considered one of the most accomplished debaters in the House of Commons.

Such are the personages from whose papers the present selection has been made; and, considering the situations which they occupied, and the affairs which they were called on to assist in managing, we confess we feel disappointed that so little appears to be gleaned from their cabinets that is interesting or important. To Sir George Rose, as representing his father, the executor to whom these papers were confided, properly belonged the duty of exercising a discretion in sending forth any portion of the collection to the world. But with every feeling of respect and courtesy for a gentleman, we must say that in this accidental circumstance he lay the whole of his qualifications for the important office of editor of the Marchmont Papers. In the first place the volumes may be said to be a chaos, in which neither dates, nor names, nor papers, are arranged according to the necessary laws of chronology. The first volume is occupied with a diary kept by the



*third* Earl—whilst the transactions of some sixty years before, in the time of the *first* Earl, are reserved for the *third* volume. The papers of the three earls are thus presented to us inversely as the order of the volumes. The excuse which Sir George alleges for this singular arrangement is utterly insufficient—and certainly it could not palliate that other device of the editor for completing the confusion of the reader, namely, the occasional interposition of matter belonging to one Earl, among the series of papers which are exclusively connected with another. Our readers will then understand that in examining this work, in order to furnish as impartial an account of it as we can, we are forced into the observance of the editor's scheme of connection, and we trust to their justice to exempt us from the penalty that is due to any sins of disorder which may happen to annoy them in the course of this article.

The first volume, as we have said, is principally filled with a Diary of Hugh, the third Earl of Marchmont. This Diary commences in July, 1744, and is carried on at intervals of some days, until the end of that year; it then breaks off, and is not resumed until the September of 1745, when it is continued for about five months; it then re-commences in July, 1747, and is concluded in March, 1748. The periods here indicated may be said to be eras of very considerable importance in our political annals. It was during the first of these intervals that the causes began to develop themselves which led to the ascendancy of the Pelhams, at the expense of the Carteret party, and finally brought about the establishment of a Cabinet which, from the strong interests it comprehended, was nicknamed the Broad-bottom Administration. The items in this part of the Diary relate to minute particulars of conversations, which we have no doubt will serve to guide the historian on many occasions in determining motives and in reconciling apparent contradictions, but which possess little interest for general readers in these days. The second period is one of more attraction, as it commences with the date of the announcement in London that the Pretender was approaching Edinburgh, with a strong probability of his being able to occupy that city. The conduct of the Scotch lords about the court was very singular on this occasion. Between their political jealousies on the one hand, and the necessity of testifying their loyalty to the House of Hanover on the other, several of these noblemen were placed in a most whimsical state of perplexity. The King and his ministers shared in this embarrassment, and there is every reason to believe that the progress of the Pretender would have been quickly stopped, if the hands of the Scotch lords had not been completely tied in consequence of the most foolish and contemptible divisions that reigned amongst them. The following passage will throw some light on these elements of distraction. We should premise that the writer, Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, in common with several of his brother peers, made repeated offers of his services to the King, but that these services were uniformly rejected or evaded.

\* When I came from court Lord Gower came in, to whom I told, that the Duke of Montrose and I had been to offer our services; he said, he was glad we had done it, on which I told him what had passed. He said, that the ministers could not tell what to depend on concerning Scotland, one side constantly contradicting the other. I told [him] that I myself out of Parliament, and all I could influence in Parliament, should loudly complain, that Scotland was thrown out of the King's protection. He said, he did not see that; I answered that Scotland was undone in the dispute between two men, who should [be] viceroy of it, and the English ministry considered only which of these two men should be absolute lords of the kingdom, and thus the King had lost his crown, which he seemed not to value: that all this might have been prevented last winter, if, instead of holding up the Duke of Argyle to be King, and insisting on all of us bowing to him, they had obliged his Grace to shake hands with the rest of the nobility, and be content with his share; that when Lord Stair had at that time spoke to me of the secretary's place, I had told him, that I would not accept it if offered in opposition to the Duke of Argyle, or without a concert with him, and that he, Lord Gower, knew we had told him, that we wanted no better than to act in concert with any man for the relief and service of our country; but we had been despised, and not even Sir John D—— could get 500*l.* a-year without bowing to the Duke of Argyle; that then the Duke was brought to do nothing, unless he could do every thing, and Lord Tweeddale thought he had credit enough in the closet to suffer nobody to have power but himself, and, therefore, from resentment to the Duke of Argyle, and to all of us who had not cringed to him, he had neglected the common and necessary precautions to defend the kingdom, as they could not have been taken without giving power to some of us, and he had gone about giving his opinion, that the regulars would beat the irregulars, which were always contemptible: thus, supporting an opinion of Lord Granville perhaps, or, to serve his own purpose, he had lost the King one of his crowns; that one saw how high the dispute was carried between him and the Duke of Argyle, by Mr. Maul's carriage at court, and that the ministers seemed to attend to nothing else; that they were both to blame: but, that things being so, we ought however to do our best to save the constitution. He said, that was the great point; that he felt the situation of those who acted as ministers without the King's confidence; that they laboured on though every thing was up-hill work, of which he gave some instances; that if they treated this affair as important, Lord Stair laughed at them, and Lord Tweeddale gave no help at all; that he wished they could do any good, and that animosities ought to be laid aside. I told him, I did it so far, that if I had had as much enmity to Lord —— as he had to me, I would shake hands with him now for fighting in this cause, but that I would fight only for liberty, and not fight that one might put on the yoke instead of another. He said, we ought in the first place to remove the present danger. I told him, I could submit as well as another, if tyranny was to be established, by whomever conquered; but a slave with whole bones was not so absurd as one who had got his bones broke to establish his own slavery; but when the worst happened, I could go to Holland like my grandfather; that at court we were treated as little better than slaves now; but to bring the thing to an issue, I desired him, as one of the ministers, to let the question



be asked by the ministry at Lord Tweeddale, and by any of 'em that saw the Duke of Argyle at him, since they were the two believed in Scots affairs, whether any thing could be done by the Scots nobility for saving the country, and for the King's service, and that we were ready to do whatever was practicable; that then I would send for the Duke of Queensbury, and we would act in concert; and that, for my own part, I was ready to go any where, provided I should not be deserted, and defeated here above, in order to be laughed at for attempting what it might be made impossible to execute; and that I should be assured, that the two heads of the Scots faction should not be, one or other of 'em, made tyrant over us, but would join with the rest to put Scotland on the same foot with England. He said, he did not see how that could be secured; I desired him to try whether any thing could be done or not. He told me in the conversation, that the Duke of Argyle stood ill in the King's opinion, and Lord Tweeddale very well.

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'The Duke of Queensbury told me, that he had seen the Marquis of Tweeddale, who, with many shrugs and hints, had told him, that he did not see that any thing could be done by us in Scotland; that now the thing must be decided by the King's army, and that commissions of lieutenancy would be too late. I said the answer given expressed a great deal of dignity to us. The Duke said that, to give him his due, he has expressed that our zeal was very laudable, and very well known. The Duke of Montrose said, that now we were vindicated, and unless, to use a Scots expression, we should *dud ourselves in their faces*, we saw we could do nothing; that indeed in that case they might put us upon some bad affair to do us an injury. I asked the Duke of Queensberry if he thought it now necessary to say as much to any of the English ministry; but both the Dukes thought we had done all that was decent for us, or necessary to shew our readiness, if we were thought to be of any use.

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'Lord Stair took the Duke of Montrose and me into the window at Kensington, having before told us he wanted to talk to us. He said, that the offer we had made, and to which Lord Tweeddale could give us no answer, had been laid before the council; that it had been there said, that several Lords of Scotland had offered to do any service they could, and that although nothing could be done so long as the rebels remained masters of the country, yet should they march into England, Peers of Scotland, authorized by the King, might then raise regiments behind them, and cut off all communication between them and Scotland; that this had been thought very right, and that it was thought likewise that such as could do this, should be spoke to, that they might think of what people they would employ under them, and keep themselves ready when the case happened. I told Lord Stair, that as the King's troops would decide the affair now, this looked to me like sending us a thief-catching, and that after what had passed, the taking this up, as was done, looks very like what the Duke of Montrose had suspected, drawing us into a scrape, that is, to send us away on the meeting of the Parliament, that nobody might be here whilst they fixed slavery on our country; and therefore I desired to know in the first place, what the ministers intended to do as to Scotland, and how the King's speech and the addresses would speak of Scotland. Lord Stair

said, he knew nothing as to this last, but that the other had been approved of in the council.

\* I told the Chancellor he would see by the papers how small a force had ruined my country. He said, it was indeed surprising. I said, we, who had long seen the causes, had expected the effect, not indeed so great, but enough to undo the King's friends. He talked of news. I told him of the sally from the castle on the 6th, and the people's zeal, and the supposed march into England, &c.; but that the great object was to secure the country hereafter, and remedy what had past. He said, no doubt something must be done; many remedies had been spoken of; but the difficulty was, which was proper; that the disarming the Highlands had been tried. I told him, no doubt it was right; but that alone would not do, since foreign arms could be brought in, as they had been now; but that the King had two-thirds of the country zealous for him on principle; and that he might see from Charles the Second's time in men, cess, and now in members of Parliament, the south of Tay was always computed two-thirds of the whole. He said, it had been proposed to arm, but that the Duke of Argyle had represented it as illegal without certain orders, but what had never been explained; and that Lord Tweeddale had said, it might be arming as many foes as friends. I said, as to the south it was a gross misrepresentation. He said, it meant only the Highlands. I said as to them, there were families as well known to be for the King as others against it, for they would always be on opposite sides, like Sweden and Denmark; but all at present would soon be over; and I hoped the like would be prevented for the future; that the country had been sacrificed to party. He said, it was clear that things must not be put on the same foot they had been. I told him, if we were to be transferred from one viceroy to another, the country would be totally undone. He said, a remedy must be found, but this must be over first. I said, that would soon be, if the King's troops would march; but that the Parliament was coming on very fast; and, considering the load of reproach the country lay under, not the popular but the neglect of the King's friends, no Scotsman could sit still in Parliament without losing all credit in his country, as it was impossible that the King's speech and addresses should be silent on this rebellion; and at the same time I was very sensible, that whatever was done might soon get a twist to some party end or other, and rather do harm than good, unless the King's ministers would join in the direction of it, with a view of settling the King's interest in that country.'—vol. i. pp. 150—152.

We shall conclude this portion of the Diary by Marchmont's account of his interview with the King, in which the jealousy of the Scotch nobles is again so strikingly illustrated.

\* I told him, (the King) that I desired to inform him of the state of Scotland; that all the South was zealous for him. He said, they were all Presbyterians, who had always been for his family; that Dumfries, Glasgow, and others were good towns, but that he could not say so much for Edinburgh. I told him, he had even there at least four out of five. He said, there were a great many Jacobites there. I said, that in the South there were not a hundred Papists, and that the people were zealous for him, and



all those that had property. He said, he believed so, except Lord Kilmar-nock. I said, he was a man of desperate fortune, whose estate would go to his creditors, when his person was under forfeiture; that I had an estate in the country where he lived, and there was none of property there; and in another county, there was but one man of property, a Jacobite, against whom a warrant had been granted. He said, "Mr. H.," but that he had not been taken. I said, there was not a man of 'em could carry out a hundred men against him in the South. He said, the southern parts liked the Union, and found benefit by it. I said, his Majesty knew that it had been made to bring the crown into his family. He said, "Yes, but they had felt benefit by it too." I said, no doubt they had; that I could assure his Majesty, he had twenty thousand good men ready to arm for him in the South; and that all we desired, was to have him for our King. He said, he had ordered the Duke, (who was in very great spirits, and extremely pleased with the civilities he received in the country) as soon as this was decided, to detach a body of troops to Scotland, and that the Scots regiments were to recruit in the south of Scotland; but that I knew that London was the principal place. I said, his Majesty was the best judge; that his people in Scotland desired no other; that I had lived in his foreign dominions, and therefore could assure him, that he had nowhere better subjects than in the south of Scotland; and who wished to see his interest superior, abroad and at home, and to see him respected on the continent as well as here; that they had nothing to do with the English factions. He said, "You have factions amongst yourselves; there are the Highlands against the Lowlands, and others; but one must do the best one can." I said, there were no factions against him; all we desired, was to have him cast an eye upon us, and to have access to him. He said, he had never refused anybody. I said, I was far from meaning so, and that I had taken the liberty to trouble him, only to represent the state of Scotland to him. He said, he looked on the two countries as one united, and would equally regard them both; that Scotland had always been well affected; but indeed the last elections had not gone as he desired; but, he hoped, it would not be so any more. I said, that the elections had never gone against him; that indeed if any subject would act without regard to his interest, and pretend to set himself up, it would create difficulties; but that all we desired to know was, his Majesty's own opinion. He said, he never would let any subject set himself between him and his people. I said, that was all we desired; we wanted to behave like good subjects, and have none between him and us. He repeated, he had never refused any. I told him, I am sure I ought not to think so, since he had shewed but too much goodness in hearing me so long; that it was the first time I had ever had the honour to speak to him; and I desired he would be assured, that he had not a subject more affectionate to his cause than I was; that I wished the method proposed now, to arm in Scotland, might answer. He said, "What would you have me do? they have offered it; they have offered it." I said, I wished it success; but could have wished in this, and in ours, that his Majesty, who understood these matters better than any in his council, had formed the plan. He said, the House of Commons would not consent, as I saw by the last. I said, I believed many voted then, because they thought he did not approve of it. He said, "I did not approve of it at first. But these lords having shewed so much

zeal, my ministers thought it was proper; and when I did approve of it, it should not have been obstructed." He said, great zeal had been shewed every where; and when this was over, some scheme must be thought of to prevent it for the future. I said, the south of Scotland would be glad to concur in any his Majesty judged himself to be proper. He said, his ministers would propose something to secure the south of Scotland for the future. I said, whatever service in that, or any thing else I could do for his family, I should always be ready to do. I begged leave to assure him, he should always find me a faithful subject; and if he ever did me the honour to speak to me again, he should always find me a man of truth. When the King mentioned the Duke, he said, he had some regiments together, with which he was sure he would give a good account of the rebels. I told the King, I hoped so; and did not doubt it; that they were a pack of robbers from the head of Argyleshire; that his Majesty knew well enough from what country they came. He said, "yes;" "they were the Camerons, the Stewarts of Appen, and the Athole men."—vol. i. pp. 162—165.

The remainder of this Diary may be dismissed without requiring from the reader any great sacrifice of curiosity. The chief matters alluded to in it are the resignation of the Pelham administration, and its restoration in *three* days; the retirement of Lord Chesterfield from the office of Secretary of State, and the accession to it of the Duke of Bedford.

The author of this Diary received numerous letters from persons whose names have been made familiar to us by their genius or other extraordinary qualifications. From these epistles some excellent specimens, by Lord Bolingbroke, are selected. The date of the first letter from that nobleman is not given, but it appears, from the context, to have been written when he was in exile, and when that animosity, which never was subdued, against Walpole, seemed to have attained its utmost exasperation. The reader will not fail to be struck with the fine tone of philosophy which pervades the following passages.

'Strong and sudden emotions, the surprises of a good heart, would be considered in the school of Zeno among the pretenders to apathy. High notions of virtue, and an avowed detestation of knaves, would be censured in the school of Aristippus: be ashamed of neither. My Lord, to form a great and good character, it is not enough to have a mind fraught with knowledge, and to possess all the talents necessary to employ this knowledge with effect; the heart must be touched with esteem and contempt, with love and hatred, and with a zeal in the cause of truth and virtue, that excludes all indifference, and much more, all servile compliances.

'Let the object of our conduct be determined by knowledge, by experience, and by reflection; let prudence regulate the measures of it, but let the sentiments of the heart animate the whole. I saw and I felt with great pleasure, that they animated your's, in an age and country where the fewest symptoms of them appear, and where the utmost want of them exists. Your fire revived the dying embers of mine, fanned them with hope, and kindled them anew. I returned to my hermitage not only with a concern for my country, which will accompany me everywhere, but with a



mind bent on endeavours to be of some public utility even there. Cooler reflection, fresher and repeated information, shew me but too plainly, that I can be of none. I can employ nothing but my pen; and if that was what your partiality to me makes you think it is, how could I flatter myself enough to hope to do any real services by it? Writing and speaking are of use to prepare, to accompany, and to support actions: but they become impertinent when they go alone, and the whole scheme begins, continues, and ends in them. I have seen them often employed within a few years to raise a spirit; and the spirits as often remain unimproved to any good purpose.

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\* All that remains for me to do, and, I fear, almost all that remains for you, is to lament the fate of our country. A state is equally desperate when there are no remedies to be found, that are equal to the distempers of it, and when there are such to be found, but neither hands to administer them, nor perhaps strength of constitution sufficient to bear them. In one of these cases, I am sure we are; we are perhaps in both. Plato complained, that he lived in the dotage of the Athenian commonwealth, and gave that reason for speaking and writing what he thought of the government of his country, and for taking no further part in it. If our citizens will be persuaded, let us persuade them, said the philosopher; if they will not, we neither can, nor ought to force them. Are we not in the dotage of our commonwealth, my Lord? Are we not in the second infancy, when rattles and hobby-horses take up all our attention, and we truck for play-things our most essential interests? In a first infancy there is hope of amendment, the puerile habits wear off, and those of manhood succeed; reason grows stronger, and admits of daily improvement. We observe, we reflect, we hear, we persuade ourselves, or we are persuaded by others; but in a second infancy, what hope remains? Reason grows weaker; the passions, the baser passions, the inferior sentiments of the heart, avarice, envy, self-conceit, and obstinacy, grow stronger; and the habits we have then accompany us to the grave.—vol. ii. pp. 177—183.

The following extract is from a letter dated October 15, 1739:—

\* It may seem strange to those who consider the thing abstractedly from certain circumstances, that a single minister should dare to set up his judgment, dictated by ignorance, humour, and private interest, against the judgment of a whole nation, founded in the plainest principles of policy, and fortified by the whole tenour of treaties; but this will appear no longer strange, when it is considered, that corruption and imbecility have conspired to leave this great national interest in the hands of the same man who has neglected or betrayed it for eighteen years together; that he, who has given it up, is entrusted to recover it; and that he has a prospect greater than ever opened to him of pursuing the ruin of his country with impunity, since he is suffered to arm against his country under pretence of arming against Spain. This meaning is plain. If you yield to him, if he saves Spain from the necessity of a retraction, and obliges you to retract by your future conduct that which you held when you made the secession, his yoke is imposed on you in the present case, and cannot be shaken off in any other. If you continue firm in asserting the interest of your country and your own honour, he has 30,000 men to back him, and

the name of a King and a Parliament to varnish over his iniquitous cause whenever he sees proper to commit any acts of violence. My mind has long foreboded such cruel extremities as these; and every friend I have knows how often I have expressed my fears, several years ago, that parliamentary opposition would not succeed for want of steadiness and vigor; that corruption would give the minister an entire advantage over you in the constitutional forms; and that then the sole effect of having opposed him would be to frighten him so far, as to make him provide and employ farther and extra-constitutional means of supporting himself. I apprehend that this is come to pass, and that the vassalage of Great Britain, under the dominion of Walpole, is very near completed. I have cast my mite into the treasury of liberty. I have done all I could do to prevent this fatal issue of things, and disarmed by my country have combated for her. I would do so still, if it was still in my power; but it is not so; I wish it may be still in your's; this I am sure of, that nothing can make it so but a temper of mind prepared for all events, and a firm resolution to serve the public at every private expence whatsoever, at that of fortune, or that of life. False notions, or rather false pretences of moderation, have brought this ruin on you. Measures have been simply or wickedly kept with a man, who has never kept any it was useful or safe for him to break; and thus, for fear of disturbing the government, the constitution is exposed to a double invasion, by parliamentary corruption, and by a military force. You are now in a conjuncture wherein nothing less than a spice of honest enthusiasm can repair what indolent trifling habits, want of application, and want of vigour have almost destroyed. Shall I make any excuse for saying so much, when I thought of saying so little, and upon a subject on which I can say nothing new? No, my lord, not to you; you will read in the same spirit in which I write; and if the fulness of my heart overflows to you, the fulness of your's will overflow to me.—*ol. ii. pp. 197—199.*

We collect some fine reflections from other of the same noble writer's epistles.

\* How impertinent is it to combat grief with syllogism! and how little need has that mind of consolation, which can find it in philosophical lectures! but your grief and mine are nourished and strengthened by every reasonable reflection. We lament our own loss, but we lament that of our country too. What regret can be too great for the loss of a friend, whom we should have regretted even if he had been our enemy? You see, my dear Lord, that neither my philosophy, nor the habit of receiving misfortunes, as you call it, makes me resist, or attempt to resist, the affliction I am under. I wish you was here, with all my soul; but if you was, my example would teach you nothing more than what you know and practise already, to give such demonstrations alone of the greatest grief as are manly, none that are womanish; such appearances as are compatible with the utmost strength of mind, none that are tokens of its impotency, to use a classical word. Whether the Supreme Being governs the moral and physical worlds by general laws, as I find most reason to believe, for this is matter of opinion only, or by particular providences, resignation to his government is our duty most certainly; and wherever we are concerned as individuals—I mean, wherever the accidents of life or that of death



fall on us alone, I think, we should practise, as far as the frailty of our nature permits, the lesson contained in the hymn of Cleanthes; we should follow cheerfully, what we must follow necessarily, the order and disposition of Providence; but in all cases we should follow it without murmuring; and this may be done by him who feels his loss, and who even indulges his grief the most. Your reflections on all that theological cant which is employed on great and national events, nay on minute private family events, when the use of them or these serves the turn of the doctor, are just. The honest country parson will advance, that Wyndham's death in this critical conjuncture is a stroke of that scourge of God, which is lifted up to punish a corrupt and profligate people. He will see the hand of God in it; so will a bishop too, if he waits for a translation; but then he will add this to a long catalogue of other providences, by which the Supreme Being has conducted Robin and Horace Walpole into absolute power, and maintained them in it. All this, my Lord, is blasphemous, and not to be heard without horror by every man who has thought himself into religion.

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'The affairs of the world will hurry on in a multitude of various combinations; and different men will be differently affected by them; they will constitute the good fortune of some, and the ill fortune of others. This it is not in our power to prevent; but there is another manner, an inward, as well as an outward manner of being affected by them; and this may be in our power, if we please. Misfortune will be misfortune, and pain will be pain, though the bully in philosophy refuse to call either by its proper name; but both may be rendered tolerable; and I advance no paradox in saying, that a man may be happy in the midst of misfortune, as he may be miserable in the midst of good fortune. As to the means by which this may be brought about, I will only say, that they seem to me to depend on an early and constant attention of the mind to appreciate things according to their real value, and not according to that imaginary value, which public custom or private passion has set on them; but I stop at the very entrance into this large field of reflection, where your Lordship can expatiate without any help of mine; and, to change the figure, I do not pretend to put arms into your hands; I only mean to remind you of employing those you have.'—vol. ii. pp. 256, 257.

A few letters are given in the second volume from Pope. They are full of those elaborate and affected turns of thought for which the epistolary remains of that great poet are so remarkable. The following spirited passage, in one of his letters, and the anecdote which is appended to it, will be read with interest.

'Other ambition I never had, than to be tolerably thought of by those I esteemed; and this has been gratified beyond my proudest hopes. I hate no human creature; and the moment any can repent or reform, I love them sincerely. Public calamities touch me; but when I read of past times, I am somewhat comforted as to the present, upon the comparison; and, at the worst, I thank God that I do not yet live under a tyranny nor an inquisition; that I have thus long enjoyed independency, freedom of body and mind; have told the world my opinions, even on the highest subjects,

and of the greatest men, pretty freely;\* that good men have not been ashamed of me; and that my works have not died before me (which is the case of most authors); and, if they die soon after, I shall probably not know it, or certainly not be concerned at it in the next world.'—vol. ii. p. 260.

The most remarkable part of the correspondence is, in our opinion, that of the Duchess of Marlborough. With some strange peculiarities, she gives evidence, in every line of her letters, of the possession of a strong mind. In justifying her intention of retiring from London to the solitude of a country life, she says,

'As I am of the simpler sex, and fourscore, I am sure, I have nothing, that can tempt me to change my inclination, since I can be of no use to anybody; and though I know some that are very agreeable to converse with, the uncertainty of seeing them, from their own natural calls and my ill health, makes me choose to live as I do, till something unavoidable forces me to Marlborough House, where I cannot avoid many troubles, which very much overbalances the very few that I can hope to converse with. I am glad you (Earl of Marchmont) had any success in the House of Lords; and as you are a very young man, it may naturally make you hope, that things may happen to grow better; but if they do not, it is certainly right to do all in one's power, that can contribute to it; but for my own part, I think, if we could get the better of the tyrants and fools, that have so near brought this country to ruin, as history gives an account of the thirty tyrants, those, that are honest, would not be the better for it; at least it appears so to me by all that has been done by the changes in the last scheme, when the patriots joined with the court. Much the greatest part of England are ignorant and poor; and it must be equal to them who governs. Those that have fortunes worth preserving are such knaves and fools, that to get more they have shewn they will hazard the losing of all; however, I think every man that struggles to oppose what is against both reason and the laws, deserves to be esteemed and praised as highly as even Mr. Pope could do it.

'I think myself much obliged both to your Lordship and to him for having the least thought of coming to see me; but at this time, as the gout, when people are old, does not fix in any one part, which, though very painful, it ends in giving you ease, mine is almost always upon me, in some part or other, and gives me a great deal of uneasiness, so much that I cannot have any pleasure in conversation; and besides my family is

\* 'An instance of inconvenience arising to Pope from this free expression of his thoughts was mentioned by Lord Marchmont. He was dining with Pope and a large company at a villa of Lord Bathurst, near London. Whilst they were sitting after dinner, a servant coming in whispered something to Pope, which disconcerted him so visibly, that Lord Bathurst inquired of the man, what he had said, and was told, that a young gentleman with a sword had desired him to inform Mr. Pope, that he was waiting for him in an adjacent lane, and that his name was Dennis. Lord Bathurst learning this communication from the son of Pope's old antagonist, who purposed thus to avenge his father's wrongs, immediately left the room, and, taking hat and sword, proceeded to expostulate with the poet's foeman, which he did with such success as to relieve him from this cause of apprehension.'



now in a good deal of disorder by having sick servants; but I think, I am in no present danger of death; and when it does come, I hope I shall bear it patiently, though I own I am not arrived at so much philosophy as not to think torturing pain an evil; that is the only thing that I now dread, for death is unavoidable! and I cannot find that anybody has yet demonstrated whether it is a good thing, or a bad one. Pray do not think me wicked in saying this; and if you talk to Mr. Pope of me, endeavour to keep him my friend, for I do firmly believe in the immortality of the soul, as much as he does, though I am not learned enough to have found out what it is; but as I am sure there must be some Great Power that formed this world, that Power will distinguish with rewards and punishments, otherwise the wicked would be happier than the good, the first of which generally gratify all their passions, and those that are most worthy are generally ill-treated, and most unhappy.'—vol. ii. pp. 265—267.

The following is very comical:—

'I find you are as ignorant what the soul is as I am. But though none of my philosophers demonstrate plainly that, I do think, there must be rewards and punishments after this life; and I have read lately some of my dear friends the philosophers, that there was an opinion, that the soul never died; that it went into some other man or beast. And that seems, in my way of thinking, to be on the side of the argument for the immortality of the soul; and though the philosophers prove nothing to my understanding certain, yet I have a great mind to believe, that kings' and first ministers' souls, when they die, go into chimney-sweepers. And their punishment is, that they remember they were great monarchs, were complimented by the parliament upon their great abilities, and thanked for the great honor they did nations in accepting of the crown, at the same time that they endeavored to starve them, and were not capable of doing them the least service, though they gave him all the money in the nation. This, I think, would be some punishment, though not so much as they deserve, supposing the great persons they had been, and the condition they were reduced to. What gave me this thought of a chimney-sweeper was an accident. My servants, that are very careful of me, were fearful that, having a fire night and day four months together in my chamber, thought I might be frightened, when I could not rise out of my bed, if the chimney was on fire, and persuaded me to have it swept, which I consented to; and one of the chimney-sweepers was a little boy, a most miserable creature, without shoes, stockings, breeches, or shirt. When it was over, I sent a servant of mine to Windsor with him, to equip this poor creature with what he wanted, which cost very little, not being so well dressed as the last Privy Seal. And as I could not be sure the souls of these chimney-sweepers had come from great men, I could not repent of their being so much overpaid, as they were.'—vol. ii. pp. 270—272.

The motive of the Duchess's significant allusions to Mr. Pope appears to be a desire, on her part, to conciliate the poet, who had, in his character of Atossa, promised to confer on her a sort of immortality which she did not covet. But though she worked hard to influence Pope to sink the portrait which, with such magnificent fidelity, he had prepared of the Duchess, she was unsuccessful, and she lives to this day in the unfading lineaments in which wit and fancy have painted her.

The third volume, containing the papers of the senior Earl of Marchmont, afford but little that is calculated to interest the general reader. From a portion of the correspondence, however, we gain an insight into much of the secret machinery by which the Union with Scotland was effected. We are justified, from what we read here, in suspecting that the jealousy and discontent excited in Scotland against England, which raged in such excess during the reign of William, were the result of a deep laid scheme, concocted by English statesmen and Scotch peers, to extinguish the national independence of the former kingdom. With reference to this point we quote the following brief letter, and its accompanying note.

*' Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, to the Earl of Tullibardin,*

*' Edinburgh, Jan. 9th, 1698.*

*' I remember in my letter to the King of the 23d December, I said, I never wished more to be near his Majesty than now. I wish your Lordship to explain this. The cause of the expression was, that I perceived such a ferment in the minds of many, occasioned by the motions of the English\* in crossing the projects of trade of this nation; there seems to be such an humour of resentment, as, I protest, may make one fear dangerous consequences.'—vol. iii. pp. 148.*

Though we do not find many of the letters in this volume worthy of being transcribed, as affording matter of an attractive nature, yet to the historian they will furnish some most important explanations and details, which will enable him to establish the truth respecting various questions, more completely than he has yet had the opportunity of doing. We should like to see more of this

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\* The English East India and African Companies had put a stop to the subscriptions, which the Scottish African and West India Company was obtaining in England. This is the first trace in these papers of that ferment, which produced important and very unfortunate national effects, and a resentment in Scotland against England, of which King William's and Queen Anne's reigns afforded multiplied proofs. It is extremely probable, however, that as the union with Ireland was the fruit of a rebellion in that kingdom, so would not the union between England and Scotland have been effected, but for the exasperation against England grafted on Jacobitism, which grew amongst the Scots to such extent and height, that their leading men saw, that nothing but such an incorporation of the two nations could save the island from a fearful convulsion, of which the effects at home and abroad would have been incalculable. But this matter had its beginning in 1695, when the English Lords and Commons addressed a complaint to King William respecting a Scots Act of Parliament for creating a Company to trade to Africa and the East Indies with privileges, which, it was apprehended, must ruin the English East India trade. This act was disowned by King William. The Scots Company, though designated as 'African,' did nothing to justify that name, but made arrangements with much secrecy to settle a colony at Darien on the Spanish Main.



Marchmont collection given to the public, provided that a better principle of selection than is to be found in the present work, shall govern the future editor.

ART. VII.—*A Narrative of a Visit to the Court of Sinde; a Sketch of the History of Cutch, &c* By James Burnes, Surgeon to the Residency at Bhooj. 1 vol. 8vo. Bombay; printed, by permission of Government, for the perusal of the Author's Friends. Summachar Press, 1829. Edinburgh: re-printed by John Stark, 1831.

THE author of this volume, Mr. Burnes, was employed in the year, 1827, 1828, as surgeon to the British Residency at Bhooj, the capital of the province of Cutch, in India. Intimately connected with the British government in the East, Cutch is separated from the more northern province of Sinde only by a river. But the insignificance of the boundary by no means represents the difference in the political relation of the two provinces, and Sinde has always manifested a dislike of British interference. It has indeed been almost a sealed country against British intrusion; and were it not for the accident which brought Mr. Burnes to its capital, we should in all probability, for a long time to come, remain in utter ignorance of the many curious particulars concerning its people and government, which are afforded to us in this ably-written and interesting work.

So long and so uniformly had the *ameers*, or chieftains of Sinde, manifested an aversion to British connection, that when a message was brought to the Residency at Bhooj requesting the medical attendance of Mr. Burnes, on Meer Mourad Ali, one of the chieftains at Hyderabad, the servants of the company received the communication with the greatest doubt, suspecting that some hostile object was concealed by this device. Mr. Burnes, however, merged all considerations of a personal nature in his curiosity to visit Sinde, and in a few days after the invitation, was actually on his way to Hyderabad. The negotiation with him had been conducted at Bhooj, by means of the agent of Sinde, who resided in that city, and who accompanied the surgeon on his excursion. Having crossed the boundary river, Mr. B. disembarked with his suite at Kotree, the landing place in Sinde. It is situated a little higher up than lat.  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N., and in long. E. from Greenwich  $69^{\circ}$ . From this point Mr. Burnes had to proceed due northward to Hyderabad. The country he describes as nearly a perfect desert. In this part of the province and all along the delta of the far-famed Indus, the mouths of which open into the sea on the south-western coast, are reared the most celebrated camels of Asia. They are the only means of conveyance known to the inhabitants, and they derive their singular powers of endurance from their being brought up on a very scanty supply of fresh water, owing to the

are of the country. The inhabitants live in low huts built of mud and covered with thatch, and they seem to exist in a state of most wretched dependence on the owner of the village. At Secunderabad, a town on his road, Mr. Burnes was met by some Khans, who had been despatched by the ameeers for the purpose of conducting him to the capital. He says

They received me with great courtesy, each embracing me in a ceremonious manner, and after a profusion of civilities on their part, entered me a long complimentary message from the ameeers, who, they assured me, were highly gratified by my visit. They brought orders from Hyderabad that neither I nor my retinue should be permitted to pay for any supplies on the route; and although I was of course unwilling to accept, and remonstrated strongly against, such an expensive mark of kindness above a hundred persons, I was forced to comply, in order to avoid giving offence. Fifty camels were in attendance, by command of the ameeers, who had given positive directions that none of my followers should be allowed to walk. The Khans even considered seriously how palanquin bearers could be mounted; and although this was impracticable, I was obliged to consent that the sipahis of the guard, and all my attendants, should proceed on camels. The supplies were of an expensive description; nothing, in fact, seemed to be spared that could add to my comfort, or that of my attendants; and sugar, sweetmeats, and opium, were daily issued in great profusion.—p. 37.

As the cavalcade approached Hyderabad, it was met by fresh demonstrations, each composed of officers still higher in rank than the last,—these demonstrations being all meant as compliments to the Englishman on whose scientific skill the hopes of a considerable community now depended. After a fatiguing journey, the calamities of which were aggravated by the heat of the day, Mr. Burnes arrived at Hyderabad, at the outskirts of which he was met by a concourse of not less than twelve thousand persons. From their fortunate curiosity he was at length compelled to escape by taking himself to his covered palanquin, under the protection of which he was enabled to reach the residence of the ameeers in safety. The sequel we must give in the author's own language.

After passing through some narrow streets, which were inhabited only by the immediate retainers of the court, I found myself, unexpectedly, in the presence of a crowd of well-dressed Sindians, in a large open area, the walls of which, on either side, were fancifully decorated with paintings, and the ground covered with variegated carpets. At one end appeared three large arched doors with curtains of green baize, towards one of which I was led by the vizier and another officer; and before I could collect myself from the suddenness of the transition, my boots were taken off, and I stood in the presence of the ameeers.

The *coup d'œil* was splendid. I had an opportunity of seeing the whole reigning family at a glance, and I have certainly never witnessed a spectacle which was more gratifying, or approached nearer to the fan-tasy we indulge in childhood, of eastern grandeur. The group formed a



semicircle of elegantly attired figures, at the end of a lofty hall spread with Persian carpeting. In the centre were seated the two principal ameers on their musnud, a slightly elevated cushion of French white satin, beautifully worked with flowers of silk and gold, the corners of which were secured by four massive and highly-chased golden ornaments, resembling pine-apples, and, together with a large velvet pillow behind, covered with rich embroidery, presenting a very grand appearance. On each side, their Highnesses were supported by the members of their family, consisting of their nephews, Meer Sobdar and Mahommed, and the sons of Mourad Ali, Meers Noor Mahommed, and Nusseer Khan. Farther off sat their more distant relations, among whom were Meer Mahmood, their uncle, and his sons, Ahmed Khan, and Juhan Khan. Behind stood a crowd of well-dressed attendants, sword and shield bearers to the different princes.

‘To an European, and one accustomed to form his notions of native ceremony by a much humbler standard, it was particularly gratifying to observe the taste displayed in dress, and the attention to cleanliness, in the scene before me. There was no gaudy show of tinsel or scarlet; none of that mixture of gorgeousness and dirt to be seen at the courts of most Hindoo princes, but, on the contrary, a degree of simple and becoming elegance, far surpassing any thing of the kind it had ever been my fortune to behold. The ameers and their attendants were habited nearly alike, in anglicas or tunics of fine white muslin, neatly prepared and plaited so as to resemble dimity, with cummerbunds or sashes of silk and gold, wide Turkish trousers of silk, tied at the ankle, chiefly dark blue, and the Sindian caps I have already described, made of gold brocade, or embroidered velvet. A pair of cashmere shawls of great beauty, generally white, thrown negligently over the arm, and a Persian dagger at the girdle, richly ornamented with diamonds, or precious stones, completed the dress and decoration of each of the princes.

‘Viewing the family generally, I could not but admire their manners and deportment, and acknowledge that, in appearance at least, they seemed worthy of the elevation they had gained. The younger princes, indeed, had an air of dignity and good breeding seldom to be met with, either in the European or native character. The principal ameers were the least respectable of the party in point of looks; probably from having had less advantages, and more exposure to hardships in early life. They are in reality older, but did not appear above the age of fifty, from the very careful manner in which their beards and hair are stained. With one exception, there is little family likeness between them and the younger chiefs, who have inherited from their mothers fair complexions, jet black hair, with long eyelashes and eyebrows. Meer Nusseer Khan struck me at once as a particularly handsome man.

‘The general style of the Sind court could not fail to excite my admiration, as much as the appearance of the ameers. All the officers in attendance, judging from their dress and manners, seemed to be of superior rank. There was no crowding for places; the rabble had been shut entirely out of doors; and there was a degree of stillness and solemnity throughout the whole, and an order and decorum in the demeanour of each individual, which, together with the brilliant display I have mentioned, impressed me with a feeling of awe and respect, I could not have anticipated. It is scarcely necessary, after what I have described, to say that

their Highnesses received me in a state durbar. The native agent who had accompanied the two last embassies from our government was present, and assured me that the arrangements on this occasion, and the nature of my reception were very different, indeed far superior to any ceremonial he had seen during a residence of twenty years in Sindé.

‘As my boots had been taken off at the door, I determined not to uncover my head, and accordingly walked up the centre of the hall with my hat on. The whole family immediately saluted me, and I was requested to take my seat in front of the chief ameers, and partly on their musnud. A conversation was at once commenced in the Persian language, and I was asked fifty questions in a breath; Are you well? Are you happy? Are you pleased? Have you been treated well? &c. In answer to these civilities, I replied in the best manner I could; that, from the moment I had entered Sindé, I had experienced nothing but kindness and respect, and that I was thankful to them for the marked attentions I had received. Meer Kurm Ali observed that I was a guest who had come by invitation; that every thing they had was at my disposal; that they had appointed their chief minister, my mihmander or entertainer, who had their orders to comply with my wishes in every respect; and that, at a short distance from the town, a garden had been prepared for my reception, which I might either occupy as I chose, or take up my residence with themselves within the fortress of Hyderabad.’—pp. 43—49.

A momentary prejudice seemed to have been entertained against Mr. Burnes on account of his youth, with which wisdom and skill appeared, in the judgment of his new acquaintances, to be wholly irreconcilable. However, his professional merits were finally put to the test, as will be seen by the following extract.

‘After having sat about an hour, all strangers were ordered to withdraw, and the subject of Mourad Ali’s illness was introduced. From his general appearance I could scarcely have conceived that he was labouring under any disease, however trivial; and on examination I was gratified to find, that, instead of an immediately dangerous disorder, as I had anticipated, the case was one which, with proper care and attention, might be relieved, if not perfectly cured. The whole family expressed great satisfaction when I announced this circumstance to them, and expressed my belief that his Highness would be restored to health without a surgical operation, of which they seemed to entertain great apprehensions. Towards the end of the interview, when the reserve on both sides had worn off, and I found I was to be met with confidence and civility, I considered it my duty to take every becoming means in my power to conciliate them by my manners and conversation. In this I had reason to believe I succeeded; for at my departure from their presence, both the chief ameers assured me they had never before met with an European with whom they had been so much pleased.’—p. 50.

The place which was allotted to Mr. Burnes and his people still further manifests the extraordinary degree of respect in which he was held by the authorities. An extensive walled garden outside the town, was cleared of its trees and products in a short time, and tents, of which that for Mr. Burnes himself was the largest, were pitched over the space, ornamented in a costly manner, and pro-



vided with couches, cushions, carpets, and every article that was deemed a luxury of upholstery in the country. Scarcely had our visitor recovered from the agreeable shock which this brilliant reception produced, when his meditations were suddenly broken in upon by an interruption of another kind. Attendants poured into his tent laden with large trays of provisions. He says,

‘One of these was placed at my feet, and contained about a dozen silver dishes filled with prepared viands of different descriptions, all ornamented with gold leaf, for my own breakfast. The others held “baked meats” also, for the Mahomedans among my servants, and were accompanied by a profusion of fruit, sweetmeats, and articles of food for the Hindoos who were with me. The same ceremony was repeated in the evening; and it was only when I positively declared that I could make no use of what was so liberally supplied, that the practice was in part discontinued.’—pp. 51, 52.

Very fortunately for Mr. Burnes, he succeeded in answering the most sanguine expectations that were entertained of his medical prowess. His treatment, however, in the beginning involved a condition with respect to the prescriber, the adoption of which in more civilized countries, we really believe, would lead to very salutary results. We give the account of the success of the treatment and the influence of that success on the minds of the ameers.

‘No time was of course lost in at once entering on the cure; but I encountered some difficulty at first in overcoming the habitual distrust of the ameers to try medicine from the hands of a stranger, and suffered not a little inconvenience personally, from being obliged to go shares with my patient in my own prescriptions, according to the Beloeche rule, which requires the physician to swallow one pill before he administers another. Mourad Ali positively refused to take any remedy without this previous ceremony; and as my complaisance could not bring me to inflict on myself the nauseous dose more than twice, an unfortunate attendant was selected as the subject of experiment, and underwent, without mercy or necessity, such a course of continued sweating and purgation, as must have left on his mind and body any thing but a favourable impression of the European mode of practising physic. Latterly, when I became more intimate with the ameers, the custom was dispensed with; though they took care to intimate to me that their doing so was the highest compliment they could have paid me; and even made so much of the matter, as to desire their envoy to bring it to the notice of the Governor of Bombay, as an extraordinary proof of their confidence and friendship for the British.

‘By a rigid attention to diet and constitutional treatment, together with the application of the most simple dressings to the disease itself, all dangerous symptoms disappeared by the 20th of November, that is, ten days after my arrival at Hyderabad. I will confess that I was myself taken by surprise; and it is hardly possible to describe the gratification and gratitude of the ameers when I announced to Mourad Ali the propriety of his resuming with moderation his usual pursuits. The illness of one confines the whole family; and none of them, therefore, had breathed fresh air outside the fortress for many months. Preparations were immediately made

for a hunting excursion, to which they all proceeded, and I was also invited. The ameer suffered no inconvenience for some weeks from his disorder; while a dread of the consequences prevented his neglecting the regimen prescribed. But when this ceased, he was guilty of some acts of imprudence and excess, which brought on a slight relapse, but did not much retard his general recovery.

‘The suddenness of a cure so unexpected, and which was to be attributed, in a great measure, to the removal of the irritating substances formerly applied, impressed the ameers with the idea that there were no bounds to my skill in my profession; and some fortuitous circumstances contributed to strengthen the delusion. I had occasion to administer a small quantity of a powerful medicine to Mourad Ali, who declined taking it, even after the same dose had been tried on the luckless attendant I have mentioned, till he was positively assured by me what would be the exact effect upon himself. I saw at once that this was in their estimation a grand test of my knowledge: and it was one certainly which perplexed me considerably. Having no alternative, however, I boldly hazarded a guess, which the event, luckily for my reputation, proved correct; and this circumstance, trifling as it may seem, excited so much the attention of the ameers that they alluded to it often afterwards.

‘But to nothing, in this respect, was I more indebted than to the sulphate of quinine; a remedy hitherto perfectly unknown in *Sinde*, and the effect of which, as it scarcely ever fails in stopping the intermittent fevers of natives, I could generally foretell with a degree of precision that astonished them. By means of this valuable medicine, I was enabled, shortly after my arrival, to cure, in two days, a favourite child of the prime minister, who had been suffering from fever for months together, with several other persons in the immediate service of the ameers; and I would no doubt have gone on to raise my character higher, had not their Highnesses, the moment they discovered the effect of the quinine, seized the phial which contained it without ceremony, and ordered it to be sealed and locked up for their own proper use at a future period. Even afterwards, when I myself fell sick, no solicitations could induce them to part with a single grain, though I was dangerously ill: and when, at my departure, I made a request for the bottle in exchange for another, as it was one which belonged to a valuable medicine chest, the proposal was at once rejected, evidently from an idea, that it might share with its contents some supposed talismanic virtue.’—pp. 52—56.

As the chief, Mourad Ali, has, since this account was written, been promoted to the sole and sovereign control of *Sinde*, it may be interesting to our readers to peruse an account of his personal appearance and character.

‘Mourad Ali is about fifty-five years of age, of low stature, and stout habit of body. His complexion is rather fair; and his countenance is the index of a sullen and gloomy mind. He is cold and repulsive in his manners, seldom relaxes into a smile, and never condescends to familiar conversation. His personal attachments are confined to familiar family; and whether it be affection which procures him their support, or a dread of his power which induces them to accord it, at all events it is a cruel and remorseless disposition, on his part, and terror on that of his



subjects, which enables him to sway the destinies of Sinde. Inconsistent as it may appear, this tyrant is at heart a poor hypochondriac, constantly haunted by the fear of death and the phantoms of his own gloomy imagination. Some of his subjects deny him even the merit of personal courage, though such a supposition is highly improbable; but I have myself known him pass several sleepless nights, from a horror of the consequences of bodily derangement of the most trivial description.

‘The prevailing feature of Mourad Ali’s character is avarice; and he is ever too ready to sacrifice, for its gratification, his own dignity and the interests of his people. Seldom making promises, he even more rarely fulfils them! and altogether his character may be summed up as that of a selfish and gloomy despot, an Asiatic Tiberius, or Philip the Second, ruling a kingdom by the energies of his mind, with none of the better feelings of the human heart. His resemblance to the former of these monsters is so complete that I cannot refrain from adding here the words of the Roman historian, as equally descriptive of both: “*Multa indicia sævitæ, quamquam premantur, erumpere—seu natura, sive adsuetudine suspensa semper et obscura verba—odia in longum jaciens, quæ reconderet auctaque promeret.*”—pp. 65, 66.

The character of the government of Sinde is thus recorded by Mr. Burnes.

‘The government of Sinde is a pure military despotism; and the great misfortune of the people, next to the circumstance of their being entirely at the mercy of their rulers, is, that the latter are ignorant of the important truth, that in a well regulated kingdom the interest of the prince and the people are identical. Like all Asiatic governors, the ameers have no idea of sacrificing present gains, however trivial, for future advantages; and, as they unfortunately consider the stability and grandeur of their dynasty as depending chiefly on the accumulation of wealth, their course of internal policy is directed to this object, and is pursued with comparatively little benefit to themselves, and great detriment to their people. Under this short-sighted system, the imposts and taxation in Sinde are enormous, and have the effect of paralyzing nearly the whole trade, and deeply affecting the industry of the country. The revenues are farmed to the highest bidders; who, as they enjoy their contracts only by the grace of their masters, and can never, on any pretence, obtain exemptions for themselves, are obliged to exert to the utmost, during their ephemeral reign, their powers of exaction and oppression.’—pp. 73, 74.

But whatever opinion we may have of the principles of their government, we cannot deny that the ameers are indefatigable in the discharge of their functions. Mr. Burnes’s account of their labours is as follows:—

‘The ameers commence business about two hours before day-break, when each holds a private levee to listen to complaints, and adjust the affairs relative to his peculiar province. It is on this occasion only that they wear turbans. About sunrise they repair to their apartments to dress, and appear shortly afterwards in durbar, where the whole family regularly assemble, and where all state proceedings are transacted. The letters which have arrived during the night or preceding day, are then

thrown before them in a heap, and the time is passed in reading or giving orders regarding them, and in conversation, till ten or eleven o'clock, when they withdraw to their morning repast. At two o'clock they again show themselves abroad, and remain together till dark, when they separate for the night to their respective places of abode. My visits were always during the public durbars; nor had I, on any occasion, an opportunity of conversing privately with any one of the principal chiefs. On retiring to their residences the younger princes held separate courts of their own, where every thing formed a contrast to the stately ceremonial of the elder ameurs. There all restraint was thrown aside; and we visited the stables, saw board-baiting, fencing, ball practice, wrestling, and many other species of amusement.

\* But of all the things which are calculated to engage the attention of a stranger on visiting the court of Sindé, none will excite his surprise more, or is really more worthy of observation, than the brilliant collection of jewels and armour in possession of the ameurs. A great part of their immense treasure consists in rubies, diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, with which their daggers, swords, and matchlocks are adorned, and many of which they wear as rings and clasps on different parts of their dresses.\* The fall of the Cabúl monarchy has reduced to indigence and ruin most of the princes and nobility of that kingdom, and has forced them to part with ornaments of great value, many of which have been bought up, at low prices, by persons sent by the ameurs to take advantage of their necessities. Merchants, with precious stones, are encouraged to visit Sindé from all parts of Asia, in consequence of the ready market they meet with at the capital for their valuables; and one or two Persian goldsmiths are engaged at court, where they work in enamel, and contrive expedients to display the jewellery of their masters to advantage. The art of enlaying letters of gold on steel has also been brought to the greatest perfection by these artisans.

† The ameurs have agents in Persia, Turkey, and Palestine, for the purchase of swords and gun-barrels, and they possess a more valuable collection of these articles than is probably to be met with in any other part of the world. I have had in my hand a plain unornamented blade which had cost them half a lac of rupees. They estimate swords by their age and the fineness of the steel, as shown by the *johar* and *awb*, or temper and watering.—pp. 93, 94.

The state of knowledge amongst the more civilized parts of society in Hyderabad may be judged of from the following accounts of conversations which Mr. Burnes held with the ameurs.

‡ They were evidently unwilling at first to say any thing regarding India; but when they found that I had no objection to gratify their curiosity, they became extremely inquisitive. The revenues of our empire seemed especially to claim their attention; and many were the attempts made to

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\* The ameurs have still in their possession the emerald alluded to by Colonel Pottinger, larger than a pigeon's egg; but what is that compared to the one mentioned in the description of the famous peacock throne, which was cut in the shape of a parroquet, as large as life?



ascertain from me the exact amount paid by the *Ijarhadars*, or Farmers of Hindostan, as they designated the Honourable Company, to the king of Great Britain, for their lease of the country. My explanation on this subject proved far from satisfactory. When I stated my belief that there was little or no surplus revenue either to the king or company, and that the expenditure of some of the governments was greater than the receipts, Kurm Ali exclaimed with astonishment, "How is that possible? Your power extends over five mighty kingdoms." I replied that it was true the territory was immense, but that our system was different from that of the Mahomedans and Mahrattas, who lived only for themselves and their own generation; that we were making laws for future ages, and although we personally did not profit, still our children and the posterity of the ryots would know the advantage of our policy. In the justice of this they seemed ready to acquiesce, for they remarked that it was by our intellectual superiority alone we held India.

'On the subject of Bhurtpore they asked several questions, and amongst others the cause of our having taken it. I answered that the Rajah had brought his misfortunes entirely on himself by an insolent and overbearing conduct, which it was impossible for a great government to submit to from any state; and that the proud fortress once called Bhurtpore, was now levelled with the dust. To this observation, which might have conjured up some uneasy anticipations in their own minds, they rejoined, that every kingdom we had conquered was divided in itself, and that no instance had yet occurred of our having had to contend with one where prince and subjects were united in a common cause. The ameers, no doubt, indulged the illusion, that their's was the happy principality which would, with one accord, resist a hostile invader; but I referred them to the history of all the conquests of Hindostan whether the courtiers had not invariably deserted the sovereign when he was likely to be unfortunate. To the Burmese war they also once alluded, and remarked that many of our troops had perished in that struggle; to which I replied, that it had been by the climate, and added, what they either did not know, or were unwilling to allow, that the peace had been brought about by the cession of large tracts of country, and a considerable payment in money.

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'They often descanted on the disadvantages we had suffered by taking such a wretched country into our hands, which cost us more than it produced; and they told me once, that, if government would transfer the sovereignty of it to them, they would provide the security of the richest merchants for the regular payment of a tribute equal to the present subsidy. I had the curiosity to inquire how they would profit by such an arrangement, even if it were practicable, and found it to be their opinion that the revenues were embezzled by the ministers of the Rao. On my assuring them that there was really very little wealth in Cutch, Mourad Ali intimated, that he could find means to extract some. As they appeared so interested, I entered into an explanation with them to show the respect we had for treaties, which, whether injurious or not, we were bound by honour to maintain; and surprised them, perhaps, by adding that we would waste our blood and treasure as readily in the defence of Cutch, as of the richest and most productive of our dominions.

\* Of his Majesty and the royal family, and many other circumstances connected with England, they spoke with a knowledge which surprised me, and once observed, that English sailors and Beluche soldiers were the best in the world. They knew the character and fall of the Emperor Napoleon, but were ignorant of his death. Of vaccine inoculation they had heard by report; and when I explained its advantages, they declared their intention of establishing it in Sind, and requested me to assist them with the means of doing so. Among other subjects I told them of the grand discovery of steam-engines; but in this, and respecting the revenues of Great Britain, they evidently considered I was making use of a traveller's privilege. They were obviously much gratified to find I had a knowledge of the history of their family, of which they are exceedingly proud; and on my being shown the sword of their ancestor, Meer Bejur, whose murder occasioned the overthrow of the Calora dynasty, they were equally astonished and pleased to hear me mention the circumstance of his pilgrimage to Mecca, and the treachery which caused his death.

\* One thing alone raised a frown on the countenances of the ameers. In conversing one day with their minister, on the state of Cabul, I had occasion to refer in his presence to a large map of Hindostan, and he mentioned the circumstance to their Highnesses, who begged to see so great a curiosity. I accordingly took it to the durbar, and explained its nature to them. Nothing could exceed their wonder when I traced from stage to stage, with my finger, the various routes through Sind, together with those to Jessulmere and Lahore; and stated that I could travel throughout the whole of their dominions, by the assistance of the map, without asking the way to a single village. It was probably injudicious, but I could not at the time resist the impulse, of covering the whole of their paltry territory with my hand, and pointing out to them the boundaries of our great and glorious empire in India. They affected perfect indifference at first, and pretended that they knew as much of our provinces as we did of their's; but they were extremely grave during the remainder of the interview, and I understood afterwards, from some persons who remained behind me at the levee, that they again reverted to the subject of the map, without concealing their chagrin and vexation that the *Feringees* knew every thing.—pp. 97—102.

The ameers showed every disposition to prevail on Mr. Burnes to remain in their country, but he declined or rather evaded their proposals, and on the first fair opportunity that presented itself, he returned to Bhooj. He describes the parting scene with the ameers.

\* On the morning of the 21st of January, I paid my last visit at the durbar of the ameers, and the adieus on both sides were, I believe, not unmingled with regret. Their Highnesses expressed themselves more than ever thankful; and I had an opportunity of reiterating my acknowledgments for the continued hospitality and respect I had experienced in Sind. I was accompanied to the river side, a distance of about five miles, by several of their chief officers, and amongst these, by my old friend Wullee Mahommed, who presented me with a copy of his poetical works at parting, and who, unknown to me, had sent several articles which might contribute to my convenience among my baggage. Having embarked at twelve



o'clock on board the boat which was prepared for me, together with some officers, whom the ameers had deputed to attend me, we immediately weighed anchor, and continued a delightful voyage at the rate of about three miles an hour till evening, when we moored for the night near Triccul. The barge was a large flatbottomed vessel, resembling a steam-boat in appearance, fitted up with the greatest attention to comfort, and supplied, as usual, with every necessary and luxury the country could afford, for my attendants and myself. On the deck were erected two wicker bungalows, one of which, destined for my accommodation, was as large as an officer's tent, and nearly of the same form, being covered with scarlet cloth, and lined inside with chintz. A fleet of smaller boats accompanied us, having on board the horses, camels, &c.—pp. 127, 128.

About half the volume is occupied with remarks on Alexander's route, a history of Cutch, and a medical topography of Bhooj. The details into which the author enters on these several subjects, would scarcely justify us in protracting this paper. They are, however, of a nature that deserves the attention of those, whose duty it is to consider the present state of our Indian empire, particularly in relation to the native and independent powers. We hope that we have presented to the reader enough of the contents of this volume to satisfy him that the trouble of perusing it for himself will be amply and delightfully rewarded. Two very elaborate maps accompany the work.

ART. VIII.—*A Sermon on 1 Corinthians, xi. 12, preached before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, on Sunday, February 6, 1831.*

By the Rev. H. B. Bulsteel, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, and Curate of Saint Ebbes's Oxford. Third Edition. Oxford: Baxter, 1831.

THE patent by which the Church of England maintains its existence at this moment is founded on this principle—that the very best institutions by which men can be blest in this world are subject, in the lapse of time, to abuse—to perversion of the worst sort; and to become from what they were in the beginning—fountains of universal good—sources of as general corruption. If this proposition be false—nay, if it be not demonstrable, as palpably as any acknowledged truth to which we give our assent, then the Established Church of these realms is divested of all authority, and has no pretence for its continuance. And yet there are some within the bosom of the establishment who virtually maintain her infallibility, not merely in doctrine, but even in her secular administration; as if the Church of England, the creature of investigation—bold, fearless, almost seditious examination—as if she ought not to be forward, and nearly clamorous in challenging that close inquiry—that searching criticism to which she is altogether indebted for her existence. Some, again, admit the utility of revising the condition of the church, but that *this* (meaning any

point of time at which the examination has ever been proposed) is not the period for the process, since enemies are now in greater abundance than ever, and we know not even how long the well-affected will remain disposed to the church, seeing the arts that are put in operation to influence their opinions. Nay, but is not such, we reply, the very time for the investigation. It is the abuses themselves of the system that give strength to the foe; and by removing these alone, can the adversary be deprived of his power of mischief. We perceive with pleasure, that a more politic spirit has begun to manifest itself within the walls—*pandetur ab urbe*.—Mr. Bulleet has set an example, upon the imitation of which, amongst his reverend brethren, we shall look as the criterion of the real friends of the church. What is there to be gained by any longer refusing to acknowledge the evils which exist? Nothing; but, on the contrary, great misfortunes to be apprehended; and so plain and obvious does this truth appear, that it will be impossible for the clergyman who remains passive much longer upon the great question of church reform, to escape the suspicion of indifference, if not of positive hostility to the interests of the establishment. If Mr. Bulleet be not to the letter justified in what he has asserted in this sermon; if there be an iota of overcharge or exaggeration in his glowing indictment, then does he deserve the vengeance that ever pursues the calumniator of the innocent. But if his language be but the faithful description of what exists, then we are astonished that the duty of complaint should be limited to a solitary advocate. It will be remembered, that the bold remonstrance which Mr. Bulleet thought it necessary to promulgate, was not addressed to a humble congregation of villagers, on whose acquiescence in his authority he might previously have calculated; nor was it got up for a willing audience, whom the preacher was desirous of conciliating by a show of clerical liberality; no, it was spoken in the highest place; it was heard in the very theatre of the sacrilege which it denounced; it made Festus and all his courtiers tremble with fear. The text chosen by the reverend gentleman was, as is indicated in the title, from 1 Cor. ii. 12. "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." Having pursued the several themes which are capable of being developed in these words of the Apostle, Mr. Bulleet proceeds to what he calls his practical conclusion, and says that he contents himself with stating a few facts.

\* One more Article, to which I would call your attention, is the thirty-seventh, which treats of the civil magistrate. It seems by it that some "slandrous folks" were offended in those days on account of the King's allowed supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs; therefore this Article plainly affirms, that "we only allow to our King that only prerogative always given to all godly princes in the Scriptures by God himself;" and this is defined to be, that he should rule all estates, as well ecclesiastical as civil,



and by the use of "the civil sword restrain all stubborn and wicked doers," whether churchmen or statesmen. Now this being all the supremacy allowed by this Article to the King, how can any man in his senses possibly object? Every loyal subject of every denomination must set his hand and heart, his "yea and amen," to such a reasonable declaration. But facts speak a different language, and prove that this is not the only prerogative which the King exercises in church matters; for the appointment of every one of the bishops is entirely in his Majesty's hands; so that while the principal of the Article remains sound, and consistent with the spirit of christianity, yet the practice of the church in this matter is unsound, and fraught with the most disastrous consequences. For mark, brethren, how the case stands. The King's minister recommends such and such a one to the King to be a bishop; it may be, because he is his relation, or his son's tutor, or because he is a good scholar; but one thing is sure, that except this minister know Christ, he is not likely to recommend one that knows Christ. Then the King recommends to the clergy, which recommendation has the force of a law. The bishop so appointed has the ordination of a multitude of inferior clergy, and so the pulpits are filled. Now the consequences are plain to every impartial eye. A young man, either in search of preferment, or because the church is a respectable profession, or aspiring to a seat in the House of Peers, or because there is a good living which he is sure of by going into the church, beholds too many attractions in our establishment not to catch at the gilded bait. The Articles, which were set up as barriers to keep out all but spiritual men from the ministry, are easily explained away, and made to mean any thing but what they do mean. Ordination is easily enough conferred on any man of moderate abilities, provided our Grace Articles form no part of his creed; and thus men, whose object in becoming ministers of Christ is any thing but the glory of Christ, climb boldly over the wall, and perform a mock exercise of the shepherd's office.

'How then, I ask, from such a state of things, can we be surprised, if on looking through the generation of church ministers of all orders, and at all times, we find a large proportion of them men of pleasure, such as play and opera-goers, card-players, ball-frequenter, and dancers, delighting in horse-races and hunting, or the more refined and seducing amusements of music, the concert, and the oratorio? Or else, further than this, men that have been habitual gamblers, drunkards, misers, gluttons, fornicators, adulterers, or even worse than they? We may well ask, therefore, when we see such fruits as these, whether, in allowing the possibility of such a state of things, we were or are now led by the Spirit of God?

'Now that the church is and hath been in this state is notorious, and needs no proof. The world knows it, sees it, and talks of it; and the world has a sharp eye to discern the inconsistencies of those who, professing themselves to be set apart for the peculiar service of God and his Christ, are to be generally found in the front rank of Baal's worshippers and in his temples.

'One thing more I now wish to bring before you, and which I pray God to bring with power to your souls. It is this: that the Heads and Resident Fellows of Colleges in this University have had, and have now, no small share in the introduction and perpetuation of these corruptions.

They know better than I can tell them, how many times they have, by recommending improper persons for the ministry, brought a reproach upon the Church of England. Almost every Bishop requires College testimonials from the young man who comes to him for ordination, and nothing can be more proper; these testimonials affirm, that during the time of his residence at College he hath behaved himself "*honestly, piously, and soberly*:" and now I speak not at a venture, but from my own certain knowledge, and affirm that these testimonials of pious and sober living have been given to men notorious for nothing so much in their day as profaneness, debauchery, and all kinds of riotous living: and, on the other hand, I also know for a certainty, that these testimonials have been withheld from piety, honesty, and sobriety, for no other reason than that they happened to be accompanied with a profession of the Grace Articles of the Church of England. These are heavy charges, which must one day be answered before the face of men and angels at the great tribunal of God.'—pp. 43—47.

This is a terrific picture of a Church, but perhaps its frightful features have ceased to excite the natural impressions in our minds from a long habit of contemplating them. The evils here complained of constitute an old disease of the Church, and we are astonished sometimes to perceive almost the identity of expressions used in the description of those grievances as they existed and exist a century and a half ago, and at the present moment. We have before us a small tract, entitled "*The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into,*" and written in the time of Charles II., the period, by the way, at which, according to Mr. Bultee, 'the persecuting spirit towards spiritual men, began to show itself in the great men of the establishment.' It is evidently the production of a staunch friend to the church, who, perhaps, convinced by experience of the vanity of direct remonstrance, had recourse to the weapons of humour and ridicule, so justifiable in the cause of truth. Speaking of the young men who were sent to the Universities with such indiscriminate haste, for the purpose of being raised to the ministry, the author observes—

\* And as many such dismal things are sent forth thus with very small tackling, so not a few are predestinated thither by their friends, from the foresight of a good benefice. If there be rich pasture, profitable customs, and that Henry the Eighth has taken out no toll, the Holy Land is a very good land; and affords abundance of milk and honey: far be it from their consciences the considering whether the lad is likely to be serviceable to the church, or to make wiser and better any of his parishioners.'

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\* That constitution of our church was a most prudent design that says, that all who are ordained, shall be ordained to somewhat; not ordained at random, to preach in general to the whole world, as they travel up and down the road, but to this or that particular parish. And no question, the reason was to prevent spiritual-pedling, and gadding up and down the country with a bag of trifling and insignificant sermons;



enquiring, who will buy any doctrine? So that no more might be received into holy orders, than the church had provision for. But so very little is this regarded, that if a young *divinity intender* has but got a sermon of his own, or of his father's, although he knows not where to get a meal's meat, or one penny of money by his preaching, yet he gets a qualification from some beneficed man or other, who perhaps is no more able to keep a curate, than I am to keep ten foot-boys, and so he is made a preacher. And upon this account I have known an ordinary divine, whose living would but just keep himself and his family from melancholy and despair, shroud under his protection as many *curates*, as the best nobleman in the land has *chaplains*. Now, many such as these go into orders against the sky falls; foreseeing no more likelihood of any preferment coming to them, than you or I do of being secretaries of state. Now, so often as any such as these, for want of maintenance, are put to any unworthy and disgraceful shifts, this reflects disparagement upon all that order of holy men.—pp. 14—98.

The following passages are striking and curious:—

First, I say, that which encreases the unprovided-for number of the clergy, is people posting into orders, before they know their message or business, only out of a certain kind of pride and ambition. Thus some are hugely in love with the meer title of priest or deacon; never considering how they shall live, or what good they are likely to do in their office: but only they have a fancy that a Cassock, if it be made long, is a very handsome garment, though it be never paid for: and that the desk is clearly the best, and the pulpit the highest seat in all the parish: that they shall take place of most but *Esquires* and *Right Worshipfuls*. They shall have the honour of being spiritual guides and counsellors; and they shall be supposed to understand more of the mind of God than ordinary, though perhaps they scarce know the *old law* from the *new*, nor the *canon* from the *apocrypha*. Many, I say, such as these there be, who know not where to get two groats, nor what they have to say to the people, but only because they have heard that the office of a minster is the most noble and honourable employment in the world, therefore they, not knowing in the least what the meaning of that is, orders by all means must have, though it be to the disparagement of that holy function.

Others also there be, who are not so highly possessed with the mere dignity of the office, and honourableness of the employment, but think, had they but a licence and authority to preach, Oh how they could pay it away! And that they can tell the people such strange things, as they never heard before in all their lives: that they have got such a commanding voice, such heart-breaking expressions, such a peculiar method of text-dividing, and such notable helps for the interpreting all difficulties in scripture, that they can shew the people a much shorter way to heaven, than has been as yet made known by any. Such a forwardness as this, of going into holy orders, either merely out of an ambitious humour of being called a priest, or of thinking they could do such feats and wonders, if they might be but free of the pulpit, has filled the nation with many more divines, than there is any competent maintenance for in the church.

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‘The next thing that does much heighten the misery of our church, as to the poverty of it, is the gentries designing, not only the weak, the

lame, and usually the most ill-favoured of their children for the office of the ministry, but also such as they intend to settle nothing upon their subsistence; leaving wholly to the bare hopes of church-preferment. For, as they think, let the thing look how it will, it is good enough for the church; and that if it had but limbs enough to climb the pulpit, and eyes enough to find the day of the month, it will serve enough to preach and read service: so likewise they think they have obliged the clergy very much, if they please to bestow two or three years education upon a younger son at the *University*, and then commend him to the grace of God, and the favour of the church, without one penny of money or inch of land. You must not think, that he will spoil his eldest son's estate, or hazard the lessening the credit of the family, to do that which may any way tend to the reputation and honour of the clergy. And thus it comes to pass that you may commonly ride ten miles, and scarce meet with a *divine* that is worth above two spoons and a pepper-box, besides his living, or spiritual preferments. For, as for the land, that goes sweeping away with the eldest son, for the immortality of the family; and as for the money, that is usually employed for to bind out, and set up other children. And thus you shall have them make no doubt of giving five hundred or a thousand pounds for a stock to them: but for the poor *divinity-son*, if he gets but enough to buy a broad hat at second hand, and a small *system* or two of faith, that is counted stock sufficient for him to set up withal. And possibly he might make some kind of shift in this world, if any body will engage that he shall have neither wife nor children; but if it so falls out, that he leaves the world, and behind him either the one or the others; in what a dismal condition are these likely to be, and how will their sad calamities reflect upon the clergy? So dismal a thing is this commonly judged, that those that at their departure out of this life are piously and virtuously disposed, do usually reckon the taking care for the relief of the poor *ministers' widows*, to be an opportunity of as necessary charity, as the mending the high-ways, and the erecting of hospitals.—pp. 112—117.

Is not the state of things implied in these passages, exactly the same in the present day? Are not corrupt motives—are not merely worldly prospects as intimately mixed up with spiritual matters now as they were in the time of the Restoration? If we look to the little comparative progress which the establishment has made even in the country to which it is indigenous, notwithstanding all the circumstances and accidents that contributed so much to render it acceptable to men, we shall find that it is not so much to the doctrines which she teaches, or the discipline which she administers, that the objection to her communion has been entertained by so many. Certainly not. It is chiefly to the worldly, and mere pecuniary spirit which has so uniformly characterized the great body of churchmen, that we are to attribute the failure of the church as a great national congregation. The thousand corruptions that have preyed upon her, all spring from this grovelling propensity; and it is not to be wondered at that men of reason and feeling should be alienated from a system, where the things of the next world are so deliberately postponed to the things of this. But the day of regeneration, it is to be hoped, has at length dawned.



ART. IX.—*A Practical Treatise on Rail-roads, and Interior Communication in general, containing an Account of the Performances of the different Locomotive Engines at and subsequent to the Liverpool Contest; upwards of Two Hundred and Sixty Experiments, with Tables of the comparative Value of Canals and Rail-roads, and the Power of the present Locomotive Engines.* Illustrated by numerous Engravings. By Nicholas Wood, Colliery Viewer, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1831.

WE have no account of any expedient for roads being in existence in this country before the era of the Roman invasion. The paths, paved with huge stones, which these conquerors left after them in many parts of Britain, remain still to attest their presence amongst us. Although we had thus the example before us of the manner in which roads, rude as they were, could be made, it does not appear that we at all profited by it. Indeed, of all people whom the legions of ancient Rome visited at any time, the Britons seemed to have been the least disposed to receive instruction of any kind from these civilized adventurers. Hence, no attempt appears to have been made in any part of this kingdom, to form a way after the prescription of the Romans. Whatever we formerly did in the art of road-making was on a narrow scale: it was an individual effort, and done for individual convenience. It appears that at an early period wood was laid down on paths, for the convenient passage of wheeled carts or carriages. But this plan was adopted only in collieries. We have an account of the mode of forming this sort of road, in the latter part of the reign of Charles II.

"The manner of the carriage," says the author of the *Life of Lord Keeper North*, "is by laying timber from the colliery to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made, with four rollers, fitting those rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldron of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants."

To a late period in the last century, this description of road was used, but only in the mining districts; for as to the rest of the country, conveyance of all kinds connected with traffic, was carried on by pack horses with panniers. The expense of these wooden rail-roads was extraordinary; that is to say, a quantity of wood was used in their formation which the scientific knowledge of the present day would have in great part rejected. Thus our ancestors were compelled to pay for their ignorance. It was the expense of these roads that no doubt led to the introduction of canals, the convenience and economy of which, for purposes of general traffic were so apparent, that even in the mining districts they eventually superseded every other means of transport, unless in those places where the nature of the ground was an obstacle to that regularity of progress which is required for the current of a canal. The minds of

scientific men being entirely absorbed in this new method of internal communication, it is not to be wondered at, that little progress had been made in rail-road improvements, and the old wooden rail still continued to be used without alteration. At length it was proposed that where acclivities or sudden windings occurred on the road, thin plates of wrought iron should be nailed to the surface of the wooden rail, and this measure was found very considerably to diminish the resistance offered in such places to the wheels. The success of this plan led to the substitution of rails composed entirely of cast-iron. Their first introduction Mr. Wood traces to the middle of the last century, and he supposes too that it was cotemporaneous with the first use of iron wheels. This "Plate Rail" as it is called, was supported by wooden sleepers stretched across the breadth of the rail-road, or by short square ones to which the rail was nailed. Stone props were next used, and this sort of rail, which has undergone numerous alterations since its first employment, constitutes the most modern plate-rail. An excellent description, with a plate, is given of it by Mr. Wood. In 1789, the edge-rail was brought into use by Mr. Jessop. It consisted of a bar of cast-iron, from three to four feet long, and about three quarters of an inch thick, swelling out at the upper part to two and a half inches broad for the wheel to run upon, and placed upright, within a sort of chair, upon the stone supports. This form of rail combines strength of material with smallness of quality in a degree that is to be found in no other plan. The chairs in which the rail is placed, consist of a flat case, about 4 inches by 7, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick, having two upright ledges, which ascending on either side above the surface, form a cavity into which the ends of the rails are laid. These chairs are again supported by stones generally from 16 to 20 inches square, and 8 inches deep; but upon the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, where the edge-rail was used, stones have been laid down at 24 inches square, and 12 in depth.—Mr. Wood, observes

‘To form a perfect and complete rail-way, the upper surface of the rail should be made to remain always quite parallel with the inclination of the general line of road; when this is the case, the rails will form an uninterrupted line with the exception of the joinings at intervals, varying according to the length of the rails, and when the joinings are neatly fastened together, the interruption to the continuity will be scarcely visible; the carriage wheels, in rolling along such a road, will meet with little obstruction; and the friction or resistance will be comparatively trifling. To accomplish the formation and permanence of such a road, the bed of the chair should be formed quite parallel with the base of the stone, and consequently parallel with the line of the rails: and the chair should be placed precisely in the centre of the stone. The surface of the ground whereon the stone rests, should also be made firm, and hard, to secure the parallelism of the base of the stone, with the line of the rails; otherwise when the weight comes upon them, the parallelism of the rails will be destroyed.’—pp. 26, 27.



But in practice it has been found difficult to form a surface the consistency of which shall be so equal as that no part of it will yield to pressure sooner than another. In fact, derangements of the rail, arising from this cause, were the most frequent with which engineers had to contend, and they were of so injurious a nature, that various ingenious plans have been proposed for remedying so great an evil. A method was discovered in 1816, of joining the rails with each other by a half-lap, the side of the rails being levelled away near the ends for about two inches and a half, so that when the two levelled ends were laid against each other, they only formed the same breadth of surface as the top of the rail in other parts. In this situation the rails are pinned down in such a manner as that both bear at the same point. But even upon this invention, improvements were still, and continue to be, proposed. We shall not pursue, however, the account of them, but content ourselves with Mr. Wood's general remarks upon that part of the subject.

‘The object of all Rail-roads being to present to the wheels of the carriages a smooth, straight, and level surface, all depressions, or displacement of the rails, therefore, defeat the object for which such a road is formed; and, consequently, their formation must be on the principle of forming and preserving such a level and uninterrupted surface. The nature of the foundation upon which we have generally to form a Rail-way, renders this task of no ordinary difficulty. Perhaps it is almost impossible to form an absolutely perfect Rail-way according to the above principles. We must, therefore, endeavour to approximate as nearly as possible towards such a perfection: two modes of effecting this suggest themselves; either to form the joinings of the rails to the chairs, in such a manner, that the stone supports can adapt themselves to the yielding of the foundation, without disturbing the parallelism of the rail; or, that the stone supports be made of that size, and be so embedded upon the foundation, that the weight of the carriages shall not be capable of disturbing them; in which latter case, the joinings of the rails to the chairs must be such, that the action of the carriages has not the power of deranging the continuity of the rail.

‘To carry the former of these modes into practice, and to preserve the continuity of the rail with ease and freedom, the stone should be capable of moving round, or assuming any degree of inclination, to the line of the road that might occur in practice, without straining either the pin or distorting the ends of the rails.

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‘Innumerable forms of joinings might be devised, every one of which might, in some degree, effect the purpose intended. The essential consideration being, to secure a continued and permanent parallelism in the rails, under every derangement that may take place of the supports on which they rest.

‘It is not enough that the bearing be such, that the rails are all in the same plane, when the stones on which they rest are in good order, or in their proper position, parallel with the line of the road: the parallelism of the rails should be preserved, when by the yielding of the ground, or from

by other cause, the stones are displaced from their proper position, and they are made to form a considerable angle with the line of the road. It could not have been necessary to have been thus diffuse on this point, and I not found that several, even of the most modern forms of chair, were evidently formed contrary to this principle: many, with a view of causing the mode of joining to keep the support or stone in its proper position, rather than allowing it to adapt itself to the unavoidable yielding of the ground on which it rests; but the least consideration will evince the futility of this, especially when the yielding of the ground causes the stone to rest entirely on one side: it will at once be seen, that when the carriages come on the rails, something must yield and give way, by the great strain thrown upon the fastening from the oblique action of the weight.

Mr Stephenson has, in forming the greatest part of the Liverpool and Manchester Rail-way, adopted the latter mode, and has endeavoured to obviate those difficulties and imperfections, by making the blocks very large, and embedding them firmly upon the surface of the road; in the hopes that the weight of the carriages will have no effect in displacing them.' pp. 37, 38.

Mr. Wood next proceeds to give a minute description of the various kinds of rails used upon the different railways, and then adds a brief outline of the form of single and double lines of road, with their passings.

An important branch of inquiry connected with the general subject, is that of the nature of the carriages adapted to rail-roads, and of course it receives the necessary share of his attention from Mr. Wood. But instead of discussing the shape or size of the body of the vehicle, he confines himself to the description of the wheels and axles, or other parts, which have a more immediate relation with the peculiarity of the road. The wheels of carriages on rail-roads were originally of wood, and it was with great reluctance that they were given up for wheels made of iron,—the time of the introduction of which is not exactly settled. Respecting this sort of wheel, Mr. Wood has the following curious remarks.

'A very formidable objection to the use of iron wheels was, that the axles, especially when their surfaces were narrow, tended to form, or rub an indented groove around each of their rims: which groove, when of moderate depth, not only caused considerable friction, but was liable to break the rails by a side pressure. The edges also of the top of the cast-iron wheel, suffered much by the action of the sides of the groove upon them, and frequently were broken off, on the interior side, for the whole length of the wheel. After this, the breadth of the surface of the rails was increased, which remedied the evil to a certain extent: but the expense of repairs was still considerable.

'A complete remedy for this was, however, effected a few years ago, by a process called "case-hardening" the rim of the wheels. This is done by heating the metal, which forms the exterior surface of the rim of the wheel, against a cold cylindrical piece of iron; the rapid abstraction of heat by the cold iron produces such a degree of hardness to the metal, that the fire has no effect upon it, and this hardness effectually prevents the action of the axle from wearing it into grooves.



‘Previous to this, the cost of wheels was a very serious charge in the annual repair of the carriages: but the wheels now, when properly case-hardened, work for many years without wearing away. Several, which have been in use for eight years, are still in good order; and, from their appearance, are likely to remain so for a considerable time to come.

‘The operation of case-hardening was at first attended with great difficulty. The rapidity with which the cold iron caused the rim to cool, prevented the uniform contraction of the metal in all the parts, and made them frequently fly in pieces. The rim being first cooled, did not yield to the contraction of spokes in cooling; which, if it did not cause them to separate immediately, left such a tension upon them, that the shocks they received, when brought into use, soon made them crack, and thus rendered the wheel useless. Many plans were devised to remedy this; in some, the rim was made considerably thicker than the spokes, in the expectation that the latter would cool sooner; in others, the nave was formed in two parts, and afterwards secured with iron hoops.’

‘This system of case-hardening the rim of the wheels, as before stated, has been found to be of very great utility, reducing the wear and cost to a comparatively trifling amount. The hardness certainly renders them more liable to crack, or break, by sudden jerks; but this tendency is partly overcome by the rims being made a little thicker now than formerly: the malleable iron spokes also tend, in a certain degree, to obviate this objection.

‘The very great rapidity at which it is now proposed to travel upon some of the public Rail-ways, renders the liability of case-hardened wheels to break;—not only from the brittle nature of the material, but also by the friction of the wheels upon the rails at such great velocities, heating and expanding the rims—an object of very serious consideration; various plans have already been devised to obviate this objection.’—pp. 68—71.

A chapter of a very interesting description next follows, on the different forms of motive power which have been applied to rail-roads, and the section which traces the rise and progress of the locomotive steam engines is particularly worth attention. The remarks on the friction of carriages moved on rail-roads, constitute, perhaps, the most important chapter in this work, inasmuch as very little, comparatively, has been done on that subject by other engineers, although it is one of the most serious nature. The value of these observations is considerably enhanced by its embracing the results of some very elaborate experiments which were conducted by Mr. Wood. We may state, as one of the collateral discoveries resulting from these experiments, the conclusion to which Mr. Wood has come regarding the use of oil, tallow, or other unguents as the means of counteracting attrition.

‘Oil, tallow, or other unguent substances, applied between the surfaces of metals sliding over each other, diminishes the friction, by separating the surfaces of the metals from each other, and interposing between those surfaces, substances, over the particles of which, the metals slide more readily, than over the surfaces of each other; in the same manner as fric-

tion rollers, interposed between the surfaces, diminish the friction, by causing the surfaces to roll, instead of slide. From this view of the case, the surfaces of the metals should be effectually prevented from coming in contact; and, at the same time, to produce the greatest effect, the substance interposed, while it prevents contact, should be of such a nature as that the surfaces of the metals will slide over it with the least resistance. Those two requisites, however, imply two very contradictory qualities, for that substance which will most effectually prevent the contact of the surfaces, will be that which is the least fluid; while that over which the metals slide with the least resistance, will be the most fluid. It follows, therefore, *that the unguent which is the most fluid, and yet of sufficient viscosity to prevent the surfaces from coming actually in contact with each other, will present the least resistance.* If we, therefore, use an unguent of a greater degree of tenacity than this, the friction is increased by the additional resistance, which the viscosity opposes to the surface of the metals sliding over it; and, on the other hand, if we use unguent of a more fluid nature, then the friction is increased by the surfaces of the metal being imperfectly separated; by which they partially slide over each other, and partake of the degree of resistance which metals without unguents present.—pp. 237—239.

After developing generally the phenomena of friction as they are connected with the motion of axles of carriages, Mr. Wood states it to be his opinion that, much as has been done to diminish the obstacles arising from that principle, we are, yet, far from having attained the *maximum* of effect. In the meantime it is convenient to sum up the results of what has been effected towards this object, and this the author does in the following words.

\* That, in practice we may consider the friction of carriages, moved along Railways as a uniform and constantly retarding force.

\* That, there is a certain area of bearing surface, compared with the insistent weight; when the resistance is a minimum.

\* That, when the area of bearing surface, is apportioned to the insistent weight; the friction is in strict ratio to the weight.—p. 248.

A great number of tables, framed on his experiments, are given by Mr. Wood under the interesting head of Motive Power—of their value it is scarcely necessary to speak. An attempt to fix the standard of the present performance of the locomotive engines plying on the Liverpool rail-road, is made by the author; it is accompanied, however, with an admission of its probable inutility, since the progress of improvement was proceeding rapidly, and promised to outstrip the standard, even perhaps before the book, in which it was supposed to be fixed, had issued from the press. In fact this anticipation has been fully realized,—for Mr. Stephenson has just constructed an engine which is now running on the Liverpool rail-road, and in which the motion of the engine and its power are astonishingly improved. The feat, performed by this new engine, the Samson, was to carry 151 tons gross weight, the whole distance from Liverpool to Manchester in two hours and a half,



at an expenditure of fuel of not quite one-third of a pound per ton per mile. Thus, in some respects, may Mr. Wood's conclusions with respect to the power of locomotive engines, be said to be rendered useless, insomuch as they are made the basis of specific calculations. But the principles, nevertheless, on which he proceeds, are of the greatest value, since they were applicable to any state of improvement of which the engines are susceptible, and thus there is scarcely any result that can happen in the enchanted world of Rail-roads, which will take away the value of this admirable book.

We extract the following comparisons between the power of horses and canals, compared respectively with that of engines:—

\* We come now to the comparison with horses, travelling at quick rates of speed, and here we find the disproportion enormously great. With horses, certainly not effecting a rate of transit equal to 10 miles an hour, exclusive of stops; we find the engine, at 12 miles an hour, in 8 hours performing the work of 98 horses. And if we take the performance of the engine at 15 miles an hour for  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours, the number of horses required to perform the same work, will be 165 horses; from which we see the impossibility of any competition between the two modes, at high rates of speed.

\* These facts lead to this conclusion: *that where passengers are to be conveyed upon the same Rail-way as goods, and that the rate of travelling with passengers shall not average less than 10 miles an hour, the power of horses is quite inapplicable.*

\* The performance of horses has been taken in the most favourable point of view; and we shall appeal to the *practice* of the Liverpool and Manchester Rail-way, in corroboration of this. We find, there were 26 coaches upon the turnpike-road between those two places, previous to the Rail-way being formed. Supposing these fully loaded in every trip, with 14 passengers in each direction, this would make 728 passengers daily. Reckoning the distance between the two places 37 miles, we have  $26 \times 74 = 1924$  miles per day, traversed with four horses; and supposing each horse to perform 13 miles, would require 591 horses. Each engine upon the Rail-way takes 120 passengers in one direction, which they perform in 2 hours; if they make only three trips each day, = 90 miles, each engine will convey 360 passengers; and therefore *2 engines upon the Rail-way performs the work of 591 horses upon the turnpike road.* The distance, by the turnpike, is 37 miles; by the Rail-way, 30 miles: taking

this into the account, we have  $591 + \frac{30}{37} = 480$  horses. From which

we find, *that one engine on a Rail-way, will perform the work of 240 horses on a turnpike road, travelling at the respective rates of 15 and 10 miles an hour.* This result must, however, undergo some qualification in its general application: it can only exist in degree, and where the intercourse is equal to that of the case cited. Few places can, perhaps, furnish a supply of 120 passengers at a time, to constitute a load for an engine; and, therefore, if that engine has to travel with *passengers alone*, and with only half the number, the effect will be, in some proportion, diminished.

\* We however find, that an engine can travel at a rate of speed quite sufficient for the purposes of common intercourse, and certainly quite equal to that which is at present effected by other modes, with almost the most economical load; and, therefore, if there are not a sufficient number of passengers, the load of the engine can be completed with goods.

\* If the contrast between the two modes is not, therefore, made out with passengers alone, in cases where the intercourse is less than between Liverpool and Manchester, the quantity of goods which the engine is capable of conveying, in addition to, and without any inconvenience to the passengers, will fully bear out the comparison.

\* This brings us to the conclusion, that in most, if not in every case, when the conveyance of passengers is to constitute part of the traffic, they must, in order to effect the most economical result, form part of the general load of an engine, in common with the goods or merchandize; and, *therefore, that every species of transit must be effected at the same rate of speed.*

\* This is a very important change in the features of Rail-road conveyance,—the result of the late improvements in locomotive engines, whereby they are capable, not only of taking a useful load, but, perhaps, *the most economical load* of which their nature is susceptible, at that rate of speed, which enables them to embrace the conveyance of passengers at a rate of speed greater than has ever yet been attained by any other practicable mode of conveyance.

Adverting again to the comparison of horses and locomotive engines, at greater rates of speed, we found that, with a load of 120 passengers, one engine was doing the work of 240 horses, upon a turnpike road. We have before said, the relative resistance upon the common and Rail-roads, was as 1:75; and, therefore, 32 horses would, on a Rail-way, do the work of 240 horses on a turnpike, reducing the relative performance of locomotive engines and horses to 32:1. But we must observe, that 120 passengers, with the carriages, will not be equal to 12 tons, or about one-third of the load of an engine travelling at that rate; and, therefore,  $32 \times 3 = 96$  horses, which is nearly the former result, shewn in Table XII.

\* The least performance of a locomotive engine, will be equal to that of 18 horses, supposing that an average velocity of 12 miles, for 8 hours a-day, be attained. Much of this will depend upon the length of the Rail-way, and the nature of the traffic in which they are employed; in short lines of road, where the delays in changing, &c., produce considerable stops, this performance will be diminished: but still their performance will equal that of a considerable number of horses. The relative cost will, of course, depend much upon the situation of the district in which they are used, with respect to the price of fuel, and other circumstances; and their performances, upon the length and features of the Rail-road on which they are made to travel. In a general way, perhaps, at the rate of speed above assigned, we may state the cost of one locomotive engine, equal to that of four horses and their attendants. So long, therefore, as the performance of a locomotive engine exceeds that of four horses, the economy of transit will be in favour of engines; and when the length of the Rail-way, and the nature of the traffic, will allow of a *maximum* performance, then their relative utility, compared with horses, will be as  $4\frac{1}{2}:1$ .—pp. 429—434.



\* When it becomes a subject of discussion which of the two modes is to be adopted, it assumes rather a different shape than when a Rail-road, the transit on which is performed by horses, is to enter into competition with a Canal already formed. In the latter case, the Canal proprietor commences with considerable advantage, by the additional quantity of goods which a horse can drag at a slow pace upon a Canal, where, perhaps, a little loss of time may be no object; and the Canal proprietor may, even with his great investment of capital, by reducing his rates of tonnage extremely low, be enabled to compete successfully with a Rail-way.

For although a horse may, when travelling at the rate of four or six miles an hour, convey a greater quantity of goods upon a Rail-way than when employed in dragging goods at the same velocity upon a Canal; yet still a horse cannot drag more goods at the rate of four miles an hour upon a Rail-way, than he can at two miles an hour upon a Canal; for in no case does the greatest quantity of work, that a horse can do, at the most beneficial pace on a Canal, reach below three times that which a horse can do at any pace upon a Rail-road.

For the conveyance of passengers, or where the transit of any species of goods may require a celerity of four miles an hour, then Rail-ways become, unquestionably, more economical than Canals; but if the question be the abstract performance, or quantity of goods to be transported from one place to another, without reference to speed; then the *quantity of work* done by a horse, on a Canal, will always be three times that which he is capable of doing on a Rail-way. The comparative expense, arising from the extra interest of capital, and the annual charges and maintenance of a Canal, may reduce this proportionate performance near to an equality; or, if the one compensate for the other, then, perhaps, the less investment of capital in a Rail-road, and the greater certainty of transit, may make it superior to a Canal. But, unless the disparity of cost is great between a Rail-road entering into competition with an existing Canal; or unless some extraordinary circumstances in the nature of the traffic occur, it may be difficult to say, when *horses* are the motive power on each, which is superior.

There is one very important property in a Rail-way, which gives it a great advantage over a Canal; viz. the range of undulation which its nature permits; a straighter and shorter line can mostly be made between one place and another, which, from the necessity of having Canals always perfectly level, or, at least, that level only broken at certain intervals, by the occurrence of rocks, occasions, frequently, a difference in distance of considerable magnitude; and this, in many instances, may diminish the comparative cost of transporting goods, and give a superiority to Rail-roads.

And again, in many cases, where the principal part of the goods are to be conveyed in one direction; by a proper inclination of the Rail-way, the weight of goods conveyed, or quantity of work done, may, in some instances, be considerably augmented, without presenting a greater average resistance than previously stated, when the relative performance upon Rail-roads will be proportionably increased. We have a very striking proof of this in Table V., of the weight which a horse can drag, upon certain inclinations of road, when the train is descending. On 1 in 250, the gross

weight is 28.44 tons, an increase of performance in the ratio of 28.44 : 12, which cannot be taken advantage of by a Canal; as in that case, locks would be required, which would diminish, rather than increase the performance.

\* Having thus given a few hasty remarks on the comparison of Rail-roads with Canals, in the use of animal power, we shall now give a brief comparison between the use of mechanical power on Rail-roads, and animal power on Canals; and here, as in every other case, where the two species of action come into competition, we shall find the mechanical power outstrip the animal, in general economy.'—pp. 460—463.

To give a faithful catalogue even of all the distinct questions of mechanics which are here treated of, and elucidated by experiments and tables, would be impossible, consistently with the due distribution of our space. We must, therefore, in justice, refer the reader to the work itself, strongly assuring him, that whether he be a man of science, or one totally unacquainted with its technical difficulties, he will here receive instruction and pleasure in a degree which we have seldom seen united before. The style is simple, unaffected, and perspicuous, and such altogether as befits a subject worthy to engage the attention of persons of good sense and sound understanding.

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ART. X.—*Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits, to co-operate with the Polar Expedition; performed in His Majesty's Ship Blossom, under the command of Captain F. W. Beechey, R. N. F.R.S., &c., in the years 1825-26-27-28. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 4to. 2 parts. pp. 742. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.*

WHEN Captains Parry and Franklin, in the year 1824, proceeded on their respective expeditions to the north, it was calculated that by the time either of them would arrive at the open sea in Behring's Strait, he would be completely exhausted of provisions and stores. To prevent the consequences of such an event, the Blossom, of 26 guns, was fitted out, and on the 12th of January, 1825, that vessel sailed, under the command of Captain Beechey, for the above destination.

The Blossom weighed from Spithead, and proceeded to Rio Janeiro, whence the expedition sailed for the Pacific. The coast of Chili afforded materials for some very interesting observations. Captain Beechey remarks, that in the Pacific in particular, the navigator should be attentive to the presence or absence of birds, since he has generally found that they indicate the neighbourhood of islands, and particularly islands of coral formation and uninhabited. The truth of this observation was attested shortly after the vessel left the Chilian coast, for she was entirely abandoned by the birds at first, but their re-appearance induced the ship's crew to look out for land, and they soon discerned, some



miles distant, the island of Sala-y-Gomez. They narrowly examined, as far as they could do with their telescopes, under the lee of the island, but without any particular result; and, the circumstance of a volcanic pebble being found in the stomach of a pelican that was shot, led to a conjecture as to the geological constituents of the island.

Captain Beechey was totally unable to find out the island called Washington and Coffin, said to lie westward to the above island; and it is no strange thing that he failed to see what now appears to have never had any existence outside the lively imagination of the American Captain who *discovered it*. The Blossom bore up for the northern shore of Easter Island, which part of it not having been surveyed by La Perouse, and having been but partially inspected by Cook, Captain Beechey was determined to thoroughly examine. The description of the sequel must be given in the Captain's own animated language.

‘As we approached, we observed numerous small craters rising above the low land, and near the north-east extremity, one of considerable extent, with a deep chasm in its eastern side. None of these were in action, nor indeed did they appear to have been so for a long time, as, with the exception of the one above-mentioned, they were covered with verdure. The N. E. promontory, already noticed as having two small hillocks upon it, was composed of horizontal strata, apparently of volcanic origin; and near it, some patches of earth, sloping down to the cliff, were supposed to consist of red scoræ. The hills, and exposed parts of the earth, were overgrown with a short burnt-up grass, which gave the surface a monotonous and arid aspect; but the valleys were well cultivated, and showed that the island requires only a due proportion of moisture and labour to produce a luxuriant vegetation.

‘Passing along the northern shore, we saw several of those extensive habitations which M. La Perouse has described, situated in a valley, surrounded by groves of banana trees and other patches of cultivation. The larger huts were placed near the wood, and the smaller ones close together outside them. Nearer the sea-shore, which here forms a bay, was a morai, surmounted by four images standing upon a long low platform, precisely answering the description and representations of one given by Perouse, and also an immense inclosure of stones and several large piles, which, as well as the images, were capped with something white, a circumstance noticed both by Captain Cook and M. Perouse.

‘The greatest attention appeared to be paid to the cultivation of the soil. Such places as were not immediately exposed to the scorching rays of the sun were laid out in oblong strips, taking the direction of the ravines; and furrows were ploughed at right angles to them, for the middle of the small bay just mentioned, there was an extinguished crater, the side of which fronting the sea had fallen in. The natives availing themselves of this natural reservoir for moisture, in which other parts of the island are so deficient, had cultivated the soil in its centre, and reared a grove of banana trees, which, as we passed, had a very pleasing effect. The natives lighted fires, and followed the ship along the coast, their

numbers increasing at every step. Some had a white cloth thrown loosely over their shoulders, but by far the greater number were naked, with the exception of the *maro*.

‘When the ship had arrived off the N. W. point of the island, she was hove to for the purpose of taking observations; and a boat was lowered to examine the bays, and obtain soundings near the shore. Immediately she put off, the natives collected about the place where they supposed she would land. The sea broke heavily upon the rocks, and some of them apprehending the boat would be damaged, waved their cloaks to caution her against making the attempt to land; while others, eager to reach her, plunged into the sea and so surrounded her, that she was obliged to put about to get rid of them. They all showed a friendly disposition, and we began to hope that they had forgotten the unpardonable conduct of the American master, who carried several of the islanders away by force, to colonize Masafuera.

‘Immediately the noon observation was obtained, we ran along the western side of the island, towards the bay in which Cook and Perouse had both anchored. The natives, as before, followed along the coast, and lighted fires in different directions, the largest of which was opposite the landing-place. With a view to ascertain the feelings of the inhabitants, and, if possible, to establish an amicable intercourse with them, I desired Lieutenant Peard to proceed with two boats to the shore, and by presents and kindness to endeavour to conciliate the people, and to bring off what fruit and vegetables he could. Lieutenant Wainwright was directed to accompany him; and, though I did not apprehend any hostility, yet, as a precautionary measure, I armed the boats, and placed two marines in each; their strength was further increased by several of the officers, and the naturalist. Thus equipped, they rowed to the landing-place, in Cook’s Bay, while the ship remained at a short distance. The islanders were collected in great numbers, and were seen running to and fro exhibiting symptoms of expectation and delight. Some few, however, were observed throwing large stones at a mark behind a bank erected near the beach.

‘As the boats approached, the anxiety of the natives was manifested by shouts, which overpowered the voices of the officers: and our boats, before they gained the beach, were surrounded by hundreds of swimmers, clinging to the gunwale, the stern, and the rudder, until they became unmanageable. They all appeared to be friendly disposed, and none came empty-handed. Bananas, yams, potatoes, sugar-cane, nets, idols, &c. were offered for sale, and some were even thrown into the boat, leaving their visitors to make what return they chose. Among the swimmers there were a great many females, who were equally or more anxious to get into the boats than the men, and made use of every persuasion to induce the crew to admit them. But to have acceded to their entreaties would have encumbered the party, and subjected them to depredations. As it was, the boats were so weighed down by persons clinging to them, that for personal safety the crew were compelled to have recourse to sticks to keep them off, at which none of the natives took offence, but regained their position the instant the attention of the persons in the boat was called to some other object. Just within the gunwale there were many small things which were highly prized by the swimmers; and the boats being brought low in the water by the crowds hanging to them



many of these articles were stolen, notwithstanding the most vigilant attention on the part of the crew, who had no means of recovering them, the marauders darting into the water, and diving the moment they had committed a theft. The women were no less active in these piracies than the men; for if they were not the actual plunderers, they procured the opportunity for others, by engrossing the attention of the seamen, by their caresses and ludicrous gestures. In proceeding to the landing-place, the boats had to pass a small isolated rock which rose several feet above the water. As many females as could possibly find room crowded upon this eminence, pressing together so closely, that the rock appeared to be a mass of living beings. Of these *Nerieds* three or four would shoot off at a time into the water, and swim with the expertness of fish to the boats to try their influence on their visitors. One of them, a very young girl, and less accustomed to the water than her companions, was taken upon the shoulders of an elderly man, conjectured to be her father, and was, by him, recommended to the attention of one of the officers, who, in compassion, allowed her a seat in his boat. She was young, and exceedingly pretty; her features were small and well made, her eyes dark, and her hair black, long, and flowing; her colour, deep brunette. She was tattooed in arches upon the forehead, and, like the greater part of her countrywomen, from the waist downward to the knee in narrow compact blue lines, which at a short distance had the appearance of breeches. Her only covering was a small triangular *maro*, made of grass and rushes; but this diminutive screen not agreeing with her ideas of propriety in the novel situation in which she found herself, she remedied the defect by unceremoniously appropriating to that use a part of one of the officer's apparel, and then commenced a song not altogether inharmonious. Far from being jealous of her situation, she aided all her countrywomen who aspired to the same seat of honour with herself, by dragging them out of the water by the hair of the head; but, unkind as it might appear to interfere to prevent this, it was necessary to do so, or the boats would have been filled and unmanageable. As our party passed, the assemblage of females on the rock commenced a song, similar to that chaunted by the lady in the boat; and accompanied it by extending their arms over their heads, beating their breasts, and performing a variety of gestures, which showed that our visit was acceptable, at least to that part of the community. When the boats were within a wading distance of the shore, they were closely encompassed by the natives; each bringing something in his hand, however small, and almost every one importuning for an equivalent in return. All those in the water were naked, and only here and there, on the shore, a thin cloak of the native cloth was to be seen. Some had their faces painted black, some red; others black and white, and red and white, in the ludicrous manner practised by our clowns; and two demon-like monsters were painted entirely black. It is not easy to imagine the picture that was presented by this motley crowd, unrestrained by any authority or consideration for their visitors, all hallooing to the extent of their lungs, and pressing upon the boats with all sorts of grimaces and gestures. It was found impossible to land where it was at first intended; the boats, therefore, rowed a little to the northward, followed by the multitude, and there effected a disembarkation, aided by some of the natives, who helped the party over the rocks

one hand, while they picked their pockets with the other. It was no matter to penetrate the dense multitude, and much less practicable to pursue a thief through the labyrinth of figures that thronged around. Articles stolen were consequently as irretrievably lost here, as they were before in the hands of the divers. It is extremely difficult on such occasions to decide which is the best line of conduct to adopt: whether to follow Captain Cook's rigid maxim of never permitting a theft when it is ascertained to go unpunished; or to act as Perouse did with the inhabitants of Easter Island, and suffer every thing to be stolen without resistance or remonstrance. Perhaps the happy medium of leaving the eyes to those it is not necessary to observe, and punishing severely such as it is imperative to notice, will prove the wisest. Among the foremost of the crowd were two men, crowned with pelican's feathers, who, if they were not chiefs, assumed a degree of authority, and with the two demons above mentioned attempted to clear the way by striking at the feet of the mob; careful, however, so to direct their blows, that they should not take effect. Without their assistance it would have been almost impossible to land: the mob cared very little for threats: a musket presented at them had no effect beyond the fact that it was levelled, and was less efficacious than some water thrown at the bystanders by those persons who wished to forward the views of the party. The gentleman who disembarked first, and from that circumstance probably was considered a person of distinction, was escorted to the shore by the bank and seated upon a large block of lava, which was the prescribed limit to the party's advance. An endeavour was then made to surround him; but it was very difficult, on account of the islanders running to the place, all in expectation of receiving something. The natives were impatient, noisy, and urgent: they presented their bags, and they had carefully emptied for the purpose, and signified their desire that they should be filled: they practised every artifice, and stole what they could, in the most careless and open manner; some went even farther, and accompanied their demands by threats. About this time one of the natives, probably a chief, with a cloak and head-dress of feathers, was seen running from the ship hastening from the huts to the landing-place, followed by several persons with short clubs. This hostile appearance, accompanied by the blowing of the conch-shell, a sound which Cook observes never knew to portend good, kept our glasses for a while rivetted to the chief. To this chief it is supposed, for it was impossible to distinguish him against the crowd, Mr. Peard made a handsome present, with which he was very well pleased, and no apprehension of hostilities was entertained. It happened, however, that the presents were expended, and this officer returning to the boat for a fresh supply, when the natives, probably guessing his intentions, became exceedingly clamorous; and the confusion was further increased by a marine endeavouring to regain his cap, which had been snatched from his head. The natives took advantage of the confusion, and redoubled their endeavours to pilfer, which our party at last obliged to repel by threats, and sometimes by force. At this time they became so audacious that there was no longer any doubt of their intentions, or that a system of open plunder had commenced; which, on the appearance of clubs and sticks, and the departure of the women, induced Mr. Peard, very judiciously, to order his party into the boats.



This seemed to be the signal for an assault. The chief who had received the present, threw a large stone, which struck Mr. Peard forcibly upon the back, and was immediately followed by a shower of missiles which darkened the air. The natives, in the water and about the boats, instantly withdrew to their comrades, who had run behind a bank out of the reach of the muskets; which former experience alone could have taught them to fear, for none had yet been fired by us. The stones, each of which weighed about a pound, fell incredibly thick, and with such precision, that several of the seamen were knocked down under the thwarts of the boat; and every person was more or less wounded, except the female to whom Lieutenant Wainwright had given protection, who, as if aware of the skillfulness of her countrymen, sat unconcerned upon the gunwale, until one of the officers, with more consideration for her safety than she herself possessed, pushed her overboard, and she swam ashore. A blank cartridge was at first fired over the heads of the crowd; but forbearance, which with savages is generally mistaken for cowardice or inability, only augmented their fury. The showers of stones were, if possible, increased; until the personal safety of all, rendered it necessary to resort to severe measures. The chief, still urging the islanders on, very deservedly, and perhaps fortunately, fell a victim to the first shot that we fired in defence. Terrified by this example, the natives kept closer under their bulwark; and though they continued to throw stones, and occasioned considerable difficulty in extricating the boats, their attacks were not so effectual as before, nor sufficient to prevent the embarkation of the crew, all of whom were got on board. Several dangerous contusions were received in the affair; but fortunately no lives were lost on our part: and it was the opinion of the officer commanding the party, that the treacherous chief was the only victim on that of the islanders, though some of the officers thought they observed another man fall. Considering the manner in which the party were surrounded, and the imminent risk to which they were exposed, it is extraordinary that so few of the natives suffered; and the greatest credit is due to the officers and crews of both boats for their forbearance on the occasion. After this unfortunate and unexpected termination to our interview, I determined upon quitting the island.'—pp. 32—37.

Captain Beechey estimates the population of Easter Island at 1260. No European cloth appeared to be worn by the islanders. Some were naked, and others wore cloth of the mulberry-tree, or of a wild kind of parsley, or of a species of sea-weed. The practice of tattooing universally prevails, but especially among the females. The land seemed to be divided by rows of stones, a fact that contradicts the notion of the inhabitants living together in common. As Easter Island is 2000 miles from the coast of Chili, and 1500 miles from the nearest inhabited island, except Pitcairn, (which is altogether a European colony,) it is a question of some difficulty, but great interest, to determine the source from which Easter Island has been peopled. Captain Beechey has some observations on the subject, for which we must refer to the work itself.

A visit to Pitcairn Island gives rise to a most interesting chapter,

in which the narrative of the mutiny on board the *Bounty*, and the fate of the most notorious of the ringleaders, are given from the dictation of Adams, an English sailor, who still survived. The account does not admit of abridgment or extract. A few notices of the inhabitants of this island will be found amusing.

‘The manner of cooking in Pitcairn’s Island is similar to that of Otaheite, which, as some of my readers may not recollect, I shall briefly describe. An oven is made in the ground, sufficiently large to contain a good sized pig, and is lined throughout with stones nearly equal in size, which have been previously made as hot as possible. These are covered with some broad leaves, generally of the tee-plant, and on them is placed the meat. If it be a pig, its inside is lined with heated stones, as well as the oven; such vegetables as are to be cooked are then placed round the animal: the whole is carefully covered with leaves of the tee, and buried beneath a heap of earth, straw, or rushes and boughs, which, by a little use, becomes matted into one mass. In about an hour and a quarter the animal is sufficiently cooked, and is certainly more thoroughly done than it would be by a fire.’

‘The smoking pig, by a skilful dissection, was soon proportioned to every guest, but no one ventured to put its excellent qualities to the test until a lengthened *Amen*, pronounced by all the party, had succeeded an emphatic grace delivered by the village parson. “*Turn to*” was then the signal for attack, and as it is convenient that all the party should finish their meal about the same time, in order that one grace might serve for all, each makes the most of his time. In Pitcairn’s Island it is not deemed proper to touch even a bit of bread without a grace before and after it, and a person is accused of inconsistency if he leave off and begin again. So strict is their observance of this form, that we do not know of any instance in which it has been forgotten. On one occasion I had engaged Adams in conversation, and he incautiously took the first mouthful without having said his grace; but before he had swallowed it, he recollected himself, and feeling as if he had committed a crime, immediately put away what he had in his mouth, and commenced his prayer.’

‘One regret only intruded itself upon the general conviviality, which we did not fail to mention, namely, that there was so wide a distinction between the sexes. This was the remains of a custom very common among the South-sea Islands, which in some places is carried to such an extent, that it imposes death upon the woman who shall eat in the presence of her husband; and though the distinction between man and wife is not here carried to that extent, it is still sufficiently observed to exclude all the women from table, if there happens to be a deficiency of seats. In Pitcairn’s Island, they have settled ideas of right and wrong, to which they obstinately adhere; and, fortunately, they have imbibed them generally from the best source.”—pp. 74—76.

‘The conclusion of our meal was the signal for the women and children to prepare their own, to whom we resigned our seats, and strolled out to enjoy the freshness of the night. It was late by the time the women had finished, and we were not sorry when we were shown to the beds prepared



for us. The mattress was composed of palm-leaves, covered with native cloth; the sheets were of the same material; and we knew, by the crackling noise of them, that they were quite new from the loom, or beater. The whole arrangement was extremely comfortable, and highly inviting to repose, which the freshness of the apartment, rendered cool by a free circulation of air through its sides, enabled us to enjoy without any annoyance from heat or insects. One interruption only disturbed our first sleep; it was the pleasing melody of the evening hymn, which, after the lights were put out, was chaunted by the whole family in the middle of the room. In the morning also we were awoke by their morning hymn, and family devotion.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dance is a recreation very rarely indulged in; but as we particularly requested it, they would not refuse to gratify us. A large room in Quintal's house was prepared for the occasion, and the company were ranged on one side of the apartment, glowing beneath a blazing string of doodoe nuts; the musicians were on the other, under the direction of Arthur Quintal. He was seated upon the ground, as head musician, and had before him a large gourd, and a piece of musical wood (*poros*), which he balanced nicely upon his toes, that there might be the less interruption to its vibrations. He struck the instrument alternately with two sticks, and was accompanied by Dolly, who performed very skilfully with both hands upon a gourd, which had a longitudinal hole cut in one end of it; rapidly beating the orifice with the palms of her hands, and releasing it again with uncommon dexterity, so as to produce a tattoo, but in perfect time with the other instrument. A third performed upon the Bounty's old copper fish-kettle, which formed a sort of bass. To this exhilarating music three *grown-up* females stood up to dance, but with a reluctance which showed it was done only to oblige us, as they consider such performances an inroad upon their usual innocent pastimes. The figure consisted of such parts of the Otaheitan dance as were thought most decorous, and was little more than a shuffling of the feet, sliding past each other, and snapping their fingers; but even this produced, at times, considerable laughter from the female spectators, perhaps from some association of ridiculous ideas, which we, as strangers, did not feel; and no doubt had our opinion of the performance been consulted, it would have essentially differed from theirs.—pp. 76—82.

About 90 miles north of Pitcairn Island is the coral formation called Oevos Island, which was surveyed by Captain Beechey. Westward are Gambier's group, with the natives of which the ship's people were able to open an intercourse. Here the tattooing is practised, but with a degree of taste and skill which calls for the author's approbation. The mode of salutation adopted by these islanders, is described by Captain Beechey—'The lips are drawn inward between the teeth, the nostrils are distended, and the lungs widely inflated. With this preparation the face is pushed forward, the noses brought into contact, and the ceremony concludes with a hearty rub, and a vehement exclamation or grunt, and in proportion to the warmth of feeling, the more ardent and disagreeable is the situation.' But the results of the intercourse were by no means

favourable to the character of the islanders, whom Captain Beechey deliberately considers to be imbued with dispositions which make them, at least for the present, unfit for civilized intercourse. Indeed he proves, beyond all doubt, that they are only restrained from aggression and violence by a fear of the consequences, which it is always essential to keep, by some manifestation or another, in *terrorem* before them. In the neighbourhood of this group, Mount Duff can be, without difficulty, descried, and it will serve the future navigator as a guide to the site of numerous coral islands through which he will have to thread his perilous way. The rugged formations, which are such striking objects in the Gambier Group, and which are the produce of volcanic action, wear no appearance of the cause of their origin, but are clothed with verdure, and contrast, in the most impressive manner, with the low islands in the midst of which they rear their lofty tops. These islands are the slow construction of the almost invisible *lithopites*, which, having the faculty of separating the calcareous matter from the waters of the ocean, erect these vast structures, and next surround them with walls, as if they required the protection of ramparts! Here, then, is literally seen, in one prospect, changes of a geological nature, in which the process of construction has been performed, as well by the aqueous as the plutonian agency. It is curious to remark, that the works of these submarine animals are always found unequal in their depth—one portion being sometimes completely above, the other considerably below the level of the sea. The eastern, or weather side of the building is always most advanced; and when by some accident resulting from their own labour, perhaps, the coral animals find a theatre where, exempt from violence, they can pursue their incessant employment with comparative tranquillity, there the fairy scenes which they build up in galleries and grottos, beneath the waters, exceed in beauty any thing which the imagination can conceive. The whole of the scientific information respecting this group, is quite admirable.

The Blossom proceeded to Lord Hood's island, and thence to the island called Clermont Tonnere, off which the vessel and crew had a very narrow escape from a water-spout.

\* While we were off Clermont Tonnere, we had a narrow escape from a water-spout of more than ordinary size. It approached us amidst heavy rain, thunder, and lightning, and was not seen until it was very near the ship. As soon as we were within its influence, a gust of wind obliged us to take in every sail, and the topsails, which could not be furled in time, were in danger of splitting. The wind blew with great violence, momentarily changing its direction, as if it were sweeping round in short spirals; the rain, which fell in torrents, was also precipitated in curves with short intervals of cessation. Amidst this thick shower the water-spout was discovered, extending in a tapering form from a dense stratum of cloud, to within thirty feet of the water where it was hid, by the foam of the sea being whirled upwards with a tremendous giration. It changed its direc-



tion after it was first seen, and threatened to pass over the ship; but being diverted from its course by a heavy gust of wind, it gradually receded. On the dispersion of this magnificent phenomenon, we observed the column to diminish gradually, and at length to retire to the cloud, from whence it had descended, in an undulating form.

‘Various causes have been assigned for these formations, which appear to be intimately connected with electricity. On the present occasion a ball of fire was observed to be precipitated into the sea, and one of the boats, which was away from the ship, was so surrounded by lightning, that Lieut. Belcher thought it advisable to get rid of the anchor, by hanging it some fathoms under water, and to cover the seamen’s muskets. From the accounts of this officer and Mr. Smith, who were at a distance from the ship, the column of the water-spout first descended in a spiral form, until it met the ascending column a short distance from the sea; a second and a third were afterwards formed, which subsequently united into one large column, and this again separated into three small spirals, and then dispersed. It is not impossible that the highly rarefied air confined by the woods encircling the lagoon islands may contribute to the formation of these phenomena.

‘A canoe near the ship very wisely hastened on shore at the approach of the weather, for had it been drawn within the vortex of the whirlwind, it must have perished. We had the greatest apprehension for our boats, which were absent during the storm, but fortunately they suffered no injury.

‘Neither the barometer nor sympeisometer was sensibly affected by this partial disturbance of the atmosphere; but the temperature underwent a change of eight degrees, falling from 82° to 74°; at midnight it rose to 78°. On the day succeeding this occurrence, several water-spouts were seen in the distance, the weather being squally and gloomy.’—pp. 148, 149.

In prosecuting his voyage amongst the Polynesian islands, Capt. Beechey was often struck with the variety of traits of character which he met with. The inhabitants of the Lagoon Island, with whom his men engaged in traffic, exhibited a most punctilious honesty in their dealings. Their looks were remarkably prepossessing, and they seemed to hold their women in great respect and affection, a fact which is always characteristic of a step towards civilization. The strange admiration which all the islanders of the Polynesian district uniformly manifest for iron, or as they call it, *toki*, is the talisman by which their confidence is instantly elicited in favour of Europeans. For bits of nails, hooks, &c., they will exchange any material of which they are possessed, one article however being always refused. This was a stick with a bunch of black tern suspended to it, and appears to be carried as an emblem of distinction. In latitude 20° 45' 07" S. and longitude 4° 07' 48" West of Gambier Island, Captain Beechey landed on a small uninhabited island, to the discovery of which he lays, what we cannot but think is, a very doubtful claim, and which he has named Barrow Island, a compliment especially due to Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty, for his services in the cause of geographical science.

The party visited another island, supposed to be that called Carysfort, which bears no mark of having ever been inhabited, except by birds, lizards, soldier-crabs, and occasionally the turtle. The birds were so unacquainted with fear that they allowed themselves to be lifted out of their nests. Another discovery of an island rewarded the patience of Captain Beechey, in latitude  $19^{\circ} 40'$  S. and longitude  $140^{\circ} 29'$  W. to which he gave the name of Byam Martin. As the ship approached the shore, fires were lighted by the islanders, and three of them, launching a canoe, paddled eagerly to the vessel. These persons spoke the Otaheitan language, and they appeared to have originally come from Otaheite. The colony was discovered to be for the most part Christian. Tuwarri, one of those persons, was finally taken on board. He was a native of one of the coral islands, which are subject to Otaheite, and his adventures, as related by Captain Beechey, are of the most romantic description. He was subsequently left at his native island at which the Blossom touched. The inhabitants of Bow Island, the first place the ship visited after leaving Byam Martin, are described as being most unfavourably distinguished from most of the islanders, by their broad flat noses, thick lips, mouths turned down at the corners, wrinkled countenances, and long bushy hair matted with dirt and vermin. The women were still worse off as to appearance, being made so by the slavery in which they are kept by the males. This people have only lately discontinued the practise of cannibalism. The only proof of humanity manifested by the women was their biting in two the heads of the live fish which they were about to eat.

Of the thirty-two islands of the Polynesian Archipelago, which were visited by Captain Beechey, only twelve were inhabited, and the amount of the aggregate population of these twelve is computed not to exceed 3,100 souls. There is little difference between the islanders in language, religion, manners, or even appearance, except that the inhabitants of the volcanic islands are a taller and fairer race than those of the coral islands. The difference is explained by the fact, that whilst the former are capable of yielding vegetable productions, the coral surface is altogether barren, and therefore the physical superiority of the one people over the other, depends on the effects of the food on which they respectively live.

The romantic island of Otaheite was the next object of interest, and here Captain Beechey passed a very agreeable time, owing to the advanced state of civilization which the inhabitants had acquired from long intercourse with Europeans. We cannot follow our author into the very interesting details which he presents us of the natural history, character, and manners of the Otaheitans; but upon a subject which we own is very dear to us, we very willingly transcribe the conclusions of an able, acute, and disinterested traveller.

'I cannot avoid repeating my conviction that had the advisers of Po-



marre limited the penal code at first, and extended it as it became familiar to the people; had they restricted instead of suppressed the amusements of the people, and taught them such parts of the Christian religion as were intelligible to their simple understandings, and were most conducive to their moral improvement and domestic comfort, these zealous and really praiseworthy men would have made greater advances towards the attainment of their object.'—p. 226.

After departing from this island, dysentery broke out in the ship, and caused much alarm, which, however, was not realized. We must pass over the description of the friendly reception of the party at the Sandwich Isles, from which the Blossom was steered towards Kamschatka. Thence they proceeded, on their way to Kotzebue-sound, to Behring's Island, the sight of which was completely prevented by a dense fog. On the 19th of July, 1826, the ship had advanced so far northward as to allow its people to pursue their operations by the light of a *midnight sun*! The sky was without a cloud, and the sun at midnight, scarcely his own diameter below the horizon, tinged, with a bright hue, all the northern circle,—the deepest silence reigning every where around, so as that the flight of the lummies and dovekeys in the atmosphere could be traced by the ear. The Blossom entered Kotzebue-sound on the 22d July, Captain Beechey having satisfied himself of the accuracy of the position assigned by Captain Cook to the Dromeda Islands. The rendezvous with Captain Franklin was appointed to take place at Chamisso Island, which the Blossom reached on the 25th July, five days after the specified time. But it was early enough, as nothing had been heard of that navigator. Captain Beechey employed his time in surveying the neighbouring coasts,—the report of his observations on and visits to which, is very valuable and interesting. In this meantime a boat had been sent in quest of Captain Franklin: this expedition, though vainly undertaken as to its object, was attended with some valuable collateral advantages, which are amply set forth in this volume by Mr. Smyth, mate of the Blossom. In the course of the northern survey, Captain Beechey visited the Missions of San Francisco, in California, of which he gives a pretty full description. The Missions were minutely examined, and the author very candidly allows that the Missionaries are of the highest importance to California, and that the government cannot do too much to promote their welfare.

Captain Beechey has some excellent observations upon the encroachment of the Russians on the territory of California, which well deserve the attention of the government. He has also collected some curious information concerning the Indians inhabiting upper California.

From the bay of Monterey, in California, Captain Beechey steered southward to the Sandwich Islands, of the inhabitants of which we have recently had so many and such excellent descriptions. Whatever may by possibility be left defective in the account of

these islands by Captain Beechey and other explorers, we have no doubt will be amply supplied, by and bye, by the author of the *Polynesian Researches*. The *Blossom* proceeded to Loo Choo, and cast anchor in the bay of Napa. Here the negotiations with the Chinese authorities afforded the usual proportions of annoyance and amusement to the strangers, who, however, were treated on the whole much more respectfully and kindly than they had reason to expect. A permission to land was given, and several of the officers went as far as Potsoong, under however a careful *surveillance*. The house occupied by Sir Murray Maxwell, at that place, was shown as an object of curiosity to the visitors. The notices of the manners and customs of the Loo Chooians, are very interesting, and in general accord with the descriptions of Captain Hall, and the late Mr. McCleod. From Loo Choo the *Blossom* proceeded eastwards, in which course she fell in with a considerable number of islands, some of which, it appeared, were not visited by Europeans before. After various adventures, and not a few dangers, the *Blossom* arrived in safety at Chamisso island, whither Lieutenant Belcher had been previously sent with a barge from the ship, to look out for the ships of either of the expeditions. Here the *Exquimaux* behaved tolerably well until the *Blossom* arrived, by which time the savages appear to have meditated the destruction of the barge's crew. They were, however, prevented from making any general movement for some time, still showing every hostile intention. At last, an attack of the savages caused the immediate necessity of a recurrence to arms, and the aggression, as might be expected, recoiled but too fatally on the unfortunate natives.

It is well known that the object of Captain Beechey's expedition failed, and that he reached and returned from Behring's Strait without meeting with Captain Franklin, or receiving tidings of him. The *Blossom* returned to Spithead, in September, 1828, after a voyage of three years and a half, during which she sailed no less than seventy-three thousand miles, through every vicissitude of climate.

We cannot part with this volume without acknowledging the great degree of delight which the perusal of it has afforded us. Of all the elaborate records of adventure or geographical discovery with which modern literature has been so much enriched, we do not know of any production that recalls so much of the excitement, enthusiasm, deep and affectionate interest, which we used to take in Captain Cook's memorable narrative, as the work before us. Totally divested of all traces of art, which perhaps may be itself the result of consummate art, the story of this seventy thousand miles' adventure amongst the fairy scenes of the Polynesian deep, seizes upon us with all the charming force of the best of the oriental tales, and ceases to engage our feelings and imagination only when the delusive history itself is exhausted. The maps and engravings are in the very best style of art, and are numerous.



## NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*The Tour of the Holy Land, &c.* By the Rev. Robert Morehead, D.D., &c., 12mo. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1831.

IN this brief but spirited compilation, the reverend editor, who does not pretend to be a traveller, has collected together some of the most touching descriptions that can be found in our literature, of all those scenes and places in the Holy Land, which are endeared to our memories by associations of the deepest and most durable interest. The account of this sacred region is carried on by means of a dialogue in which three characters take part—a plan, of the value and convenience of which we have here a very happy illustration, since it gives the author an opportunity of indulging in a variety of reflections, and views, which would scarcely be consistent with, and certainly not very pleasing if found embodied in, a formal narrative. Much novelty, we should say, is thrown on the description of those well-known scenes from a MS. journal of a gentleman who had written it as he passed over them. An Appendix is added, containing extracts from another Journal kept by a friend of the author, and containing notes of a Journey made through Syria in 1828. Taken altogether, we regard this little work as a curiosity not less valuable than it is engaging.

ART. XII.—*An Outline of Sematology: or an Essay towards establishing a new Theory of Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric.* 8vo. London: 1831.

IF we were to judge of the theory

propounded in this anonymous volume, by the manner in which its nature and details are explained, we should be inclined to decide very favourably indeed from the perspicuity and ease that mark the exposition of a very complicated and metaphysical subject. By the term *Sematology*, our author understands the *signs*, which, for the most part, consist of words, and which become the media of our acquiring knowledge from one another. These signs, or—more plainly, the artificial language which they unite to form, is peculiar to man; it is a creation of his own; it is a distinct thing from, or rather it is an improvement on, that instinct to utter sounds, which we derive from nature. Words then are not, strictly speaking, the signs of knowledge, but they are the means or instruments which the mind seeks to assist its own operations, and by which it is excited to think and to obtain knowledge. Upon this foundation the author proceeds to develop his system in three divisions or branches, and headed respectively, Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric. The first chapter, that on Grammar, is marked by the strongest evidences of an acute and profound mind: the whole subject of the functions of words and the modifications they undergo in adapting themselves to sentences, is treated in a most curious and interesting manner. The second chapter is devoted to Logic, or that part of Sematology which means the proper application of words as instruments in the investigation of truth. It would be impossible for any reasonable person to read the arguments of the author, in support of his restricted definition of the word *Logic*, without feeling that they

answerable. The conclusion—chapter—that on Rhetoric—is the Rhetorical art as formerly was considered,—an art of the right application of with a view to convince or e, but which still is inseparable connected with the fundamental here laid down, namely, who exercises the art of e, rightly understood, does e than skilfully avail himself the knowledge and experience by his audience, in o lead them by signs or o obtain fresh information. dered as a mere display of bical reasoning, we think k every way worthy of the of the learned world; but ure that even general readers be induced to turn to its then we state that the establishment of the principles which ins, and an universal acknowledgment of their truth, must out a very decided practical improvement in our existing of education.

III.—*The Family Classical Library, or English Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Classics, with highly finished Engravings of the Authors.* I. to XVI. London. A. 1830.

We abstained from offering opinion on the merits of the Library, until the course of circulation should have supplied a sufficient quantity of materials to authorise us in pronouncing an impartial judgment both on the and the execution of the work. The sixteen volumes, which have been before the public, appear to constitute a reasonable amount of materials; and, drawing our conclusions as to the whole enter-

prise, from a careful examination of this large specimen, we do not hesitate to declare our conviction that a more important or a more interesting accession than this Library to our national literature, has not taken place in modern times. If we only consider, for a moment, how few the number is of those persons amongst us whose good fortune it is to be so thoroughly acquainted with the languages of Greece and Rome, as that they can understand them with the same facility as their mother tongue: if we remember that it is but a few even of those who have learned and have devoted time to the acquisition of Greek and Latin, that can be said to enjoy this happy familiarity with those ancient languages:—if we only consider these facts, for an instant, we shall, then, have some adequate notion of the vast proportion of our community which is shut out—utterly banned, as if by a decree of fate—from all knowledge of the classics—that sacred repository, which, from the dawn of civilization, has furnished its models to every country where mind has raised its imperishable trophies, or fancy elaborated its most beautiful creations. The evil which is here alluded to has never been, in our judgment, sufficiently estimated; and even the occasional translations of Greek or Latin authors, which would seem to spring out of something like an acknowledgment of the grievance, can, in most instances, be traced to a mere desire of facilitating the labours of the schoolboy. Indeed, no serious or well-arranged plan has been proposed, before this time, for placing the treasures of the classic writers in the hands of readers who were unacquainted with the original language in which they wrote. How easily such a plan could be accomplished—how admirably it could be executed—with



what a well-founded assurance it might be undertaken, of producing good of every kind—solid instruction with the most ennobling delight—the volumes before us are at once the example and the proof.

For the indifference of the unlearned community at large to classic literature we may partly account by a traditional conceit which has been, from the earliest times, cherished by all pedants. These monopolists would always have it that a Greek or Roman author afforded no pleasure in any other language than his own; and that to enjoy his peculiar excellencies, or even to comprehend his meaning, we must pass through a twenty years' purgatory of Greek or Latin grammar! Amongst the parties who would be personally interested in maintaining such a doctrine, we confess that we ought to be numbered; for, as we have undergone the severe probation, we should be naturally inclined to overvalue the fruits of it. But every man of sense and candour in our situation will agree with us when we declare it to be our deliberate opinion, that any possible improvement of gratification which can be derived from a perusal, by a competent person, of an original classic, as compared with the pleasure afforded to him by a good English translation, is but as a grain of worthless dust in the balance, when brought in contrast with the obligation of acquiring the necessary knowledge of the dead language. We can only say, that we wish now we had the choice of the two modes of reading the classics. Let no one then, who has it in his power to obtain this series of the Classical Library, imagine that he is defrauded of an iota of the pleasure which the most consummate scholars enjoy from a perusal of the originals. Speaking reasonably on

this matter, we think we might say, that neither Cicero nor Demosthenes can be very considerably injured by addressing us in the language of Fox, Sheridan, and Burke. Surely the fame of Xenophon and Livy can be sustained by a medium whereon the memory of a Hume and a Gibbon floats gallantly from generation to generation. For our parts we think that Catiline speaks as orthodox sedition in English as Sallust ever put into his mouth. It is time indeed that we give up these childish prejudices.

With the opinions and feelings thus expressed, we shall be readily believed when we say that we attach the very highest value to the undertaking which is now partly executed before us; we think that in the selection of the translations, and in the notes of verbal explanation and historical and antiquarian illustration, the proofs of good taste, discretion, and extensive knowledge, are every where apparent. The biographical sketches of each author, an engraving of his bust, with the maps and cuts which are added to these volumes, respectively combine to give to the work that character of completeness which constitutes one of its best recommendations. We might, too, praise the elegance and accuracy of the printing, and the neatness of the appearance of the volumes; but a feature of greater importance than is connected with external merits, demands our warmest approbation,—we mean the exclusion of every thing offensive to virgin innocence. Thus, then, for the first time in the course of ages, all the intellectual splendours of Greece and Rome are opened to the modest contemplation of the gentler sex; and for the first time can a lady acknowledge an acquaintance with the treasures of ancient poetry without the smallest

promise of her delicacy. One of advice before we conclude, ported from us by the interest el in this admirable work. er in note nor preface let there eek or Latin quoted, at least accompanied by a version in sh; for is it not an example most ludicrous inconsistency er information in untranslated and Latin to a reader whom the avowed principle of this enterprise to consider as ignorant of both? We refer ularly to No. X.

XIV.—1. *Plain Advice to adlords and Tenants, Lodging use Keepers, &c.* 3rd edition. Washbourne. 1831.

*Familiar Survey of the Laws ecting Masters and Servants,* H. Washbourne. 1831.

size of each of these treatises ut that of a child's primer, ndeed they are altogether so tending and cheap that we carely believe that legal ad- ould ever assume so reason- and agreeable a shape. But only necessary to open the of either of the small volumes satisfied that a sound mind, reat practical experience have d the execution of both. Freed ly from technicalities, and sort of impediment to per- ty, with which Acts of Parlia- notoriously abound, the trea- explain the provisions of the is laws, *now in force*, relating two subjects mentioned in the ages; and this exposition is ar, so comprehensive, so easily stood, as that there are few of that extensive class to whom works apply, who will not omething new and important a, whatever relation he fills in

society. Landlords and tenants, masters and servants, of every shade of connection or dependence, will find in these humble books a source of counsel and instruction which will—if they be not fools or knaves—effectually secure them against the horrors of litigation; and moreover will teach them—what every man should desire to know—the value of exercising a little fore- thought in the management of his most material concerns.

ART. XV.—*The Life of John Walker, M.D.* By John Epps, M.D., &c. &c. 8vo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1831.

It is not a long time since an elderly gentleman, dressed in the severest costume of the meek quakers, was seen almost daily parading the most public of our streets, and many a thoughtless ejaculation of contempt or ridicule might he have encountered on his way from persons, who, if they were but conscious of the nature of his errand, would have turned their scorn into respect and affection. The individual here pointed at was the late Dr. Walker, a man that redeemed some follies, and many eccentricities, by the purest benevolence of heart. The metropolitan journies which were so long and so indefatigably performed by the Doctor, were made in pursuance of a plan which he had himself laid down for ensuring the diffusion of the blessings of vaccination. He visited stations, at intervals, through the interior of the city, and thus evinced his zeal for the comfort and happiness of his fellow creatures, in a manner that cannot be too much applauded. The history of his adventures, as told in the animated pages of his surviving friend, Dr. Epps, em-



braces much that is exceedingly curious and instructive. He joined the army in Egypt as an amateur vaccinator; he cultivated, in Paris, during the revolution, the acquaintance of all the most famous revolutionists of that day; he was a schoolmaster in Ireland; he wrote a gazetteer and a geographical atlas, both of which works reflect the greatest credit on his ability, ingenuity, and industry. We must refer the reader to the very amusing and various narrative itself, which Dr. Epps has so ably given, as we should in vain endeavour to present an adequate notion of its agreeable contents, by any extracts which it would be in our power to make.

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ART. XVI. — *Guy's Geographia Antiqua; or School Treatise on Ancient Geography, upon a new plan.* By Joseph Guy, junior. London: W. Joy. 1830.

WE know of no work on ancient geography better suited than this judicious volume for the young classical student. The arrangement observed is admirably calculated to facilitate the recollection of proper names—an object of the greatest consequence in studying Greek and Roman authors. The attention of the pupil is first directed to the grand divisions of a country, after which the details are presented to him on a fixed rule of order which will serve, by an easy association, to preserve those details in his memory. The information is abundant—indeed sufficient, on most occasions, to be a good substitute for Lempriere—even any of the improved Lemprieres of modern days. The quantities of the syllables of every name are accurately marked; and any one who is timid of pronouncing the names of noted classical

towns or rivers, lest he should violate one of the rules of prosody, could not do better than peruse this volume twice or thrice. An excellent Map of the World (*notus veleribus*) is prefixed, and affords the opportunity for the learner to carry on a most instructive exercise.

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ART. XVII.—*The Extraordinary Black Book, comprising an Exposition of the United Church, &c. &c., Civil List, &c.* By the Original Editor. 8vo, pp. 576. London: Effingham Wilson. 1831.

THE great political changes which have taken place since this very elaborate book was published, have deprived many of the topics which it treats so curiously, and with such abundance of information, of that pressing interest which, but a few months ago, was connected with them. Highly important as are the tables and lists contained in this volume, yet, when we consider that another week may happily render some of them obsolete, or may alter them generally or individually, we think it would not be prudent at present to enter upon its details. But we have no hesitation in saying that, as a picture of the fiscal condition of the country for the first thirty years of the present century—as a summary of the practical calamities which long continued misrule may inflict on an industrious people—as a register of the degree to which human patience may be forced in enduring oppression, this book deserves to have a place in even the poorest man's library. The author devotes a considerable space to the churches of England and Ireland. We do not agree, we confess, in the general spirit of his remarks upon this part of his sub-

ject: but we can with great justice award him the praise of ability, coupled with a diligence and erudition which have enabled him to bring before us a vast mass of important and interesting statements illustrative of the ecclesiastical history of this country. The Revenues of the Crown are next considered; and their origin and augmentation, with the delusions practised respecting them, are graphically described. The Civil List, with all its train of imposture, is amply exposed. The author then proceeds to examine the position in which the Aristocracy stands in relation to the people, showing the effects of their ambition as a body, and their usurpations of interference with the representative system. Indeed we may say that every link in the complicated chain of Government, or rather, what has been Government for so long a time in these realms, is traced with a bold and acute spirit of investigation. As a document, presenting an important, curious, and, for the most part, attested series of facts, we think the Extraordinary Black Book amply merits the general attention.

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ART. XVIII.—*The Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli, Esq., M.A.R.A.*, the former written, and the latter edited, by John Knowles, F.R.S. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

BOTH the biography, and most of the works of Fuseli, are already well known to the public, so that when we have awarded to these volumes the praise of being, as to mechanical elegance, a suitable repository for the reliques of a considerable genius, we have performed all that duty commands, or conve-

nience will allow. In spirit and matter, Mr. Knowles's *Life* of his hero falls very far short of that account of Fuseli which we read in Mr. Murray's *Family Library*. It occupies the whole of the first of the present volumes, and does not add a single material fact concerning the celebrated painter, which Mr. Cunningham had not already employed in his very animated sketch. The *Lectures and Dissertations*, which occupy the remaining two volumes, are all devoted to the details of that art in which the author so conspicuously shone. Besides the technical instruction with which they abound, the writings of Fuseli form some of the happiest models we possess in English, of a fine classic composition. As one of the standard works that are calculated to maintain the purity of English literature, we strongly recommend these beautiful volumes to the public.

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ART. XIX.—*A Treatise on the Nature and Causes of Doubt, &c.* 12mo. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

THIS is a very sensible, and we regret to have cause for saying, a very seasonable little work, addressed, in a becoming strain, to all those rational persons who have not yet made up their minds upon the great subject of their "being's aim and end," and still retain an adequate sense of the importance of such a question. The object of our author is the very just one of spreading Christianity, an object indeed common to many; but the means which he employs, are, we suspect, somewhat peculiar, and we are mistaken if they be not as useful as they are singular. The great fault of those *Treatises* which are usually written in defence of the Christian religion is, that



they assume a vast deal of things in the nature of principles, of which their adversaries or those whom they desire to convert, are yet to be convinced. Now the author before us enters with evident propriety into the chief of those preliminary questions, and by slow gradations he labours forward in the removal of difficulties until he attains that point at which his predecessors have always begun. There he places the inquirer unembarrassed, and in a state which will give him the fairest chance of taking a correct view of those ulterior doctrines, which, as we have said, it was the final object of this writer to inculcate. The volume is written in an excellent spirit, and not without some of those merits of composition which will recommend it to popularity.

ART. XX.—*An Examination of the Doctrines of Value, as set forth by Adam Smith, Ricardo, M'Culloch, &c.* By Charles F. Cotterill. 8vo. Simpkin and Marshall. 1831.

IN this very elaborate and acute treatise, Mr. Cotterill attempts to overthrow some of the leading principles of the Ricardo school of political economy. He indeed gives Mr. Ricardo credit for the profound and original views which he took of the efficient and determining cause of value—but says, that from wanting the necessary skill in analytical subtlety, he mistook the true theory on this point. Mr. Cotterill contends, in opposition both to Smith and Ricardo, that the cost of production, or labour, and its general productiveness, determines, or is the cause of value: and he follows up the consequences of his doctrine, inasmuch as it affects collateral questions—such as the effects of

alterations in wages on value—the conditions of the standard of value—and value in exchange. We must say that we have seldom met with a controversialist so perfectly fair, candid, and temperate to his antagonists, as Mr. Cotterill.

ART. XXI.—*Invention of an effective and unfailing Method for forming an Instantaneous communication with the Shore in Shipwreck, and illuminating the Scene in the dark and tempestuous Night.* By John Murray, F. S. A. London: Whittaker and Co. 1831.

WE are glad to see one of Mr. Murray's energy and scientific attainments, attentive to a subject of such pressing interest as that to which he has now devoted his talents. The invention, with the history of which this pamphlet is occupied, bears in its outline a resemblance to that of Captain Manby, with, however, such a difference in favour of the new one, as justly authorizes Mr. Murray to claim the merit of originating a principle. The object of forming a communication between the ship in distress and the shore, is effected in the new plan by means of an arrow-shaped missile, which is propelled by a gun from the shore. This instrument is so formed as to be able to maintain its direction against the resistance of the storm—to secure itself a hold where it strikes—and it is armed with a rod and ring, to which latter a line is attached the moment that the shot is fired. The apparatus is further supplied with a most ingenious appendage for illuminating the flight of the arrow and the scene of the shipwreck. We trust that this pamphlet will meet with immediate attention from the numerous bodies of humane associations which have

med in this country on the benevolent principles as seem to actuate Mr. Murray. A suggestion for lessening the taxes that are so imminent to the existence of those who are to "plough the watery world" should be seized with avidity, to the utmost latitude of experience afforded to it; but this comes, which is so amply due to suggestions or plans on account of the value of their object, only challenged with tenfold in favour of a contrivance as for its author a gentleman with the information, experience and abilities of Mr. Murray. Following this recommendation of the pamphlet before us, we may be led to mention, as some testimony to its sincerity, that we, at the same time, feel no little displeasure at the insinuation of corruption against Reviews, which, coming from one that has been so fairly treated by cotemporary critics, is as generous as it is unjust.

CXII.—*An Historical Account of the Island of St. Vincent.* Charles Sheppard, Esq. 8vo. London: Ridgway; Liverpool, Jackson and Son; Glasgow, Black and Son. 1831.

The circumstances under which this story is compiled, are such as to aim for it the consideration due to an authentic and detailed account of the Island of St. Vincent. The author appears well acquainted with all the traditions of the colony, which from time to time, been communicated to our literature by writers of confidence; and their details he has had the opportunity of his residence in the island, comparing with official docu-

ments, or with the traditions and testimonies, to which his acquaintance with the colonists must have given him access. The account of the insurrection in 1795, when the inhabitants of St. Vincent, by their patriotic and disinterested conduct, laid such an immense obligation on the proprietors of estates there, is now presented to us in an enlarged and correct form, and proves to be a very interesting and important passage in our colonial annals. An appendix of copious statistical details is added; and in point of plan and execution, we have not seen, for some time, an historical and topographical work that reflects more credit on the good sense and diligence of the author, than the volume before us. One fact which we glean from Mr. Sheppard's work deserves, for the eternal instruction which it holds out, to be mentioned. When the settlements of North and South Carolina were first established, the celebrated Locke was prevailed on to digest a code of laws for the new colonists. The code was put into operation, but in a few years it was deliberately abandoned, in consequence of its mischievous effects!—Another circumstance is noted by the author, as proving the most criminal apathy to the sufferings of humanity in the members of the local legislature of St. Vincent. Whilst the aged and infirm slaves are enjoying the comforts of a decent maintenance from their masters, the corresponding class of free labourers is left wholly unprovided for, there being neither relief fund nor even hospital to receive them when sick. The want of the latter institution is quite unaccountable, as the leprosy, in all its horrible violence, is increasing amongst the population. We should observe that some excellently engraved views are annexed to this volume.



ART. XXIII.—*The Medical Annual for 1831, containing a Popular Account of all the Discoveries of Medicine and of Domestic Articles of real Utility, &c. &c.* By R. Reece, M. D. London: Simkin and Co. 1831.

A MEDICAL ANNUAL! what will not ingenuity compass and execute? This work is but a new and agreeable method by which Dr. Reece seeks to place sound medical knowledge at the door of every member of the community, not only perfectly free from technical obscurities and difficulties, but in such a clear and obvious way as all can easily understand. This Annual appears to be more particularly intended to convey a description of the new discoveries and improvements which have occurred in the Art of Medicine during the last ten years. The mere knowledge, however, of the properties of the new medicines would go but a little way in answering the whole of the author's disinterested wishes; and he has accordingly treated them with reference to their virtues in such an arranged form, as that the simplest person may be able to know in what disease, or what stage of it, the article is to be used, and in what proportion, and under what precautions. The Doctor very properly justifies what might be called the *unprofessional* simplicity of his work, by observing that the healing art has not only ceased to be the property of any privileged body, but it has been brought to such a degree of perfection, by the labours of the moderns, as not to require the cloak of technicalities, or of a dead language. The preliminary estimate which the author gives of the value of some of the proposed new remedies, shows him to be extensively and analytically acquainted with the scientific re-

searches of the most eminent continental chemists. But whilst he pays to such authorities the deference that is due to their talents and experience, he is far from implicitly adopting their conclusions, and honestly declines giving his sanction to the employment of any medicine of their recommendation, which has not attested its character as a remedy in his own practice. There is a great deal of stubborn strong sense in the following observations.

‘Of all the new remedies, Iodine, Morphine, Prussic Acid, and Strychnine, are the only ones in the favour of which the results of our own experience have enabled us to speak decidedly. Of the other new articles—as Emetine, Veratrine, Atropine, &c.—we have not given a trial, for a plain reason that may excite the derision of the *philosophical* practitioners of France and Italy, viz. because we would not take any one of them ourselves in any case of disease. We do not mean to say that great credit is not due to some French chemists, particularly to M. Pelletier and M. Caventou, for their late discoveries of the alkalies of numerous natural productions of the vegetable kingdom, in which they suppose the virtues of the articles to reside; and also to the justly celebrated physiologist, M. Majendie, for the numerous experiments he has made on different animals, for the purpose of ascertaining their medicinal properties: but this we say, that the value of many of these discoveries, as remedial agents, has been by them much overrated. When the extracts of poisonous vegetables contain all their medicinal virtues in such a state of concentration, that one or two grains is a sufficient dose, what advantage can arise from a still further concentration by tedious and expensive processes; and especially when the article so concentrated is too powerful to be administered without dilution? If the atropine (the alkali of the deadly nightshade), the daturine (the alkali of the stamonium seeds), and other alkalies of poisonous vegetables, are to be mixed with a converse, or dissolved in a fluid, to render them safe articles for convey-

the human stomach, surely not differ, as remedies, from made extracts, which are, in alkalies in combination with natter. As to the solutions of lies in alcohol, which Majendie rs term tinctures, they possess tage whatever over the common of the articles from which the are obtained, for they cannot t they are powerfully impreg- h the alkaline bases. The dis- f an alkali in such powerful is the deadly nightshade, the ightshade, &c. &c. is only in- in a chemical point of view. cine, we are satisfied, such re far more like to prove in- han beneficial, by supplying gerous implements those theo- experimentalists who think patients fair objects for the xperiment. We have noticed the following articles, more to actioners to avoid than to sub- fellow-creatures to dangerous nts. To Majendie, Orfila, and philosophical experimentalists, sion is, unquestionably, much for the numerous trials they le with the new alkalies on dogs r animals; but had they com- d the unfavourable results of eriments on their fellow-crea- had placed their lives in their le medical profession of this ould have been more competent a just opinion of their value. f a member, even of the lowest society, is, in this country, much too valuable to be sub- rash experiments.'—pp. 40, 41.

is the language of true hy, whose characteristic at- t is to be applicable to all and all places; nor is it y, after such an extract, to her trouble in claiming the onfidence for this book.

very curious and useful in- n on various points con- with the preservation of re added, for which we the volume itself.

ART. XXIV.—*The Pious Minstrel; a Collection of Sacred Poetry.* 12mo., pp. 351. London: C. Tilt. 1831.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume, bound in morocco, in the best taste, with gilt edges, looking like a prayer-book, lies modestly on our table, asking us not to pass it over among the multitude of works by which we are surrounded,—perhaps we might also truly say,—and confounded. We open it, and the first object we behold is—oh ye muses, sacred and profane!—Robert Pollok! Now who is Robert Pollok? He is the author of "*The Course of Time.*" What is "*The Course of Time?*" We have not the most trifling idea, but we believe that, under that title a poem was written in English, such as it then was, about 300 years ago. But what brings Robert with his sober face and un-combed hair into the frontispiece of this little book? May we perish if we know! we cannot even conjecture, unless that, like our friend Montgomery—him we mean of Heaven, Hell, &c.—he had an ambition to exhibit his portrait to the eyes of the world. We would recommend the spirited publishers to serve Robert Pollok with an ejectment, to give him notice to quit forthwith, otherwise their book will not sell. It is truly ridiculous to put a face side by side with the transfiguration, and in front of a collection of poetry, which boasts of the names of Milton, Southey, Campbell, Cowper, Burns, Watts, and Byron. From these, and indeed from many of the best poets in our language, a charming selection of verses has been made, which take us out of this noisy and transitory world at once, and lift us to the contemplation of those regions where Peace has her eternal abode. The tumult of life becomes hushed while



pore over these varied pages—varied in style and sentiment, but all tending to the same useful purpose of purifying the heart from its attachment to mean things, and of preparing it for the nobler affections that are to expand it hereafter. The ‘Pious Minstrel’ well deserves its title; it is a volume of true unaffected piety; but it is also a volume of very sweet minstrelsy, and a captivating pocket companion.

ART. XXV.—*Sketches of Venetian History*. 12mo. pp. 446. London: Murray. 1831.

SHAKSPEARE, Mrs. Radcliff, Byron, the Carnival, have all contributed to present Venice to our eyes, constantly surrounded with captivating associations. But whatever may be the dream-like beauty of her streets, when lighted by the rays of the moon, the pages of her political history exhibit as much of blood, injustice, tyranny and fraud, as those of any other city or state upon the face of the earth. The romantic character, which we are apt, from the reading of poetry and novels, to attribute to her, does not appear at all in her annals, either during the period when she exercised independent power, or when she was enslaved. We know of no history that presents fewer subjects for interesting ‘sketches’ than that of Venice. There is such a uniformity of treachery, cruelty, hypocrisy and ingratitude in the chronicle of her deeds, that we have no great desire to know more of them, than is absolutely necessary to persons of ordinary information. For this reason the volume before us may be useful to those who have neither the leisure nor the disposition to penetrate the tomes of Sismondi and Daru. It is carefully compiled, and neatly written, but by no means

free from prejudice and ignorance on some points of religion. Though decorated with plates and wood cuts, it is one of the gravest numbers of the Family Library that we have yet seen—perhaps, we might justly add, the least entertaining.

ART. XXVI.—*Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Regions*. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1831.

THIS second edition of the very valuable account of the Polar Discoveries, which was published as the second volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, is enriched with a very affecting description of the failure of the last expedition of the whole fleet. We extract the following melancholy episode from this fatal history, as a specimen of the nature of the disasters to which the unhappy sufferers were exposed:—

‘One of the largest of these squadrons, and that whose eventful story we can relate in the greatest detail, consisted of six very fine vessels, the St. Andrew of Aberdeen, the Baffin and Rattler of Leith, the Eliza Swan of Montrose, the Achilles of Dundee, and the French ship *Ville de Dieppe*. They began by making themselves fast to some icebergs, but soon quitted these in order to attempt a passage in different directions. On the 19th a fresh gale sprang up from the S.S.W., and drove in upon them masses of ice, by which they were soon beset, in lat. 75° 10' N., long. 60° 30' W., about forty miles to the southward of Cape York. They ranged themselves under the shelter of a large and rugged floe, having water barely sufficient to float them. Here they formed a majestic line behind each other, standing stem to stern so close as to

continual walk along the edge of their decks; being at times so pressed against them that in some places a boat-hook with difficulty be inserted in the ice. In the evening of the 1st, the sky darkened, the gale increased, and the floes began to overlap each other, and press upon the ships in a menacing manner. The sailors were disappointed to see the ice into a block, where they hoped to get out from this severe pressure; a huge floe was driven upon them with a violence completely irresistible. \* \* Pursuing its career, it successively the Baffin, the Ville de Dieppe, the Rattler, and dashed against them with such tremendous fury that these noble vessels, completely disabled and fortified, and which had withstood for years the tempests of the polar deep, were in a quarter of an hour converted into shattered wrecks. The scene was awful,—the roaring noise of the ice tearing at the sides; the masts breaking and falling in every direction; the cries of two hundred men lying upon the frozen surface; and only such portion of their lives as they could snatch in a moment. The Rattler is said to have become the most complete wreck most ever known. She was turned inside out, and her stern carried to the distance of a gunshot from each other. The Ville de Dieppe had her sides nearly crushed together, her stern thrust into the decks and beams broken into miserable pieces. The Ville de Dieppe, a very beautiful vessel, partly filled with water, and lying on her side for a fortnight, and the greater part of her provisions and crew were saved; as were also those of the Baffin, two of

whose boats were squeezed to pieces. All the other boats were dragged out upon the ice, and were claimed by the sailors as their only home. Not far from the same spot, the Progress, of Hull, was crushed to atoms by an iceberg on the 2nd of July; and on the 18th of the same month the Oxenhope, also of that port, became a total wreck.

The Resolution (Philip) of Peterhead, Laurel of Hull, Letitia and Princess of Wales of Aberdeen, had advanced considerably farther to the north-west, being in lat.  $75^{\circ} 20' N.$ , long.  $62^{\circ} 30' W.$  They were laying side by side, and, having cut out a dock in the ice, considered themselves perfectly secure. But the gale of the 25th drove the floes upon them with such fury that the sides of the Resolution and Letitia were pierced; they were filled with water to the deck, and pressed so forcibly against the Laurel which lay between them, as almost to raise that vessel out of the water. This last, however, remained for the present in safety, and the seamen busied themselves in placing on board of her the provisions and stores of her two wrecked companions. But, on the 2d of July, she, along with the Hope of Peterhead, was exposed to a gale, if possible, still more terrible than the former, when they both shared the disastrous fate of the Resolution and Letitia. The Hope, which was standing in the water clear and secure, was overwhelmed with such rapidity that in ten minutes only the point of her main-top-gallant-mast was seen above the ice.

There is also, in this new edition, a more precise account than formerly of Captain Ross's objects in the expedition which he is now employed in, together with a small chart of his route.



## MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

*Hint to Emigrators.*—By felling the trees that cover the tops and sides of the mountains, (says de Humboldt,) men in every climate prepare at once two calamities for future generations,—the want of fuel and the scarcity of water.

*Euler.*—This celebrated mathematician, before his death, expressed a wish that for each forty consecutive years after his decease, the memoirs of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences should contain a portion of his posthumous papers. This request has been religiously complied with, the forty years having terminated in 1823. But there still remained fourteen more dissertations of Euler's, which are now published in the eleventh volume of the memoirs of that Academy.

*Disease of the Lungs.*—A communication was made last month to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, by M. Perrot, of the discovery of a plant in the Alps which is effectual in the cure of diseases of the lungs.

*Royal Society.*—The sum of 8000*l.*, bequeathed by the late Earl of Bridgewater to the President of the Royal Society, was left to that officer with a direction that he should use his own discretion in choosing the person or persons who should write the essays, for which this money was intended to be the reward. Mr. D. Gilbert, who happened to be the president, called on the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to aid him in his choice. We take the liberty of submitting that it would have been a far more useful and liberal plan to have admitted the whole body of scientific persons in this country to a general *concursus*.

*Best Sand or Emery Cloth.*—

Take a piece of calico, 32 inches wide, of a smooth strong thread, and as little dressed as possible. Stretch it between frames, and then cover it with a size composed of 2 lbs. of glue, dissolved in 6 quarts of hot water, and mixed with two quarts more of water in which half an ounce of alum has been boiled. This mixture should be boiled, and poured out, and left to cool. As soon as the coat of size is put on the calico, stretch it again to a width of 36 inches. When this coat is dry, put another coat on it of the following size: 4 lbs. of glue, three quarts of hot water, one pint of the first size, one ounce of gum arabic, one ounce of gum tragacanth. Whilst this coat is wet, sift over it the emery, sand, or glass powder, as evenly as possible; and when dry, brush it to remove the large particles. If another coat of strong size and emery be put over this again it will make capital and durable emery cloth.

*Royal Geographical Society.*—“The President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society of London give notice, that his Majesty's annual donation of fifty guineas, as due for this year, will be presented to the author of the best communication of either of the two following descriptions, which may be sent to the Society on or before the second Monday of March, 1832; provided that it appears to the council worthy of such distinction, viz:—

1. “A detailed account, accompanied by sufficient plans and views, of any important geographical discovery not previously published, and

the author shall have been fully engaged.

The establishment of any of the best sites of antiquity which are serially connected with the history of history, and which are in accordance with modern discoveries of value.

For the next year's premium bestowed on the best common of the following kinds (considered worthy of it), may be sent before the second of March 1833, viz:—

A manual for the assistance of travellers; enumerating concisely, the objects to which attention of a geographical inquirer should be especially directed, indicating the means by which information he requires may be readily obtained. It should contain the instruments by which distances are determined, elevations are measured, magnetic phenomena observed, and peculiarities of temperature, atmosphere, and climate compared; giving directions, for adjusting the instruments, formulæ for registering the observations, and rules for working the results. It should also include some of those minute observations regarding the division of labour, occupations, the prevalence of marriages, and other data, which valuable statistical inquiries may frequently be drawn, and which information is unattainable, to render it more general, it should further consider there are various classes of inquiries; and that, for the use of travellers, who may be obliged to resort often to conceal, their observations, the lightest and most consistent with minute accuracy should be devised and suggested.

A statement of the principal facts in local geography, and

cient and modern; bringing into one view what has been already done, and pointing out the most eligible routes that travellers can now pursue, in endeavouring to extend the range of minute and exact geographical knowledge.

3. "Copious tables, shewing the changes which have occurred in the nomenclature of places at successive periods of history, and giving references to the authorities."

*Oxydation of Iron.*—It is a curious fact, only very recently ascertained on the new rail-roads, and not yet accounted for, that if two bars of wrought iron be laid down in an open road, and that one of them forms part of a rail-road over which heavy carriages pass, and the other be left untouched, the latter shall speedily decay with rust, while the former shall scarcely be at all affected.

*Sir. W. Scott.*—The popularity of this distinguished poet on the continent may be estimated by the fact, that in a recent publication called the "Finnish Pastime," and published in the language of Finland at Stockholm, translations of his poetry hold a distinguished place amongst brief versions from Homer, Anacreon, Sappho, and other ancient and illustrious poets. We believe there is no instance on record of any person enjoying, through the medium of literature alone, during his lifetime, such an extensive reputation as Sir Walter Scott. It is delightful to know that this singular good fortune occurs in the case of one whose personal worth distinguishes him amongst the long line of British bards, as much as his unusual accession of cotemporary fame.

*Conversation at a distance.*—One of the poets has put into the mouth of a madman, a petition to the gods to "annihilate both time and space."



—But the object of the prayer has been very recently realized on the Liverpool rail-road, the miraculous powers of which we are now more than ever unable to anticipate. It has been proposed that a tube shall be carried along the course of the rail-road, through which a conversation between Liverpool and Manchester may be carried on! There is no knowing the uses to which this facility may be put. The two sheriffs of London when in their proper seats at the Old Bailey, which are nearly the whole breadth of the court from each other, converse by means of a tube in secrecy and confidence, whilst the intermediate area is all bustle and confusion.

*French Patent Laws.*—A proprietor of a French patent, may, at a very moderate expense, make any alteration or improvement of his specification during the time for which it is granted, such alterations however being thrown open to the public at the time when the patent, if no change had been made, would expire.

*London University.*—The valuable collection of coins belonging to the late Earl of Guildford, is destined for the London University. The most seasonable present to this establishment would be a modicum of common sense to certain of its professors, by whose conduct it is now turned literally into a bear-garden, where the sciences of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are almost the only ones that are cultivated.

*New Metal.*—The celebrated Berzelius has published an account of the discovery of a new metal by his friend Seftström, in the mine of Taberg, in Smöland. This metal forms a reddish salt which has the singular property of becoming perfectly colourless when dissolved in water. Berzelius and his friend

have given to this metal the name of *Vanadium*, after the Scandinavian deity Vanadis, (a most unseasonable compliment paid by science to superstition).

IN THE PRESS.—A second series of *Tales of a Physician*, by W. H. Harrison.

Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty, by Robert Vaughan, author of "the Life and Opinions of Wycliffe," 2 vols. 8vo.

A Text Book of Popery, comprising a brief History of the Council of Trent, &c., by J. M. Cramp.

An Edition in one Volume, 12mo, of the Memoirs of the late Jane Taylor, by her brother, Isaac Taylor.

A novel entitled *Atherton*, by the author of *Rank and Talent*. The scene is cast in the days of Wilkes and Junius, and Dr. Johnson.

The Canon of the Old and New Testaments ascertained; or the Bible complete without the Apocrypha, and underwritten Traditions, by Archibald Alexander, D.D., with introductory remarks by John Morrison, D.D.; of Trevor Chapel, Brompton.

Richard Baynes's general Catalogue of Books in all Languages and Classes of Literature.

A Second Edition of Mr. Dawson's work on the present state of Australia.

The Records of a Good Man's Life, by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler.

A New Edition of the Deliverance of Switzerland, &c., by H. C. Deakin.

Also, a Second Edition of his Portraits of the Dead.

The Rectory of Valehead, Third Edition, with considerable additions.

An Essay on the influence of Temperament in modifying Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by Dr. Thomas Mayo.

A New Edition of Mr. Babbage's Table of Logarithms.

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